THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° Benjamin Franklin

JULY 7, 1917 — 5c. THE COPY

In This Number: Irvin S. Cobb—James Hopper—Kennett Harris
Will Irwin—Basil King—William Strother Smith—Carl W. Ackerman

Buick

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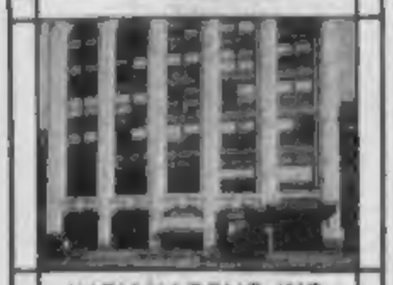

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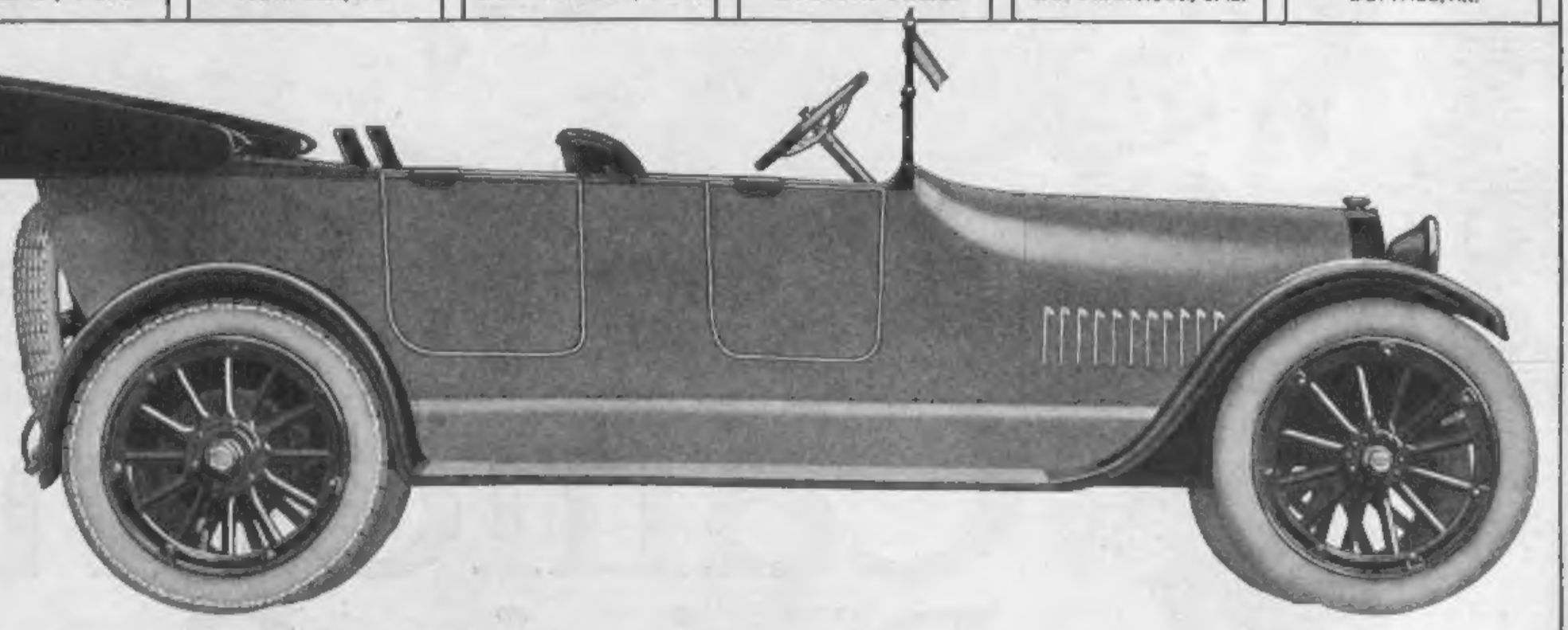

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Secretary and Treasurer
F. S. Collins, General Business Manager
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 190 *PHILADELPHIA, JULY 7, 1917* *Number 1*

FIFI

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÉMEAUX

HIS name was Fifi. Fifi is feminine, of course; but, then, Fifi was not the sort to let a thing like that bother him. The name, too, was a sort of family heritage. Almost every Fifi is named Fifi; besides which he was often called Mamma's Darling, or, for a change, Its Mother's Baby Boy. He was the pride and the joy of the family. That was the tragedy of it. When disaster fell, Fifi had everything that, to him, made life worth living.

Riverside Drive was where Fifi lived. His home was in a big apartment house. The place had a beautiful entrance hall decorated with mirrors, red-plush hangings, and paper palms set in gold-painted stucco pots. Out in front was a carriage man. The carriage man wore a rich wine-colored uniform piped with scarlet braid; and every time Fifi rode up to the door the gorgeous attendant touched his cap deferentially. Fifi never noticed him, however. His nose in the air, he would step into the elevator. Upstairs, when the maid opened the door of the apartment where Fifi lived, he would stalk inside, not noticing her either. The fact is, Fifi was too highborn and too well bred ever to notice a servant. He was interested only in his own equals—the family, for instance.

There were three in the family—Fifi himself and Mr. and Mrs. Ulch. On these Fifi lavished all his affection. Mrs. Ulch was a large, regal woman, with pale hair, blue eyes and plump, richly colored cheeks. Her voice was resonant and deep. It seemed to come from far down in her chest, and but for the fact that she laced tightly might have come farther. Her speech, like her manner, was stately. When she spoke, each word rumbled forth exactly as if she were clearing her throat. Fifi thought she was the most magnificent woman he had ever seen. She weighed one hundred and seventy pounds.

Mr. Ulch, too, was as magnificent. He was six feet tall, with thick, flat shoulders, a tapering waist and narrow hips. When he walked it was with a brisk, active stride. In it was something military. On the street he forged straight ahead, his head erect, looking neither to the right nor to the left. If people bumped into him and were elbowed off the curb, that was their lookout. Fifi admired him immensely.

But to Refuse a Gift Like That! Was Busch Crazy? Was His Son an Idiot?

Mr. Ulch's hair, like his wife's, was light. He kept it cropped closely—so closely, in fact, that the scalp beneath showed; and what little of the hair he let remain he brushed back stiffly from his forehead. His mustaches, too, were distinguished. At the ends they turned up sharply, the points rigid. This effect was secured by a device consisting of two metal clips attached to an elastic band; but of course Mr. Ulch did not wear this in public. He put it on only when he went to bed.

Fifi had mustaches too. In miniature they resembled Mr. Ulch's, being stiff and turned up sharply. In Fifi's case, though, this was natural—not due to a device. The resemblance, however, was unmistakable; added to which, whenever Fifi was haughty or incensed his mustaches bristled just as Mr. Ulch's did. It was Fifi's one regret, in fact, that he wasn't so big as Mr. Ulch; then, in reality, he would have been as splendid. To see Mr. Ulch rise to his full height, his lips pursed and his mustaches bristling, was indeed inspiriting. His weight was one hundred and ninety pounds.

Fifi's weight was only four pounds four ounces; but, then, this was merely a detail. Otherwise he and Mr. Ulch had many points in common. One was that they had been born in the same country.

The place was Pomerania. Pomerania is a beautiful country across the sea. Some day Mr. and Mrs. Ulch and Fifi fully intended to return to it. The Ulchs often talked of this. As they said, America was good enough as a place to get what you wanted; but as for living here forever—no. Take sausage, for instance: one hardly could get a piece that was fit to eat—not unless it had been brought over, anyway. Other things too. One hardly could find a piece of good goose liver; and as for a nice blood soup—rich, dark, delicious—it wasn't to be had.

That wasn't all either; there were other things yet—the people, their dogs and children especially. All the dogs were mongrels—most of them, anyway—considered Fifi; while the children—*pfoo!* They seemed to have no manners—no respect at all for their betters. If Fifi were out in the park, taking the air or drowsing on Mrs. Ulch's lap, the good-for-nothings would be sure to swarm about, romping and making a disgraceful noise. Sometimes the annoyance so incensed Fifi that he would rush at the brats, making them shriek with fright as they fled. Mr. and Mrs. Ulch always smiled amusedly at this.

But Pomerania! To get back to it was the one thing the Ulchs and Fifi dreamed about. It was the one thing they all were living for. One could not wonder at this either. In Pomerania they had no such ill-mannered brats, no such mongrel dogs. There brats and mongrels were taught to know their place. The highborn, the exalted, they respected. The wonder was that Fifi and the Ulchs had not returned there already. But some day they would. Some day they all would go home. That was their ambition; the one thing that made life possible was that hope.

Home! Beautiful Pomerania!

It was summer. Already August drew near; but though the weather was warm, not to say stifling, Mr. and Mrs. Ulch still remained in town. Mr. Ulch, it appeared, had important business in hand; and the nearer August approached the more the business seemed to occupy him.

The time Fifi always would remember. Strange things were happening at the apartment. All day long—at all hours of the night besides—the door bell would ring and little groups of men, each with a bag in his hand, would slip into the flat. Few, too, were known to Fifi. They were, in fact, not at all his sort, the majority looking like shop folk or waiters or mechanics—a lowborn lot. What was most startling, Mr. Ulch treated them with great politeness.

Fifi couldn't understand it. Ordinarily Mr. Ulch was too aristocratic to notice such people. Now he even shook hands with them! The men left their bags in the hall, and going into the library they clicked their heels together, then saluted. Mr. Ulch returned the salute.

"Ha, my fine fellows!" he'd say, after which he'd hand to each a roll of bills and a small square paper. "Your steamship ticket, my lucky fellow!" he'd remark.

Then, when each had the ticket and his money, Mr. Ulch would lead them into the dining room. There he gave each a glass of beer. It was most mysterious! With the beer, too, went quite a ceremony. On the wall was a large crayon portrait, framed beautifully in red plush and gilt; and when the glasses were filled Mr. Ulch would point to this. The picture represented a fine, haughty man with fierce, wonderful mustaches just like Mr. Ulch's. The man was in uniform; one hand was thrust into his breast just below his chin, and he had medals pinned all over himself. What Fifi admired most, though, was the mustaches. They made the wearer look exactly as if he were peeping over the top of an iron picket fence.

Raising his glass to the portrait, Mr. Ulch would click his heels together. Then, as he pushed out his chest, from its depths would boom a deep, beautiful sound. In echo the others, too, would boom. It was exactly, in its tone, as if each had a rich fur rug in his throat. Then they drank the beer.

Day after day this went on. Day after day Mr. Ulch provided money, steamship tickets and beer. The mystery of it got on Fifi's nerves at last. Who were these men? Why should Mr. Ulch be polite? At times, in his annoyance, Fifi was tempted to sink his teeth into the heels of these fellows; but to his astonishment this was not permitted.

"Tut, my pet!" Mr. Ulch would say.

Mrs. Ulch too:

"No, no, Baby Child!"

Then one day, like a flash of light, the truth dawned on Fifi: The men were going home! To that so-beautiful Pomerania was where they were going! So he, Fifi, soon must be going too!

That day Fifi was the happiest little Pom. on all Riverside Drive. He snapped and barked at all the dogs, showing his teeth prettily. He rushed at every child, nipping at its heels. No Pom., in fact, was ever more happy, more spirited. The Ulchs were delighted

with Baby Boy. All Fifi could think about, in short, was how soon they would be leaving.

Then came August. It was at dawn, that day, when Fifi awoke. Ordinarily Fifi slept much later—say, till ten or eleven, taking naps in his crib; but at daybreak a noise aroused him. Convinced it was again those children—the ill-bred, noisy good-for-nothings—he leaped up furiously, both his mustaches and his hair bristling. To his surprise, however, it was not the children, it was Mr. Ulch.

Mr. Ulch was sitting upright in bed. He was in pale, baby-blue canton-flannel pajamas striped with broad bands of green. His yellow hair, so stiff, so lovely, stood up straight as a bath brush; and over his head was drawn the elastic mustache band with the metal clips. It was the look on his face, though, that startled Fifi most. The look was radiant.

To Fifi it looked godlike. All Mr. Ulch's teeth, uppers and lowers, showed; while his eyes glowed wonderfully like two hot coals. Leaning over, he prodded Mrs. Ulch. She, too, wore canton flannel, while round her head was wrapped a thick cloth to keep off drafts. Under it her curl papers showed.

"Mamma, mamma!" shouted Mr. Ulch. "The Day!"

Breathing thickly, Mrs. Ulch opened her eyes. Then, too, excitement stirred her.

"Yes, yes, papa! The Day!"

She snatched up Fifi from the floor, crying it to him too, and, catching the excitement, Fifi snarled and showed his teeth. That made Mrs. Ulch cry out delightedly:

"See, papa! Mamma's Baby knows it too!"

Fifi's heart gave a leap. The Day could mean but one day. They were going home!

Leaping out of bed, Mr. Ulch began to dress, his haste furious. He must see the morning papers, said he. Probably it was to find the first ship home, Fifi told himself. But something besides that was the cause of Mr. Ulch's excitement. Chatting briskly, his laughter happy, he fairly threw on his clothes. Then, in the midst of it, he rushed suddenly to the window.

The window opened on an air shaft, and across the shaft lived a family the Ulchs always had scorned. As a matter of fact, they scorned most of their neighbors, but this one they especially detested. Fifi didn't care for the family either. It kept a big black dog, a fool of a *caniche* with idiotic, dandified manners, and a woolly hide clipped so that it looked like a comic lion. Some day Fifi meant to show the clown his contempt. However, the window across was open now and the dog, his paws on the sill, was looking out. Behind him stood the man, the owner. He was reading a newspaper.

The paper's headlines said "Thousands Slain!" and as he stood looking at it the man's face was pale, frightened. Mr. Ulch seemed to see this too. Throwing up the window, which he kept closed at night to avoid drafts, he leaned far out.

"Ha, ha, Froggie!" shouted Mr. Ulch.

Then, when the man looked, Mr. Ulch put a thumb to his nose and wiggled his fingers. Fifi was delighted. The *caniche* growled thickly; but the man, his voice quiet, ordered him to be still. Then, without looking at Mr. Ulch, he closed the window. It made Mrs. Ulch, too, laugh loudly.

All that day the Ulchs' merriment lasted. All the next day, too, as they read the papers their delight increased. Fifi was infected by their pleasure. Evidently they'd soon be going now. Home, home! How beautiful it was there! How wonderful were the streets, lined with pork shops, links of rich red sausage draped in the windows! The country too! How delightful it was to race in the fields, chasing the cows and sheep, biting their heels as they ran! Over there highborn, high-bred Poms. did as they wished. It was not like this mongrel place, where if you ran about having a good time some ill-mannered boor would rush out and insult you; insult highborn Mr. Ulch as well. As if sheep, noisy brats either, were anything compared to highborn Pomeranians! But as the days went Fifi grew bewildered. Why didn't they go home? What were they waiting for?

Something had happened, it seemed. Just what it was Fifi couldn't comprehend. For several days the Ulchs' merriment continued. Every day for three or four days beer flowed in the dining room like water. Then suddenly some cloud seemed to rise.

All Fifi knew, though, was that as the Ulchs read the papers their joy faded, their laughter died, their faces began to grow long. Fifi, too, grew uneasy. What was the matter anyway? All he could make out was that it was due to some people or other who were doing something they hadn't been counted on to do. It appeared they were "coming in," whatever that might mean. If it were the flat they were "coming in," Fifi knew how he'd fix the scoundrels. He'd show 'em! Just let him get at their heels once when they weren't looking!

Fifi was still licking his lips over this when Mr. Ulch, his hat on, appeared at the door.

"Here, little pet!" called Mr. Ulch; and bouncing up Fifi leaped into his arms.

The way he did it was quite a trick with Fifi. When either Mr. or Mrs. Ulch called him, they would squat a little, putting out a knee; and with a jump Fifi would spring to the knee, then run right up the leg of Mr. or Mrs. Ulch till he reached their arms. It was just like the nursery rhyme:

Dickery, dickery, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock!

Great fun it was! After he was in their arms he would snap and snarl a little, just to show his pleasure; and, if another dog was round, he would bark fiercely and show his teeth. That always pleased the Ulchs.

Now, however, Mr. Ulch seemed too absorbed. With Fifi in his arms he hurried out into the hall, rang furiously for the elevator, and when it came he said a few sharp words to the elevator boy for keeping him waiting. Once he reached the ground floor, he stamped out of the elevator and darted down the street. The evening papers were just out; and when he saw the headlines Mr. Ulch gave a cry. The cry was loud; filled, too, with disgust.

Flinging a coin at the newsboy, Mr. Ulch, with Fifi under his arm, hurried back to the flat. His face was fierce, his shoulders were swaying, so that the men and women who saw him coming got hurriedly out of his way. All this filled Fifi with excitement. He barked at the people, and when he saw a dog he snapped and snarled. He was, in fact, intoxicated with himself and Mr. Ulch. How big, how wonderful Mr. Ulch really was! How fiercely he made people get out of his way! Fifi was still bubbling with excitement when he reached the apartment-house door.

The big pig-fool of a *caniche* was in the hall. He and his master were just going out, and with them was another man. With them, too, was another dog. The dog Fifi often had seen. It was a bull, a brute with brindle markings, and Fifi long had detested it. Whenever he met the bull Fifi would show his teeth and snarl; but the bull never would even look at him. That was why Fifi hated him so. He was not used to being ignored. However, Fifi had hardly seen the two dogs when something happened.

Mr. Ulch, still in furious haste, was stamping along the hall.

He stalked toward the elevator; and as he neared it the two men got in his way. Usually when Mr. Ulch met the big poodle's master he elbowed him out of his path; but now he was prevented. His elbows spread, he was just about to give him a push, when the other man, seeing it, gave Mr. Ulch himself a push.

Outrageous! The idea of anyone daring to do that to Mr. Ulch! He was not only knocked against the wall, he nearly had all the wind knocked out of him. Indeed, his anger and astonishment were so great that for a moment he could not speak.

Then his mustaches bristled. Fifi had, indeed, never seen them bristle so before. Under his breath, too, he said something that, had the scoundrel heard it, probably would have withered him with its scorn. But evidently the loafer didn't hear. He had turned his back on Mr. Ulch and, with the poodle's master, was going out.

You should have seen Mr. Ulch's look. To Fifi never had it seemed more wonderful. Mr. Ulch's lips were drawn back so that all his beautiful teeth showed again, his mustaches standing up like knives. Fifi wished he could look like that. Again, too, Mr. Ulch's eyes were like coals.

All that day, late into the night too, Fifi dwelt on what had taken place. It was not only the *caniche* he thought about; the big brindled bull now had a place in his thoughts. He'd show the big brute! He'd see whether the great pig-dog could ignore Fifi! As he lay there, however, his mind filled with it, Fifi awoke to the fact that he wasn't the only one bursting with fierce, heroic thoughts. First Mr. Ulch would grunt; then Mrs. Ulch would echo him. Then between their teeth they'd say something. Afterward silence would fall for a while.

Then, in the midst of it, the truth of what had happened fell like a blow on Fifi: It was the man with the bulldog who had "come in"! It was he who was standing in the way! He and that other man were keeping the Ulchs and Fifi from getting what they wanted—that was it—and Fifi lay in his crib, his teeth bared. The idea of those scoundrels standing in Mr. Ulch's way! The idea of standing in Fifi's way too! Well, give him a chance! He'd show 'em yet!

The months went by, now crawling more slowly than they ever had crawled. Fifi, however, had not yet gone to Pomerania; neither had the Ulchs. What is more, Fifi began dimly to comprehend that their departure was further off than ever.

Many things had happened, were happening. All these, in turn, Mr. Ulch reflected by his changing moods. No longer was he his old happy self. To be sure, when the news he read in the papers was good he would revive briefly, and brisk and manly as of yore he would walk the streets, brushing men and women out of his path. But these occasions grew more infrequent now. The low street people, for some reason, were growing impudent. Two or three times Mr. Ulch had been bumped into the gutter himself; and once one of the blackguards had struck him in the eye. Day by day he grew more silent, more downcast, more unlike his real self. Mrs. Ulch as well.

Their heart anguish was a regular occurrence now. Every morning when they awoke they would rise, dress, then hurriedly scan the papers. Afterward, each in his chair and Fifi seated on Mrs. Ulch's lap, the two good people would sit staring straight ahead of them, their lips drawn back, their big so-strong, so-large, beautiful teeth bared to the gums. At such times Fifi, too, would show his teeth.

"Look, papa!" said Mrs. Ulch. "Our Baby Boy understands! See how he, too, hates!"

Fifi, you know, was still thinking of that big brute of a bull; the big fool of a *caniche* also. The plans Fifi had made to fix the two for good somehow never had proved effective. Night after night he dreamed of hanging to the bulldog's throat, choking the life out of the fellow; night after night, too, he dreamed of biting great chunks, great bloody pieces out of the poodle. So far, however, Fifi had never put the dreams into practice. To fight, gripping your enemy by the throat, was of course heroic—the noblest thing of all; but even so one must not let the chances against one be too great—one must first be assured of victory. And bulldog and poodle were both too big for one Pom. to tackle, even one at a time. What Fifi must do must be to get help.

A couple of dogs he knew might give this aid. One was a squat, long-eared, long-bodied dog owned by a Mr. Busch, a friend of the Ulchs; the other dog was a fine big fellow,

All That Day the Ulchs' Merriment Lasted

All the Next Day, Too, as They Read the Papers Their Delight Increased

a regular wolf in looks, with tawny hide, sharp ears and splendid fangs. Mr. Busch's son was his master. Like the Ulchs, Mr. Busch came from the other side—not from that so-beautiful Pomerania, yet near there; while the son was born in America. Curious, of course, that the Ulchs should notice him; but so it happened. However, Fifi always was glad to see that, behind the son's back, the Ulchs poked fun and sneered at him. A big, vulgar, dull-witted lout, Fifi thought him.

For that matter, the father wasn't much better. He was a fat, good-natured fellow, always laughing; and at times he was presumptuous enough to poke fun at the noble, high-born Ulchs. Such impudence! And his dog was like him. On his short stubby legs the dog looked as if he were walking on his thumbs; but while Fifi curled his lip contemptuously at him, more than once he had been annoyed—annoyed seriously, too—by the pranks the creature played. Fifi didn't like pranks.

Especially did he dislike them when they were played on him. However, the fellow could be made useful. So could the other dog. The thing to do was to set them together at the poodle. Then, when they had throttled him, Fifi would get them to take a turn at the bull.

That was the Big Idea! It was shrewd, and for him it was safe. As Fifi lay there planning it, he licked his lips with pleasure. A little yelp escaped him.

"See, papa!" exclaimed Mrs. Ulch. "Mamma's Boy, too, thinks of things!"

Evidently the Ulchs themselves did much of that these days. Not only did they think, they seemed to be active too. Men came to the flat as before; but now the procedure was different. Instead of bringing bags with them, each took away a bag. Mr. Ulch gave them these; and what the bags held Fifi often wondered. Two or three times he had tried to find out; but each time that he tried sniffing at the bags and pawing them, Mr. Ulch had snatched him away. Mr. Ulch, too, had seemed alarmed, even angry. So all Fifi had learned was that in some of the bags was something that went tick! tick! just like the clock on the mantel. It was a great mystery indeed.

Once Mr. Ulch had tried to give Busch and his son each a bag, but each had shaken his head.

"What!" Mr. Ulch had ejaculated.

Little wonder he was astonished. If Fifi didn't know what was in the bags, he still had comprehended from what Mr. Ulch had said that they held a great gift. The gift had certain magic properties. If it were used properly, it would change all the rough, vulgar world into one beautiful place, a place just like that so-beautiful Pomerania. The thought delighted Fifi. That would mean there'd be no more of that fool poodle and that bull. It would mean, too, that all dogs would do as Fifi wished, learning, first of all, to show respect to their betters, the highborn, the exalted. They would be taught that instantly; so, too, would those noisy, ill-mannered brats—the children.

But to refuse a gift like that! Was Busch crazy? Was his son an idiot?

"What, you don't hate, then?" exploded Mr. Ulch, amazed.

Busch's eyes fell uncomfortably.

"Not that way, Ulch. My enemy I hate, yes; but it is in the open I face him. It is with my hands, too—not that—I make my strife."

Mr. Ulch turned contemptuously to the son.

"And you, my fellow?"

The son began to stammer stupidly.

"I—I was born here," he faltered. "I am an American."

"You are a cowardly ingrate, a turncoat!" retorted Mr. Ulch. How noble, how splendid was his voice, his look, as he said it.

But if the son and his father were such fools, many others were fine and wise enough to accept gladly that gift, the bag Mr. Ulch handed them. Gladly they would agree; and, proudly clapping each on the shoulder, Mr. Ulch would invite them into the dining room.

Out in the dining room a second portrait was hung now. It, too, was framed in red plush and gilt, the picture representing a figure in uniform, medals pinned on its chest. A greater god even than the other was this one, it seemed. The man was young, and, singularly, without mustaches; however, to replace this lack he had a narrow, so-beautiful long nose, down which his pale, so-beautiful eyes ever looked sideways. Fifi never grew tired of admiring him. How much the young god's lean, long nose was like his! How sharp, how pointed it was! What a resemblance, besides, was to be seen in the eyes! How pale, how transparent they were, and how much like Fifi's were they turned slantwise! Mr. Ulch seemed to worship him. As he raised his glass to the portrait the note that rose from his throat boomed sonorously.

But the Buschs, father and son—what fools! And how contemptible their dogs! Of course Fifi always had felt

They Clinked Glasses Together, Raising Them High to the Portraits of the Two Godlike Heroes on the Wall

this contempt—they all were mere cattle, trash, compared to highborn Poms.; but with shrewd wisdom he began to see now that he must hide something of his scorn and his disdain. If he meant to use the louts, these two, he must not let them see his scorn. That was a lesson he had learned from Mr. Ulch. Fifi knew now why Mr. Ulch was so polite to such rabble. It was because he, too, needed help. A time came, though, when Fifi had to exercise all his forbearance and his self-command to keep from revealing himself.

The year had gone. Summer was past; winter had come. Then it, too, had flitted, and now spring was in the air. Each morning when they awoke the Ulchs and Fifi still had their morning hate, a religious rite now, a ceremony that many like them observed everywhere, especially in that so-beautiful Pomerania. A famous picture has, in fact, been drawn of it; but of that—never mind. Every day the Ulchs and Fifi had their hate, but not so much time was given to it now. The fine news in the daily papers was too absorbing.

Day after day when Mr. Ulch scanned the headlines he would cry out with excitement "Mamma, mamma, listen!" Then he would read aloud "Ship Takes Fire at Sea!" or "Infernal Machine Fires Factory!" or "Dock Laborers Killed by Bomb!" One day it was "Two Hundred Women Workers Blown to Bits!" and Mr. Ulch could hardly restrain himself.

"Mamma, mamma! 'Two Hundred Women Blown to Bits!'" On the page was a picture displaying the event; and thrilled, his excitement infectious, Mr. Ulch bubbled with it. "Two Hundred Women! Ha, ha!"

Mrs. Ulch stroked his hair fondly.

"Yes, yes, my pet!"

Fifi danced with delight. It must be wonderful to be Mr. Ulch.

"See, papa!" said Mrs. Ulch. "Fifi, too, is proud of you!"

But to get back to the Buschs. The Buschs came to the flat but little now. But, infrequent as these visits had become, they served Fifi's purpose. When they came Fifi would climb on a chair in the room that looked out on the air shaft; and when that clown, the poodle, would show himself, Fifi would snap and snarl violently, barking also. This always brought the two dogs, Männl and John Michael, on the run. Männl was the dog that walked on his thumbs; John Michael was the big clumsy fellow, the one with the tawny hide. When they saw the poodle they would growl, showing their teeth. Then one day when the bull, too, appeared in the window with the poodle the uproar led by Fifi grew fierce. As Fifi saw, the time was almost ripe to set them at the other dogs' throats.

What a day that would be! What a time he, Fifi, would have! While the two others held, first, the poodle, then the bull, how he would sink his teeth into them! It would be almost as good as if he had done the fighting himself. That he hadn't would make little difference, though. Were not his the brains that had planned it?

This was the situation when the Great Event occurred.

The day was in May. For a long time now things had been growing better and better; the Ulchs almost daily were joyful; and for a week, his air tense, Mr. Ulch seemed to be awaiting something. Then it came.

The first news was in the evening papers. How Mr. Ulch shouted when he saw it! How Mrs. Ulch clapped her pretty, plump hands! She and Mr. Ulch threw themselves into each other's arms, crying endearments to each other. Then Mr. Ulch ran to the telephone. The splendid news he telephoned in every direction. To these friends, too, he gave an invitation. A banquet must be held to celebrate the wonderful event.

The banquet was given that night. Fifi nearly went wild with it. All the men present were like Mr. Ulch; they wore just such mustaches as his; they were highborn, aristocratic. The women too. Beautiful ladies they were, all just like Mrs. Ulch, with their pale hair, beautiful pale eyes and wide, wonderful laps—laps made to hold little Poms. They chatted and they laughed. They clinked glasses together, raising them high to the portraits of the two godlike heroes on the wall. Also they sang, their voices rich, deep, delightful with furry thickness. Glass after glass was emptied. Song after song was sung.

Then ——

Bah! how flat, how stupid! Disgusting! Such pleasure and happiness to be marred so like this! In short, there entered the Buschs, father and son. You know—even Fifi knew it—no gentleman thrusts himself in where not invited. The Buschs had not been invited, but still they had come. Nor were they dressed for a party, a merrymaking—that is, dressed properly. They wore, not the gay, splendid clothes worn by the others, but common, everyday suits, the kind that shopmen and mechanics—low folk like that—wear when at work. But Mr. Ulch did not notice. His face noble, a fine fiery red, he had a wine glass in his hand. On his head was a brightly colored cap of tissue paper; and, as he saw Busch and his son, he snatched off the cap, waving it, while with the other hand he raised his glass. "Hurray!" cried Mr. Ulch—only it wasn't "Hurray!" exactly he shouted at the newcomers; the salutation was as if again Mr. Ulch had in his throat a huge splinter and was trying to dislodge it. But Busch and the lowborn lout, his son, only stared. The father's face was pale, hollow-eyed; the son's was like stone.

"Have a chair!" shouted Mr. Ulch.

Busch shook his head. Once before Fifi had seen him do that; and at the remembrance, had Fifi been able, he would have slid down from the wide soft lap that held him and crept round toward Busch's heels. But now Fifi wasn't able. All the evening, the afternoon also, he had celebrated. Fat chocolate creams, so nice, so rich, he had gulped by the dozen. At dinner he had swallowed bits of meat, delicious goose breast, equally delicious goose liver. Thick, dark sauces spread on crusts for him he also had enjoyed. Never had he felt so satisfied, so deliciously

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'Twixt the Bluff and the Sound

Leading the Simper Life

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

If He Has an Old Wife That He Married Young He Frequently is Ashamed of Her

And if He Has a Young Wife That He Married Old She Frequently is Ashamed of Him

WITH great sagacity, someone not long ago remarked that, by the present fashioning of our existence, a young man left the country and went to the city to live, and worked hard there for many years, so that when he was an old man he would have enough money laid by to enable him to go to the country to live. The more one ponders this statement o'er, the more is one impressed by its truth and its aptness. Especially is it true in the case of a large number of my fellow residents of Bluffville-on-the-Sound.

It would appear that not until comparatively recently did the wish to get back to the land lay hold upon so many who theretofore had been actuated mainly by a desire to get away from it. This pleasant malady is not confined to any one class; it claims its victims from all classes of urbanites. At certain seasons of the year, notably in the gladsome springtime, when the roses and the real-estate boomers start blowing, the cooped-up citizen is exceedingly likely to be seized with a yearning for the great outdoors. Upon all sides of him he hears Nature being very highly spoken of. Suddenly he craves to sample her well-advertised attractions and begins to save up in order to be able to do so. That he succeeds in saving up a sufficient amount is proved by the presence each year of more additions to the home developments, so-called, which spangle the landscape everywhere upon the verges of the metropolitan area.

No matter in which direction you travel from the core of the city, which is Broadway, you come upon the late flat-dweller seeking his pastoral joys. You find him upon the salt-meadow vistas of New Jersey, where even the humblest cottager may have running water on every floor—when the tide is up and high. You find him on the shores of Staten Island, where the native mosquito is frequently mistaken for the curlew. On Long Island you find him beneath the red-tiled roof of Installment Bungalow, wrestling with the reluctant wistaria and the monthly payment; and in First and Second Mortgage Hall, upon the beetling heights of the Palisades across the Hudson, cursing the ferry service, and wondering who mislaid all those fast trains which that happy optimist, the selling agent, described to him at the time of taking title; and likewise up among the dimpling hills of Westchester County, within easy commuting distance of the Grand Central—as though commuting were ever easy for anyone except the members of the train crew, who are paid for making the trip!

It is in fair Westchester that a lot measuring thirty feet by ninety is a villa plot; but two such lots are for a manor house, and as much as an acre and a half constitutes an estate and qualifies its proud possessor to be one of the landed gentry of the neighborhood. By these signs one may recognize Westchester.

The Child of Plank and Scroll Saw

STILL farther remote from the hub of things, outside and beyond the suburban zone, one comes upon the country places of the wealthier classes. These times every passing day sees additions to the supposedly rural colonies of the rich. Not that the rich have not always had country seats in the districts adjacent to New York; for they have. Back in the dear old awful days of the Queen Anne or curlicue period of American architecture, they built their houses hard by the main lines of the railroads radiating northwest, westward and eastward from town. It was a strange malady that fastened itself upon the artistic fancies—if any such there were—of well-to-do Americans in that epoch of our national development.

All about them—among the shingled Dutch houses of Long Island and the fine old Colonial and pre-Colonial manses that accented shore line and dotted hilltop all over this part of the Union—they had excellent examples before their eyes to show them how outward grace and inward comfort might be attained in a country house. But the madness of the mid-Victorian era descended upon them. They wedded the scroll saw to the pine plank, and most hideous were the fruits of that unholy union. The result of the alliance was a monstrosity which, viewed to-day, makes you think the original owner must have spent the long winter evenings whittling out his home with a pocketknife.

Haply, many of these freaks are no longer with us. A gracious Providence deigned to send down its lightning bolts with which to destroy some; some caught fire and, being of seasoned frame, burned up with the glad spontaneous alacrity of a celluloid comb; some, lately, have vanished, to make room for the prevalent eruption of outlying apartment buildings, spreading like a brick-and-mortar rash across the face of the land. Others yet survive, with their lovely square wooden battlements and their nice massive slate roofs, which go so well with clapboarded walls, and their foolish towers adhering to fretwork cornices, and their plank-embroidered porticoes. In certain districts they are quite thick. The plural of cupola is North Yonkers.

Properly enough, such establishments as these would never do, either in design or in location, for the person of means. The automobile and the private yacht have made it possible for him to build his country place on a site far remote from the vulgar crosstie and the plebeian T-rail; and the possession, among an extensive group, of individual fortunes such as our grandsires never dreamed of, permits him to go in for a castle or a palace set in the midst of a vast private park.

There is a theory that the owner of such an estate as this sometimes chooses for his location a spot well off the beaten paths of travel, to the end that he may enjoy the bucolic scenery while traveling to and from his demesne; but, at the rate of speed at which he very often rides, one standing at the roadside is bound to conclude that, with regard to the scenic effects, he sees about as much of them as the boys on Truck Six see while going to a three-alarm fire.

Owning a country house with eighty or ninety rooms in it does not mean that our multimillionaire does not continue to maintain other places of residence; that, on top of what he already

He Has Everything Money Will Buy—Only to Discover That the Most Desirable Things in Life Cannot be Bought With Money

owns, merely has been added unto him. There is, of course, the town house, where a caretaker lives in magnificent but lonesome luxury most of the time, and the family drop in on him for a few days once in a while to organize for going somewhere else.

The surest sign of augmented wealth in New York City is for a man to put up a very handsome house on Park Avenue or Madison Avenue or Fifth Avenue, and then, having put it up, remain away from it as much as possible. If he bided there for more than three weeks on a stretch the report would get out that he was bedridden, and there would be a flurry down on Wall Street. One whose health is interrelated to the health of stocks and bonds must by all means avoid giving color of plausibility to those surmises and suspicions that serve so disastrously to muss up things in the market.

Hardening of the heart is highly essential to the career of a great captain of industry; hardening of the arteries is dangerous, not only locally but generally, and before now a rumor of a misbehaving kidney has been known to upset prices to a perfectly scandalous extent. It must be a terrific responsibility to feel that if your pulse goes up a couple of degrees—and the news gets abroad—quotations will slip off a corresponding number of points. At that, I should not mind trying it. Having the entire speculative public for one's trained nurse must give one a fuller measure of appreciation of one's value to the community. Personally I think it would flatter me no little to know that every time I had fever all the little bulls and all the little bears would be having chills.

In my mind's eye I see the anxious swarms in front of the bulletin boards waiting for the latest tidings from the sick room; in my mind's ear I hear a fluttering voice coming over the wire to the broker's office, crying out "His soft corn is no better; and now the doctors say he's threatened with quinsy. Sell me ten thousand shares of XYZ Common—quick!" I behold the rabbit-hearted buccaneers of Wall Street darting hither and yon in a frenzy of terror and uncertainty; and I count the reporters as they sit on the doorstep, waiting to buttonhole the family butler when he comes out to take in the morning's milk off the front stoop.

Not an unpleasant vision—eh, what?—especially the part about the family butler? When I indulge myself in this fancy I always include the butler. It costs no more to dream the dream with the butler in it than it does to dream it with him left out. My dream butler is the kind you see on the stage, with little side whiskers on each side of his face, like brackets inclosing a blank space; so [——]

Besides the town house there should be enumerated among the plutocrat's items of realty the ten-thousand-acre camp in the North Woods, with moose horns and stuffed guides' heads, and other trophies of the chase, upon the walls of the main cabin; the shooting preserve in North Carolina or New Brunswick; the cottage at Newport; the model stock farm in Kentucky; the bungalow in Florida; the château abroad, but not being occupied at present on account of Germans; the ranch in Wyoming; the orange grove in Southern California. But these incidental possessions have come in recent times to assume lesser importance in their owner's eye than his regular country place. It is there he spends a vast heap of his spare cash, and as much time as he can spare from business and from touring about among his scattered domains.

Fife-and-Drum-Corps Fortunes

I SOMETIMES think that the chief reward for piling up more money than any one person possibly can need is that thereafter the owner gets less in return for it than anybody else on earth. Starting out in life, most of us fix our dreams upon the approximate size of the pile we should like to accumulate. Once upon a time I knew a copy reader on an afternoon paper who put a dinky two-line head on the story announcing that the Steel Trust was going to pay Charley Schwab a million dollars a year; and when the city editor chided him for slighting a news item of such importance he replied that after salaries got above forty dollars a week they all sounded alike to him. The city editor couldn't make up his mind whether to fire the young man or raise his wages.

With me, though—and I guess with a majority of males—it has been a different story. In my own case I know that in my early youth I set my adolescent ambition upon hiving up seven millions. As I look back upon those days I do not think it was the size of this amount so much as it was the appearance of it when down in figures that impressed me—with the dollar mark marching on ahead, as drum major, followed by the 7 blowing a bugle, and then those six noughts in a row, all toting base drums. I did so want one of those fife-and-drum-corps fortunes!

In the light of fuller experience two great cardinal facts have impressed themselves upon my consciousness: One is that I shall never have those seven millions or any considerable fraction of them; and the other is that, did I get them, I should behave exactly as every man does who gets seven millions—become possessed of an incurable passion to run the seven millions up into seventy millions before the Federal Court caught on to my little system and began getting officious and unpleasant in the matter of indictments and trials, and such things. The seven-million-dollar man has a chance for happiness, I judge, despite the handicap imposed upon him by the stewardship and the custody of so many pieces of silver; but, so far as I have been able to judge, the seventy-million-dollar chap, in the happiness line, is practically a hopeless bankrupt.

He cannot afford to have friends; he's too busy being suspicious of everybody. If he has an old wife that he married young he frequently is ashamed of her; and if he has a young wife that he married old she frequently is ashamed of him. If he is what is known as a self-made man, meaning by that an unfinished one, he is exceedingly miserable in the social sphere to which his wealth qualifies him for entrance; or at least, he generally looks it. The life is hard on him; and if his wife sprang from the same humble beginnings where he originated it is harder still upon her, because men somehow acclimate socially quicker and more thoroughly than their womenfolk do. One of the most pitiable sights to be witnessed in our most financially refined sets is an elderly couple who are suffering from nervous culture.

In the matter of his progeny Fate seems exceedingly predisposed to stack the cards on him. I do not know why this should be so—why, merely because he has harnessed up half a billion or suchlike sum, he should not enjoy as good a chance to breed handsome offspring as the Italian greengrocer on Third Avenue, or the dock-walloper on Tenth Avenue; but the visible evidence proves that very often he has no such luck. His son is very prone to be one of those regular rich men's sons, a youth whose brain chart would resemble a recipe for nut cake; and his daughter is apt to have a face that the society editors refer to as interesting, when really they mean startling.

For residential purposes he erects a marble mansion big enough for a county courthouse, with a foyer hall inside it like the waiting room in a terminal station, and containing every device that ingenuity can conjure up and extravagance can buy—except a spot where one can sit down and be comfortable. Sycophants flatter him before his face and laugh at him behind his back. Circumstances over which practically he has no control require that he must keep a retinue of servants numerous enough to people a village—haughty imported creatures, who secretly despise him, because, try as he will, he cannot master the table art of feeding himself by the new rules. He dare not exchange confidences with persons of whom he is fond, for fear, if they be of his own financial class, they will double-cross him in his business schemes. And if they be in less affluent circumstances they will twist his remarks into market tips.

Wherefore, through repression, he very likely develops an eye as cold as a scrap of mica, and a mouth as tight as a seam in old red sandstone. He cannot even indulge himself in the small comfort of talking in his sleep. Somebody might overhear him and hotfoot it to Wall Street to capitalize his mutterings into speculations. He has everything money will buy—only to discover that the most desirable things in life cannot be bought with money.

The Seventy-Million-Dollar Chap Must Keep Servants Enough to People a Village—Haughty Imported Creatures, Who Secretly Despise Him

Lazarus and Dives

I SUPPOSE Lazarus envied Dives the while the dogs licked his sores; and I have no doubt, if the truth were known, that Dives, contemplating the spectacle, likewise envied Lazarus, realizing that at least the dogs, in bestowing these small personal attentions upon Laz., were not inspired by any ulterior motives.

After a while our latter-day Dives quits having emotions altogether and, instead, has symptoms. In the fullness of time he lays down his weary old body; and he dies and is fashionably interred in a bronze mausoleum about the size of a summer cottage. I sometimes think the monuments above the last resting places of our wealthiest citizens are purposely designed upon such massive lines in order to press them down nice and flat, and keep them from turning over in their graves when the heirs begin to fritter the estates away on foreign titles for the daughters and insanity defenses for the sons, and other costly investments, which appear to be so popular among the members of the second generation of very rich families of this country.

Understand me, I am not claiming that this is invariably the case. I am purposely attempting to describe an extreme case. I might add, though, that the extreme case occurs often enough to cause many people to mistake it for the typical one.

Those who are very prominent socially—which, generally speaking, is another way of saying financially prominent—suffer under yet more handicaps. Though in some quarters there is an increasing disposition to render them reverence for the sake of their moneybags, in other quarters there is a tendency to poke ridicule at them, partly on account of those very moneybags and partly, perhaps, on account of the foolish things the possession of their wealth leads them on to do. Take for a conspicuous example some of the patriotic activities induced in New York Swaggerdom by the outbreak of our war with Germany.

There was a certain Economy League. This Economy League had a wonderful idea. This particular idea did not concern itself with anything so vulgar as enlisting young, healthy, idle women to take courses of practical instruction in nursing, say. In an interview one of the founders of the newborn movement gave to one of the New York papers it was stated that "the details of the scheme are being worked out by a group of very well-known society women. Among other resources, members of the Economy League have made an arrangement with the Fifth Avenue shops whereby we receive half price for every box we send back to them. We have written to all the Easter brides and asked them to give us the boxes and the cotton sheaths in which their silver and other wedding presents were delivered. The money goes to the Red Cross."

Nevertheless, certain publications of low socialistic tendencies were so crass as to hint—in fact, to come

right out and say—that they might the better employ their leisure hours in fitting themselves to do the same practical, hard, manual work which a great many thousands of their sisters over the country, who are not "very well-known society women," will in all likelihood be called upon to do before this war has been fought out to its conclusion.

There was another snicker—a disrespectful snicker, really—when a certain patrician patroness of our nation's wartime activities announced the contemplated organization of a home-defense league of women, drawn, one would infer, from the most exclusive circles. The author of the idea announced "Shooting Afternoons, over which hostesses of social prominence will preside. Special chaperons will be provided for children's afternoons. Prizes will be offered for the best shots, and officers of the army and navy are asked to coöperate."

To date, it is not believed that many officers of the army and navy have accepted the invitation to coöperate, even though their reward be an opportunity to meet hostesses of social prominence, as guaranteed. I believe someone of a ribald turn of mind even went so far as to intimate that the officers of our army and navy probably would have their afternoons during the next few months fairly well occupied with drilling he-volunteers, who would later, in the field or aboard ship, find some use for such skill as they might acquire in the use of guns and small arms. One acquires the impression that the "very well-known society women" and the "hostesses of social prominence" must have been more or less irked by the failure of press and public to enthuse over their pretty devices.

So, you see, some people, even in New York, are not so properly reverential as they might be toward the possessors of swollen fortunes. And, as I said before in the course of this article and now repeat for emphasis, the more money a man acquires above a reasonably moderate figure, the less that money seems to buy for him. Especially is this true, I think, in the matters of equipping and maintaining—and presumably enjoying—the show places of the ultra-rich and ultra-fashionable.

Many folks go to the country to get a measure of privacy; apparently the inordinately wealthy go there to attain yet more publicity than already they have. An Englishman who has a country estate, be it large or small, puts a high wall round it. It is my impression that he builds the wall first—builds it high and wide and thick—and then if he has any money left over from this job he uses it in building his home. He fences himself in behind shrubbery and masonwork and trees from the wanton gaze. What is within the barrier is his, and he does not propose to divide it with the casual traveler going past.

Now the average rich American who has turned country gentleman perches his domicile upon the loftiest eminence of his rolling acres if he lives inland, or upon the most conspicuous site on his flat acres if he lives on the shore. Seemingly the Englishman seeks to inspire curiosity among the passing multitude regarding his possessions; the American craves to rouse envy in the breast of the outsider.

Putting Nature in Her Place

ONE is like the hermit crab; the other is like the lady snake charmer in her glass cage. One wants solitude; the other wants admiration. One gets the worth of his money through the joy of ownership; the other tries to get the worth of his by offering a continuous free performance of his domestic affairs for the benefit of jealous souls along the road who look over the hedge.

For the moment, the prevalent mode in country houses is the Italian palace. Yesterday it was the French château, and the day before it was the Spanish villa. Still farther back, the English Georgian house had rather the call. It would never do to build a country house which should be suggestive of Americanism and fit the surroundings; in fact, the intention customarily appears to be directed to altering the landscape in order to conform with the architecture. After all, Nature is frightfully old-fashioned!

When the senior Mr. Rockefeller developed his estate in the Pocantico Hills, back of Tarrytown, a few years ago, he set the example in this sort of thing for his plutocratic contemporaries. It seems there was in plain sight of his front windows a good-sized hill—a smallish mountain really—to which he took exceptions. It may have interfered with his view of the Hudson River Valley, or possibly it obtruded itself upon his contemplated golf links, presenting difficulties to an elderly golfer addicted to acute attacks of slicing.

Then again, on the other hand, he may have taken an aversion to that particular hill in that particular place. In any event he just naturally abated said hill. He had it moved elsewhere. It required the labor of an army of men for a considerable period of time, and an expenditure of more money than you, dear reader, or I shall probably ever see in one pile; but he moved her.

Mohammed had to go to the mount when the mount refused to come to him. John D., Senior, though, did not fritter away his valuable time waiting for a miracle. He had the Standard Oil Company working for him, which was rather an advantage. His mountain got up and went away from there—a wagonload at a time.

On a somewhat less extensive scale his fellow millionaires—many of them—have duplicated this achievement. If the face of the earth does not suit them, they call in a skin specialist in the person of a landscape gardener and start the dermatological operations without delay. Creation has to behave herself when one of our captains of industry chooses to favor her with some of his society. Otherwise she is liable to wake up some fine morning and find herself all switched round.

Shifting full-grown forest trees from place to place is one of the simplest things the really up-to-date country gentleman may have done—if he can afford it, as frequently he can. And it follows very naturally, or very unnaturally, that his estate is not complete without its chain of private lakes, or its range of private mountains, to go along with its private race course and its private golf links and its other attractive little private details.

The rich man who elects to build his castle on the shore cannot have his own private ocean; that alone is denied him. It must distress him sometimes to think that all sorts of people are privileged to traipse about to and fro over that ocean right out there in front of his property. A seaside estate with riparian rights extending clear across to Cadiz, Spain, would not stay on the market a week, no matter what the asking price might be. At any cost some one of our money barons would have it for his very own. The exclusiveness of the prospect would appeal to him enormously.

It was the good fortune of the present writer to visit one of the fanciest of the many excessively fancy estates on the Eastern Seaboard in the early spring of the current year. This particular establishment was situated in that charmed borderland along the New York-Connecticut line, where land which a decade or so ago was bought by the acre is now sold by the carat. What particularly impressed this chronicler was not so much the extent of the owner's holdings; not so much the size of the main house, though it was as big as a union depot and almost as cozy; not so much the stretches of shaved and massaged greensward; not the flower beds or the gardens, or the greenhouses or the stables, or the garages or the kennels, or the cow barns—as it was the number of persons under salary, wage and retainer about the premises.

To minister to the domestic economies within, and to keep the place in proper order without, a hired brigade which totaled over two hundred ordinarily, and which on occasion ran up as high as three hundred head, was required. I was given to understand that the proprietor and his family absolutely felt that they could not possibly worry along with a smaller staff of helpers.

Howsomever, that was before Congress passed the new revenue law. I rather imagine that by the time these lines see print the household staff, at least, will have undergone curtailment. One never knows what one can do until one tries, you know; and it may be that by now, with the cost of living what it is and taxes what they shortly are going to be, the lord of the manor has lopped a few valets and deputy sub grass rollers off the budget. But at the time of my inspection the establishment was going full blast.

The Foreign Legion of Retainers

IT KEPT a bookkeeper and an assistant busy, then, to handle the accounts and check the pay rolls—these, of course, in addition to the superintendents of the various departments. The tradesmen's and servants' road leading into the property—not the main road reserved for residents and guests, but the other one—was as busy a byway as ever you saw. From dewy morn to fragrant eve it was traversed by two opposing streams of traffic.

There were trucks bringing household supplies, and vans laden with venerable and decrepit antiques for the further ornamentation of the mansion, since its proprietor was one of those persons sufficiently affluent to have nothing but secondhand furniture in his rooms, as counterdistinguished from those of his set, so reduced in circumstances—comparatively—that, with shame and humiliation in their hearts, they must use for plenishings and adornments other than vintage goods; and mayhap, tucked away in an obscure corner, even have a chair or a table of domestic manufacture that is less than a hundred years old.

There was a stream, trickling in, of servants freshly booked from one of the smart employment bureaus, and another procession, outbound, of other servants beating it hastily back to the luring city. Naturally these transient menials, here to-day and giving notice to-morrow, were scornfully regarded by Old Giles, the family retainer—man and boy on the place nearly eighteen months. As for the employer and his family, I gleaned from my observations that they must sometimes have been frightfully bored at having to spend their days in getting acquainted with strangers, only to see these sojourners departing again after a most temporary stay beneath the roof. Week-end guests are wearing enough to the average housekeeper; week-end servants must be even more harassing to one's nerves.

The garage staff totaled up to fourteen regulars, including chauffeurs and cleaners and their two bosses—one boss for the chauffeurs and one for the cleaners. There must have been twice as many hands in the gardening and greenhouse squad, these being captained by a dour but competent head gardener, of Scotch antecedents. On such estates as this one the head gardener nearly always is a Scotchman, whose chief virtue is his close adherence to the pay roll, and whose chief vices are that he speaks with a haggis accent and about once in so often takes off his pants and goes to a Caledonian picnic.

In the matter of conflicting tongues this place was a regular ethnological congress. I did not run across the official interpreter, but I judge he was somewhere on the premises. Certainly they needed his aid, what with Scandinavians in the kitchen, Irishmen in the stables, Cockneys in the drawing-rooms, French maids and Jap valets in the bedchambers, Neapolitans mending roads, Germans and Swiss driving cars, Sicilians digging ditches, Calabrians mending walls, and here and there one of

(Concluded on Page 53)

Maternal Solicitude

WITHIN THE SWIRL

By James Hopper

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM VAN DRESSER

Moving Along the Ridge He Held Even With the Soldiers and the Hostages on the Open Road

THE long summer twilight of Northern France went out in a last flicker; the day's pooled heat floated away on the first breath of the night breeze, and Madame Guilleaume shut the two windows which gave on the small town's stony main street and afforded pleasing observation of the neighbors' goings to and fro. Small Pierre, seated at the dining-room table, the white cloth of which had been replaced by a more sober and ink-proof carpet, went on with the "preparation of his duties"—that is, studied his lessons—his small brown round head in the luminous cataract of the lamp.

"The Merovingians became decadent," he read. "They lost all energy. They gave up the horse, noble animal, and rode slowly about in carts drawn by oxen, and abandoned the affairs of the state to the mayors of the palace ——"

"The Merovingians—ah, zut!" he murmured softly. The ardor with which he had attacked his duties was rapidly fading.

His father, meanwhile—Monsieur Louis Guilleaume, the town's notary, and better known as Monsieur le Notaire—sat severe in his armchair and read the paper. Usually at this time of night, after the full dinner, a gentle torpor enveloped him. But to-night, as he read, he stirred now and then like a sleeper disturbed by the dim threats of a bad dream. What he read was something like this:

"After all," said the editorial, "does the Kaiser want war? All the questions have resolved into this one—Does the Kaiser wish war? If he does not, one word whispered by him into the ear of his brilliant second, Emperor of Austria, will immediately moderate the latter's exorbitant demands upon little Serbia—and peace is assured. But the word is not being whispered. The days pass, the hours go by, we are drifting toward a catastrophe—and the word is not whispered. Again we ask it—Does the Kaiser want war?"

Each time that a certain little black word in three letters came under the nose of Monsieur le Notaire he moved uneasily in his chair. Finally he was thoroughly awakened.

"War! War!" he growled to himself. "They are free with their words, those journalists! War? What are those pestiferous scribes inventing now? War? But that's impossible!"

He listened to that word "impossible," as it came to his tongue, and liked it. So he repeated it several times. "Impossible, impossible, impossible!" he growled. But still a vague disquiet persisted in his heart.

Madame Guilleaume, meanwhile, taking to herself only a modest segment of the lamplight, was absorbed in the exquisite complexities of an embroidered doily—and had no vision of future rough, simple and desperate knittings.

Small Pierre had now finished his lessons—or considered them finished. His pen, between his besmudged fingers, wandered over the paper to the spasmodic promptings of an idle imagination. "*Sprechen Sie deutsch—nein*," he wrote. And then suddenly, in great eloquent letters underneath:

"*A bas la Prusse!*"

He paused a while, his eyes reflective, and then resolutely added:

"*A bas le Kaiser!*"

"Pierrot," Madame Guilleaume said just then, "it is time to go to bed."

Pierre shut his books and rose to his feet.

"Very well, mamma," he said. And then innocently: "Who stays with me till I go to sleep?"

This ingenuous question, as a matter of fact, was not simple at all, but full of wile. It was stated every evening at this juncture, and every evening raised the curtain on the same scene.

"You are going to go to sleep alone," said Madame Guilleaume tranquilly. "Are you not ashamed—a big boy nearly seven!"

Pierre hesitated, then went to the dresser, took a brass candlestick and lit the candle. Then he stood still, holding the small fluttering flame; stood very still and seemed forgotten.

But he wasn't.

"Pierre!" said his mother suddenly.

Pierre started, placed his feet apart, looked squarely at both his parents, and cried:

"I can't go to sleep alone, and I can't go up the stairs alone!"

There was eloquence in the cry. His room was two flights up and to the rear. But when he said it one saw endless stairs winding up and up forever till out of the regions of men, things and sense; upward still into a black eternity of noiseless squeaks and disembodied rustlings.

"Pierre—go right up to bed!"

"I can't go to sleep alone, and I can't go up the stairs alone!" Pierre reiterated firmly.

Up to this moment Monsieur le Notaire, severe in his chair, had left the question as one to be handled by women. But now he broke in and said many things. It was a shame, a disgrace! A boy of that age! A boy that big—the inflection gave the vision of a boy as big as a giraffe. Afraid of the dark! Of the dark! What had he, the notary, done to have such a child? To have such shame brought upon the family! A family upright, honorable, never touched by the least breath of scandal. A family that had had soldiers in its stock, brave soldiers! A colonel, two captains—and that is what it had come to now; to a boy afraid of the dark. What use was it—so much honest toil, so much effort, such rigid discipline for so many generations—if it was to come to this, to this ——"

Here Pierre bowed his small head and began to weep. The bitterness of the notary only rose at the sight.

"*Voilà! Voilà*, what it is! Just listen to that! Weeping like a calf. Six years old and afraid of the dark! Nearly seven years old, and weeping like a calf!"

He ran on, playing the whole clavier of sarcasm, and all the time he was looking with hard eyes at the poor Madame Guilleaume as though she were the one really responsible.

"No, really, it has to end. The thing cannot go on like this. Measures must be taken, strict measures." Suddenly he rose and stalked toward Pierre.

"Will you stop that infernal shrieking?" he thundered.

Pierre lowered his voice, listened, liked the result, and subdued his performance another degree, to an eloquent passion of smothered small sobs.

"The boy must be broken," said the notary, turning once more to the boy's mother. "He must be broken. I will go upstairs myself with him, and I shall see that he goes to sleep alone. I'll see that he goes to sleep alone! *Allons*, Pierre—forward, march!"

Pierre seemed to accept the program thus stated so menacingly. He gave one more snuffle, passed his hand across his eyes, leaving his warm face painted with liquid mud, and set out. He opened the door, and the man and boy went along the narrow hall toward the stairs—the boy with small steps, holding the candle, the man with big steps and hanging arms. A draft shut the door; that is all Madame Guilleaume saw.

Pierre went up the winding stairs two flights, followed by his father, and led along the corridor to his room. The notary then took the candle and stood with it, grim in the center of the room, while Pierre undressed. He did so with haste, as though in fear of being deserted before he was through. Off went the black apron, the brilliant fireman's

belt which held it at the waist; breeches were stamped down to the floor; shoes flew off—and Pierre slid into bed.

The notary went out to the landing and listened down the stairs. Silence down there. He returned to the center of the room, blew—and the candle went out.

Then, in this darkness in which no one could see him, the notary took a few groping steps till his knees came against the side of a bed. He knelt. Out of the blackness two meager little arms reached out, took his old head, and drew it gently to a small chickenbone of a breast; held it there.

The notary remained very still, composing his mind to a semihypnotic state into which no knocking thought was allowed to enter. Against his ear a small pump beat, and through his old dry hair a soft zephyr stirred, and in his heart a delicious tenderness rose and rose.

The two small arms relaxed their hold and dropped to the bed, each on its side. The notary remained as he was a moment longer, then rose carefully. He took the small arms, folded them, slipped them under the covers, and tiptoed out of the room.

Madame Guilleaume, meanwhile, had been embroidering. But as she embroidered now and then she smiled, and as she smiled nodded her head knowingly. As she heard her husband descending the stairs, though, she ceased to smile and she ceased to nod; and as he entered she leveled at him a grave questioning glance.

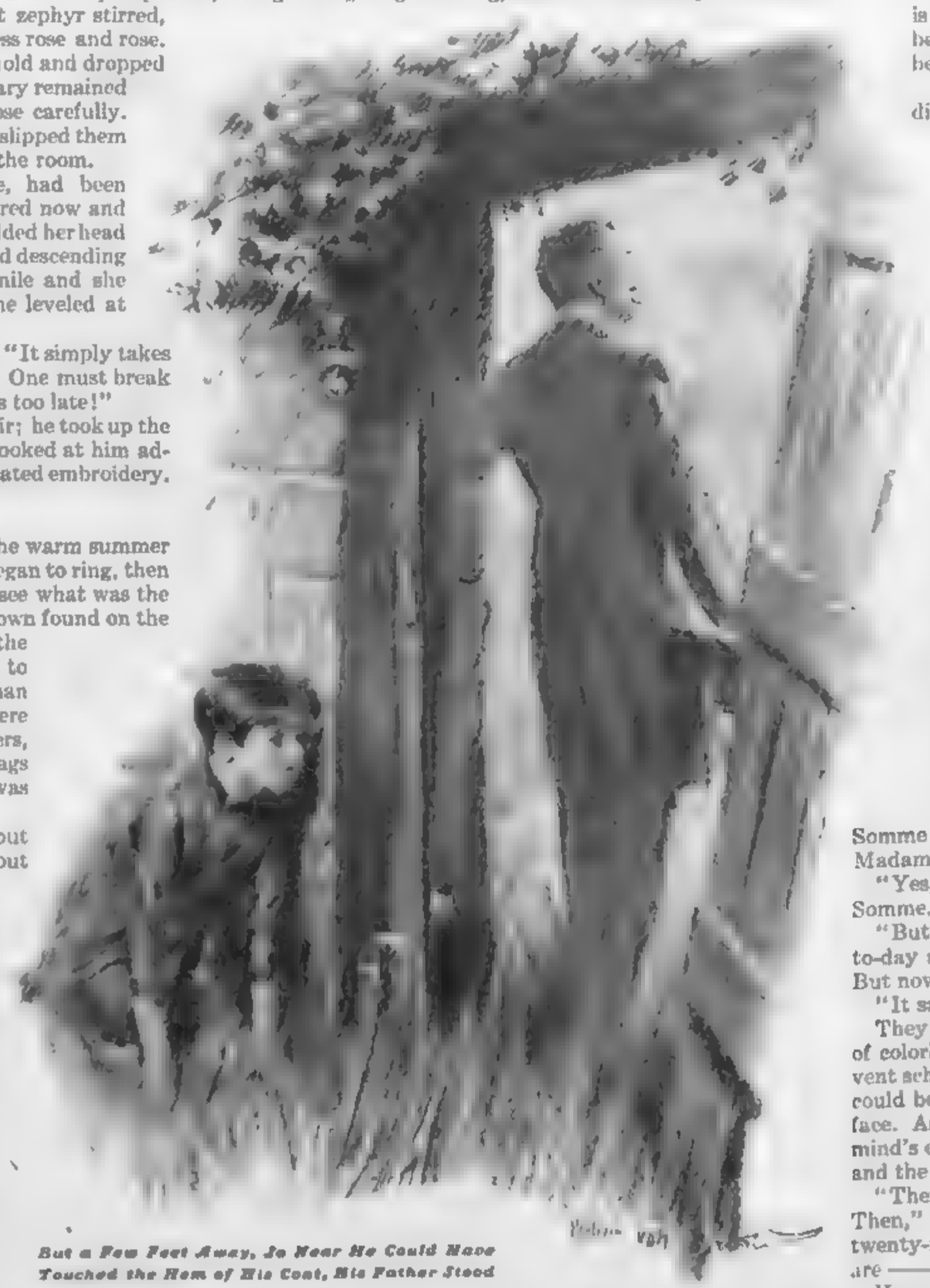
"It is well," he said answeringly. "It simply takes a little firmness. One must be firm. One must break those small rebellious wills before it is too late!"

He lowered himself into his armchair; he took up the paper again. Madame Guilleaume looked at him admiringly, then returned to her complicated embroidery.

This happened every night.

The next day, in the middle of the warm summer afternoon, the church bell suddenly began to ring, then all of the bells; and running out to see what was the matter the population of the small town found on the wall of the *mairie*, of the school, of the square, little posters which seemed to have come there through no human agency, which seemed to have lit there like butterflies—pretty little posters, headed by a festoon of tricolor flags under which, in big black letters, was printed "*Mobilisation Générale.*"

These first words were sufficient; but everyone, pushing and jolting without knowing he was pushing and jolting, wanted to read what was beneath—an order calling "to the colors" all men up to forty-two, and requisitioning automobiles, vehicles, horses, mules and harness. By the side of the poster was a proclamation which said: Mobilization is not War. But no one paid any attention to that. Men came, read the poster, remained just long enough to say one word, one sentence—"Ah, the pigs, they have brought it about at last!" or simply, in an awe-struck whisper, "*C'est la guerre!*"—or merely to stand motionless and silent three seconds, like an ox that has been stricken by the hammer between the eyes—then left immediately, to perform without question the monstrously inevitable: go home, make a small bundle, say good-by—and depart.



But a Few Feet Away, So Near He Could Have Touched the Hem of His Coat, His Father Stood

For three days these departures kept the village in continuous agitation. The orders called out some of the men the first day, some the second, some the third. By each train each day a small group would be leaving, and the whole population of the village would walk to the station a mile away to see them off. There, by the pickets fencing off the platform, dear ones hung to their men in long, silent, intent caress, while a little farther away those more detached cheered and waved hats and handkerchiefs. Usually the one leaving found a cocky gesture for these at the last moment.

"We'll fix them this time," he shouted out of the car window. But the women, going back along the hot road between the golden, deserted fields, were somber and loose-armed.

At the end of three days all the men were gone, except those too old, or too weak, or too ill; the village returned to a sort of shriveled continuation of its old existence. The habit of going down to the station remained, however; everyone went there now to see the troop trains pass.

They passed almost without let-up, so near they whistled signals to each other as they went, laden with infantry, artillery and cavalry. The latter amused Pierre especially—the somber cuirassiers and dragoons, the light-blue hussars and chasseurs. Often he saw a row of young chasseurs looking out between the wide-opened doors of a box car, each alert, impudent face alternating with the long sad head of a horse. But the railroads were not enough; armies were also marching toward the frontier. They passed through the town; sometimes halted and stacked arms; and Pierre was in and out among legs like a sparrow. They were the same sort of men he had seen depart in common clothes, carrying a bundle on a stick; but now they looked all alike, in red kepi and trouser; bearing a sack, bayonet and rifle; the trousers gathered at the bottom in short gaiters; the long coats doubled back at the corners—a picture of gay and colored efficiency. Pierre was careful to wear his wide-striped belt; it kept him from being altogether extinguished by all this glitter. It was just such a belt as firemen wear in France. It had a stout iron ring. Fingering this ring, Pierre immediately saw himself slung to a rope, swinging gloriously from tall building to tall building, across streets and alleys in the midst of a huge conflagration. The soldiers saw the belt and hailed him: "*Eh là, le pompier!*"

Of one Pierre asked:

"Do you think we shall get to Berlin, monsieur?"

"To Berlin?" he answered. "If you wish it, my boy. And I'll bring you back Kaiser Wilhelm. Right here in my bottle!"

He tapped his canteen, and suddenly Pierre saw a reduced little kaiser imprisoned in there, like a devil in holy water; and ever afterward when someone said Kaiser, Pierre saw a little kaiser squirming in a little bottle.

For a week this state of things lasted. Then abruptly the troops ceased to march through. It was as if they had all passed to the frontier, as if France lay drained of all its fighting men.

The little town now shrunk upon itself as an old man gathers himself about the little flame left inside him. In the case of the village this small fire was the interest in news from the Front.

Every evening, as Monsieur le Notaire read the paper, he had indeed something to read. To some sentences his old heart beat hard, and now and then he read aloud—to Madame Guilleaume, indefatigable at her needlework; to Pierre, who, now there was no school—the teachers of the boy's school had been mobilized—made hens and boats out of paper, or with a pen scribbled obscure and mysterious designs. At first all had gone very well. The French had penetrated Alsace; had regained a good part of the lost provinces. Then it had been discovered that the main body of the Germans was coming through Belgium. But little Belgium was holding out bravely, and the French armies were rushing north to bar the way.

At nine o'clock Madame Guilleaume would say:

"Pierrot, it is time to go to bed."

Pierre would say:

"All right, mamma. But I can't go to sleep alone."

And the nightly scene would take place, ending with the notary's menacing proclamation:

"I'll go up with him and I'll see that he goes to sleep alone!"

The notary went upstairs with Pierre. He returned after a while, settled himself in his armchair, and said: "That is all that's necessary. A little firmness. One must be firm. One must break these rebellious little wills before it is too late!"

It took longer than it had taken before. It was difficult to compose that small head.

"Papa—are we beating them?"

"Sh-sh-sh—go to sleep!"

"Papa, the Germans, they are very strong, are they not?"

"Sh-sh-sh."

"But the French, they are braver, aren't they?"

"Sh-sh-sh."

A silence. Then:

"Papa—shall we get back Alsace-Lorraine?"

One evening the paper was late and Pierre was already in bed when finally Monsieur le Notaire settled himself to read, with that delicious feeling with which one attacks the printed sheet in days of great events, when one is sure to find it indeed full of news.

For five minutes the clock ticked in a profound silence. Then Madame Guilleaume was startled by a sudden bellow from a husband noted for his dignity and his repression.

"But it says the Somme," he was crying. "The Somme, the Somme, it says. I thought it was the Sambre, but it is the Somme!"

"What is it, *mon ami?*" said Madame Guilleaume.

"The *communiqué!* The official *communiqué!* It says: 'We have established our lines along the Somme.' At first I read 'the Sambre.' Twice I read it, 'the Sambre.' But it says 'the Somme.' I take you to witness if it does not say 'the Somme'!" And the notary placed the ruffled paper beneath Madame Guilleaume's eyes.

"Yes, *mon ami*," she said placidly. "Yes; it says 'the Somme.'"

"But yesterday," he cried, "it said 'the Sambre!' And to-day at first I thought it was Sambre. I read Sambre. But now I see it is Somme!"

"It says 'Somme,'" she repeated.

They were both standing now, looking at each other out of colorless faces. It was long since she had left the convent school; she was a little hazy in geography; but there could be no mistake in what she was seeing now upon his face. As for him, he was not at all hazy on geography; his mind's eye saw clearly before him now the map of France, and the river Sambre and the river Somme.

"Then," he said slowly, "they are halfway to Paris. Then," he said, "they have advanced thirty miles in twenty-four hours. Then—then—but then we are—we are ——"

He was just on the point of pronouncing a word, a raw, strong word which he was too well-bred ever to use, when from speech his entire attention turned to the sense of hearing. Down in the street, beneath the windows, a heavy tramping was sounding; it gained in volume and depth; the whole little town trembled with it.

"They are here already," he whispered.

His clutching hand spread a curtain; he peered down through the crack.

"Kepis!" he shouted joyfully. "Kepis! Our men!" Then, with a return of the heavy manner: "But they are marching south," he said. "They are marching south!"

From the upper part of the house a treble cry came down the stairs:

"*Papa, papa, des soldats qui passent! Papa, papa, des soldats!*"

And a minute later, following his voice, Pierre appeared and stood between his parents in the folds of the curtains, peering down into the street. They remained there all night. Once Madame Guilleaume left the window to make tea; several times after that they went to the table for the comfort of the warm, fragrant drink; but always they returned to watch the troops pass—the armies of France, ghostly in the night, passing like a flood away from the frontier, away from the foe.

When morning came they could see better. The whole population by that time was on the sidewalk. Those marching by were the same men, or the same sort of men, who had been seen going the other way a short while back. But how changed they were now! How changed! Tears were in the eyes of the women as they watched; pitying exclamations came from their lips.

"*Oh, les pauvres, les pauvres!* Look at that one—he's a mere boy—how pale he is! And that one, who can just drag along! And that one, with his clothes all torn! And that one, bandaged—oh, the poor ones!"

Food was placed along the curb for them—bread, cheese, dried prunes, everything that could be found in kitchens, and great basins of coffee, or water strengthened with wine. The soldiers seized food as they passed, crammed it into their mouths, and went on marching; some lapped at the liquids like dogs, some, altogether mad with thirst, plunged their heads in, like horses; and none stopped—all went on marching. There was no halt, no pause—only a ceaseless flowing in dust, in heat, in a reek of sweat. And yet in some mysterious way the villagers were getting news of what had happened. Some of these regiments had been in a big battle. They had charged and charged; but unseen guns had torn them to pieces and torn the very earth from under their feet. Others had not been in one fight; not one!

"They marched us to the left," said one man, "they marched us to the right, they marched us everywhere—no, it is incomprehensible. We marched and we marched—no, none of us could ever have believed it was possible to march like that!" And a piece of bread under his arm, his mustache dripping, he picked up his gun and ran on bleeding feet after the last of his platoon.

All day the soldiers passed by—infantry, cavalry and artillery; long lines of trucks; covered wagons from which came groans and plaints; all night the great rolling and shuffling sounded in the street; at dawn they were still passing. Then, even as the inhabitants watched uncomprehendingly, the tide thinned; the last detachment passed—and the village was left in a brooding silence. To the east and the north the country stretched empty, yet filled with invisible menace. Instantly the inhabitants took to their houses, as if a great storm were approaching.

For several hours they lived as if in a dream, in stillness and immobility, as if they had been in the breathless nucleus of a great cyclone. The railroads were torn up; the wires were down; no bit of news came to them. Then, just as they thought themselves utterly abandoned, two troops of chasseurs rode in from the south.

Immediately orders went forth from the mayor at the town hall that all weapons be brought there; that everyone must give up whatever arm he might have. In response old men appeared at the town hall; one would have a shotgun, another some antediluvian musket or horse pistol. Amid this armament appeared even a wooden gun, for there was a story that in a village near the frontier the invaders had shot a little boy because he had leveled his toy rifle at the gray armies. All these arms were thrown to the floor of a room, which was locked. Then the town crier went out again: There might be a battle; all the inhabitants were ordered into their cellars. Meanwhile the chasseurs had taken up, along the edge of the town, a position which commanded the bridge by which the road entered. They had two machine guns. The inhabitants, huddled in their cellars, waited some time, then just as they thought nothing would happen the sharp crackling of rifles came to their ears, and upon it the demoniac ta-ta-ta-ta-tat of the machine guns. For two hours, deep in their dark holes, the villagers lived only with their ears. Several times cannon began to boom. But each time the machine guns, flat-tongued like mocking children, raised their ringing chatter, and the big booming ceased. How could the chasseurs hold out so long? How could those two hundred men hold hundreds of thousands so long? The answer came suddenly in a whirl like that of wind along the street. The chasseurs, having done their detaining work, had let go.

For a while nothing followed. Some of the inhabitants at length left their cellars; they were just in time to see the invaders march in. This gray army was so compact and homogeneous that at first one did not see its details, but looked at it as one looks at a glacier, or a tide or a flood. But if one picked out the faces, one saw that all those faces were sullen and enraged. The invaders were angry at having been stopped so long by just two hundred chasseurs. The first bodies stopped in the town and were quartered there. A general and his staff established themselves at the town hall, which thus became the *Kommandantur*. But the troops which came after marched through and on, in unbroken columns, toward the south. By nighttime cannon were rumbling down there.

At first it seemed as if the village were not going to be molested. The soldiers quartered there had a tendency to shatter with their rifle butts any door they thought was not opened quickly enough; they were hard on windows, and a general tinkling of broken glass filled the place; but over these small manifestations of bad humor there weighed the restraint of a strong and orderly discipline. It looked as though the little town were to be spared horrors suffered by some of its sisters. On the second day of the occupation, however, a new general of a higher rank was established at the *Kommandantur*, and almost immediately squads went about, arrested what the Germans called the "notables," and brought them to the town hall as hostages.

Among these notables was Monsieur Guilleaume.

When Monsieur Guilleaume, referred to usually as Monsieur le Notaire, stepped into the hall of what was now called the *Kommandantur*, he found himself with the other hostages. These were the Mayor—Monsieur le Maire; the latter's secretary, or *adjoint;* the parish priest—Monsieur le Curé; and Monsieur Armand, who kept the bookstore, all of them notables. To these the Germans had added for good measure, Gilbert, the butcher, and Père Larouette, the *garde-champêtre*, or rural constable.

Père Larouette was a stout little old man who had fought in 1870 and who wore the military medal on his chest. Monsieur Armand was a slight, dry slip of a man, who passed most of his time in the rear of his bookshop by a red-hot stove, and only appeared on the street at rare intervals, merely to rub his hands briskly, nod his head, say "*Mon Dieu*, how cold it is!" and immediately disappear again. Even now, as the notary entered, he rubbed his old hands dryly together in the gesture familiar to all, and remarked: "*Mon Dieu*, how cold it is!" The butcher, on the other hand, was a burly giant, dark red of complexion, all his veins distended as though for years his body had taken to itself, like a sponge, the blood of the carcasses hung in his shop.

They Remained All Night to Watch the Troops Pass—the Armies of France

These men, gathered here, had lived much like other men, carrying on but an inefficient fight for whatever might have been their ideals. The notary, for instance, with all his reputation for scrupulous rectitude, could have recalled several little affairs where he had used his subtle knowledge of tortuous law to his advantage. The priest lacked a bowing acquaintance with the third of the cardinal virtues, loved his medieval hell, and was very fond of the exercise of broiling, boiling, parboiling and quartering poor souls from his pulpit on Sundays. The mayor, with whom the priest was in continuous feud, was a sonorous politician, and his secretary one of those furtive, mobile-nosed rodents who fatten in the shadow of the great. Monsieur Armand cheated when it was a question of adding to his collection of stamps; Père Larouette, game warden, was suspected of a secret understanding with poachers, and Gilbert, the butcher, stubbornly violated the law which forbade him to slaughter diseased animals. Yet now, as they were taken into the council chamber and stood before the helmeted general, a calm dignity came down upon them from somewhere in the sky and draped them nobly like a cloak.

The general, without looking at them, said: "You know why you are here. You are hostages of our armies."

Then he looked up, and they all saw that he had cold hazel eyes like a hawk's.

He went on, those fixed, round eyes upon them:

"This is our custom and our law. Whenever we occupy a town we take hostages. These hostages guarantee the behavior of the subject population. Should one shot be fired, should my men be molested in any way, you will be shot."

The mayor took a step forward.

"General—if you will allow me—you will have no trouble here. The population of this town is a peaceful and a docile one. It has been informed by proclamation of what should be its conduct in this present situation. I myself have taken all the necessary measures. All weapons have been collected and locked up. I can assure you there will be not the slightest incident."

"That is our law and that is our custom," the general resumed, absolutely as though no one had spoken, as though there had been no interruption. "That is the law—hostages held as guarantors of the population's behavior, and shot at the slightest hostile gesture of that population."

He signaled an order; the hostages were taken to another room and locked up under guard.

They remained there the whole day and the night. The ordeal had drawn them together, and though they did not speak much they were kind to each other in small courtesies and sharings of tobacco. Mostly they listened to the cannon. The cannonade to the south had established itself into a dim continuous rumble upon which, now and then, some greater gun beat a tattoo exactly like a zealous musician attacking a very tight bass drum.

"It is Paris," said Père Larouette, "Paris defending itself—ah, were I only there!" And the sound increased its meaning to them all, and they brooded upon it with all their being.

The following day, in the afternoon, they were again taken before the general.

"I have explained to you already your situation," the general said. "You are hostages held as guarantee against any provocation or hostile act of your population, and liable to be shot for any such hostile act."

"I wish to reassure your honor," said the mayor, "that there exists no probability of coming to such extremity."

The general suddenly struck the table a blow which danced inkwells and pens into the air.

"There exists no such probability," he thundered, "because the thing has happened already! You were shooting at our troops out of your windows when we were entering the town!"

The mayor held out bravely. After a moment of stupor he said:

"If it please your honor, this is impossible. All arms had been collected; there was not a weapon in the town. Every one of the inhabitants, following orders, was in his cellar. This thing is an impossibility and did not take place."

"For two hours," replied the general, looking at them coldly, "you held us up by *franc-tireur* acts of your civil population. For two hours our troops were held before this miserable place ——"

(Continued on Page 42)

As Pierre Neared, the Man Raised Both Arms in a Barrier and Made a Horrible Grimace

LETTERS FROM THE WAR

By WILL IRWIN

PARIS, April twentieth.

THE journey from Madrid to Paris is rather easy, as European travel goes nowadays. Certain points in France that were only five hours from Paris before the war are now twenty-four hours away, even with good luck. But you leave Madrid at ten o'clock Monday evening and, unless you strike trouble at the border, you reach Paris in time for breakfast on Wednesday—two nights and a day. There are *wagons-lits*, or sleeping cars, for both nights—if you can get a berth. Reservations on the Spanish train, as far as the border, are easy. The second night comes harder. Though I applied for reservations on the French section six days in advance, I was told the train had been sold out for a week.

As it turned out, we had at least a place to lie down; for at about eleven o'clock the woman train porter entered the first-class compartment of the day coach, where we were trying to make ourselves comfortable for the night, with the news that we might have two *couchettes* forward. I did not know exactly what a *couchette* was; but I followed. On European railroads, as the untraveled American may not know, the sleeping car is a thing separate from the day coach. When the management thinks it is time for the passengers to go to bed *wagons-lits* are switched on to the train and the passengers are transferred from the day coach. These sleeping cars are divided into tiny compartments, each with two beds. It appeared that, in the present condition of things, the sleeping cars are short of bed linen. The portress had a compartment without sheets or blankets; but we might lie down on the bare berths. In our clothes, and covered with fur coats against the cold of this villainously raw spring, we passed a comfortable night, as nights go in wartime travel.

That examination at the border, which all aliens going from spy-ridden Spain to rightfully suspicious France dread so much, turned out in my case to be foolishly easy. Everyone passing through Spain is watched, I take it; and whoever watched me must have noted that I had no German acquaintance. The inspectors studied my passport for a minute, took down its date and made me lift my hat to see whether I resembled my passport photograph; a business-like official consulted a card index—and I was loose in France, free to roam through a little town that was a summer resort before the war and had all the dreariness of a resort in the off season.

There was, however, a kind of stimulation in coming from a country lazily going about its own business, or doing a lot of disturbed thinking, to a nation that is seeing it through. The war was all about us, even in this border town. A *poilu*, home on leave, swung from a train in his battered old uniform, its horizon blue faded into streaks of rusty green and overhung with the dusty brown of his kit. Half a dozen others, in a uniform just as old but a little better brushed, mixed with the crowd of old Frenchmen who had come, like provincials all over the world, to see the train arrive.

A Police Dog's Education

IT WAS pleasant, also, to see again the intelligent, spirited French face, to hear the lively buzz of French conversation, to have a seat at the drama that your Frenchman makes out of every ordinary transaction. I cannot possibly convey the serio-comic melodrama with which our veteran porter saw our luggage out of the Spanish train, through the customs and into the French train. His air, as he wheeled it from stopping place to stopping place, was that of a marshal of France, loaded down with the responsibilities of the Republic. His manner, as the woman customs official approached our trunks and asked me in a solemn, judicial tone whether I had anything to declare, showed a terrible apprehension. When I announced that I really had nothing to declare, and when the woman customs agent with a snap chalked her initials on the outside of the trunks, he broke into happy smiles.

When, again, he was forced to announce that my baggage was of a surplus of weight, he expressed such sympathy as he would have shown to a parent bereaved by the war; and when I told him the excess was less than I expected, and that I was glad to contribute to the war treasury of France, his manner conveyed that he had taken me to his bosom. Finally, when the moment came for the tip, his face grew apologetic, changing at once, after he had inspected his palm, to a look of intense gratitude.

Yes; it Was France Again, the Country of Pleasant Human Drama in Small Things

All along the way he entertained me with news of that railroad junction and town gossip, pointing out the woman who was the mother of an aviator; the boy who was "reformed," with the Cross of War and the Military Medal; and finally the remarkable town dog, which one of the reformed soldiers had brought back from the Front. This animal was of the German shepherd breed, the big dog at present most popular in France, in spite of the war. They are what we often call police dogs at home; nearest of all their kind they resemble wolves.

But this dog, as the porter took great pains to explain, was no common animal. He was really a German dog by birth—for the French had captured him from the Germans at the Battle of Champagne. But listen, monsieur; he was a French dog now—a veritable *poilu*. Listen again one time, monsieur; call him a *Boche* to his face and he would leap at you; he would try to bite you, to tear you apart! He looked peaceable there, with his tail wagging—business of waving the hand to imitate the tail; but just call him a *Boche!*—business of leaping most frightfully through the air.

I politely admired this wonderful accomplishment of the dog that had been rescued from German *Kultur;* and I did not tell the porter that this has become the stock trick of every German shepherd dog in France. It is like shaking hands or speaking—part of elementary puppy education. Myself, I once met a German shepherd dog of engaging expression tied before a château in Gascony. I called him a *Boche*, and only his chain saved my life.

Yes; it was France again, the country of pleasant human drama in small things. And that quality, which adds so much to the enjoyment of life, accounts perhaps for the attraction the Great Republic has for aliens. More than one German officer, captured at the Front, has mourned the fact that, with the hatred stirred up by this war, he can never live in Paris again—mourned it as his greatest personal calamity.

PARIS, April twenty-first.

The French hotel knows how to make you welcome, especially if you are an old guest. Scarcely were our suit cases open before Paul, who combines, since the war began, the functions of floor waiter and boots, entered to inform us of his joy at seeing us back on his floor. Paul had rather a hard time last winter. He is troubled with a double hernia; so when war broke out he was mobilized for work behind the lines—though he did have a little real fighting at the Battle of the Marne.

After a year he injured himself badly in lifting ammunition, and so he was reformed and allowed to resume civil occupation. He worked last year under constant pain; and last winter, he tells me, the time came when he needed another operation. As he incurred his injury in the line of military duty the Americans in this hotel got him admitted to the American Ambulance. His gratitude, as he told me how kind they had been at the Ambulance, how well they had cared for him, how efficiently the surgeons had patched him up, was enough to repay us for the little we did to help France before we entered the Alliance of Civilization.

Just afterward we found our floor clerk, who sits at the desk by the elevator attending to keys, mail and calls, arranging two pink carnations on my wife's dresser. A pretty, slender little woman from the harassed and troubled city of Lunéville, behind the Lorraine Front, she is married to Jules, our elevator man. Jules is a hero of the Marne; he wears the military medal on his green hotel uniform, and the Cross of War, with a star and a palm—showing that he had been cited once before a division and once before an army. He bears more marks of glory than that. His right leg is gone just below the hip. He has not yet grown quite accustomed to its mechanical substitute, so that he walks with a strange awkward gait.

Valiant Door Porters

THESE European hotel elevators have double doors, of which the corridor door swings outward. The elevator man is supposed to open this door, step out and bow as the guest passes. This service from a man who wears such decorations as Jules, and who moves so painfully, is grotesque. The guests at this hotel, both French and foreign, usually refuse to let him leave the elevator, and swing the door back when they have passed, in order to save him a step.

Their little boy, born just before the war, is in Normandy with his grandparents. Jules informs me that he is to be brought up next Tuesday for a short visit with his parents.

"It is a long time until Tuesday!" said Jules.

Our door porter, who flags taxicabs for the guests and sees that the boys get out the baggage, is similarly decorated and as badly mutilated. His right arm is gone from just below the shoulder, and several joints are missing from the fingers of the other hand. This billet of door porter is a favorite post for mutilated men.

The hotels seem to vie with one another in recognition of their heroism. Passing to-day the Café de la Paix, the center of Paris and of a Frenchman's universe, I noticed that the new cab starter is minus an arm and wears four decorations for valor.

Marie, the chambermaid, came in just before noon to put the finishing touches to our room. I rather dreaded her coming, because I had to ask for news; and I was afraid that it would be bad. Marie's sister is the cloakroom girl in this hotel. Now last summer I took several trips to the French Front. So every few days the servants would see me start out in khaki. Imagine that—ignorant of all the pleading and diplomacy that precedes a permission for the war zone—they thought I went to the Front whenever I wished, and was, therefore, a person of consequence; for one day, when Verdun was hot, I heard a ring at my door and opened it to find Marie and her sister standing there, timid and apologetic. Marie found her voice first. Could monsieur do a great favor? she asked; it might be much to ask—but ——

When the war began they had three brothers mobilized. One was dead; one mutilated. The third was reported missing after the German attack at Fort de Vaux. Only that—missing! Prisoners had been taken. He might be a prisoner.

"Monsieur is a neutral," she said; "is it possible to get any news of him from Germany?"

I did all I could—made inquiries through the proper diplomatic channels. No news had arrived when I left Paris last autumn; so I sent through Marie's name as next of kin, to whom information should be transmitted concerning M. Jean Eloge.

"Any news?" I asked Marie this morning when she had finished assuring me that she was happy to have us on her floor again.

"Very little, monsieur," she replied.

They had a letter last winter. It informed them that a sergeant who had entered the countercharge by Jean's

side was a prisoner in Germany; but there was no news of Jean himself.

This afternoon Marie and her sister approached me again. Was I sure that I had done everything to be done? It was much to ask—but —— To-morrow I will send out a tracer. It is the only thing I can do.

PARIS, April twenty-third.

This is a place and period in the world's affairs when the weather forms more than a conventional topic of conversation. A dank cold hangs on and continues to hang on. As the Western World must know, the civilian population of Paris is short of coal. At this hotel, which keeps up a reputation for maintaining service in spite of the war, we have a faint suggestion of furnace heat in the morning. The rest of the day you must wear your ulster if you sit down indoors. Fortunately the tap still runs boiling water, and I find myself looking forward to a hot bath as the only comfortable moment of the day. Except for three days in sunny Andalusia, which has a climate like that of Southern California, I have not been warm since I landed in Europe a month ago.

From my acquaintances I get nothing but reminiscences of last winter—and the cold. It was a villainous winter, to begin with. Those who lived in central-heated apartment houses without fireplaces suffered the most. When the landlord could get no more coal the heat stopped. The Municipal Council ordained that a landlord who could not furnish heat must refund two francs a day on the rent; but this gave small consolation. Those who had fireplaces were warm—sometimes. At times coal for domestic purposes could not be purchased even by the sack. Fortunately, most of the cooking here is done by gas, so almost everyone had at least hot meals. One American mother tells me that she "sewed in" the children for the winter, like an East Side woman.

A Paris correspondent has an office heated only by a fireplace. He lived until January in a steam-heated flat. After two weeks of arctic cold he moved himself and his wife into one room, small by choice, which had a fireplace. When he wasn't working he searched for coal. He got just enough to keep a slender fire burning at home, but none for the office. He worked all winter in an ulster. The Bourse, or Stock Exchange, is near by, and he had a journalist's ticket of admission to the floor. The Bourse was heated, and every afternoon he strolled over there to thaw out.

The Problem of Keeping Warm

A WOMAN I know says she did some shameless "window shopping" at one of the great department stores. It has in its main hall a very large register, which poured out heat all last winter. Back and forth she used to stroll, past that register again and again, until she felt once more like a human being.

I fancy that, even if the line continues locked, Paris will be warmer next winter. Though the enemy still holds the great coal fields on the north, France has fields at St.-Étienne, on the south. And it was not so much a coal-mining problem, I think, as a transportation problem, which the government is preparing to remedy. A visitor from Grenoble, not far from St.-Étienne, tells me he had no trouble in getting enough coal for an orphan asylum which he runs, and that the highest price was sixty-two francs, or about eleven dollars, a ton.

Further, the authorities are looking into peat, of which there is a supply, but little used, in Central France. A Franco-American engineer of my acquaintance—a *réformé* of the Foreign Legion—dragged me into his office yesterday to show me a lot of black lozenges about as big as a pill box. That was his solution for the domestic fuel situation—briquettes of peat. His machines, very simple, very cheap of construction, were beginning to turn out this product already. It was a perfect fuel for fireplaces and cookstoves; and this process made it condensed fuel, like coal.

I asked him whether he were not gambling with the duration of the war. If it ended next autumn he stood to lose his investment.

"Not at all!" he said. "If the war should end to-morrow there would still be coal shortage in Europe for some time. Everywhere—Germany and England, as well as France—they have been rushing coal extraction at the expense of development work. When the war ends they will have to do a lot of development before they can extract on the old scale. For several years no fuel will be scorned in Europe."

Women are Taking the Places of Soldiers in the Gas Companies of Paris

PARIS, May first.

I have hesitated before to record just how Paris struck me upon my return after six months in England and America. The place seemed to me a little dead and dispirited as compared with its state last year. Sad it has always been since the war; but humanly, even attractively sad. This time, though I saw less mourning—the heavy crape of old days has gone out of fashion—I felt a kind of slackness in the spirits of the people. In spite of assurances that France was standing firm, I wondered whether the French were not growing overweary of the war.

It is all explained. For on Sunday this villainously cold damp weather broke into a heavenly spring day, both warm and bracing. The sun of France streamed on the budding leaves; the light of France fell as in crystals over crowded streets. Paris, in a day, became more like her old insouciant self than I have ever seen her since the war commenced.

I did not venture into the country myself; but they tell me that every open space between Fontainebleau and Versailles was dotted with families, enjoying the fields, as the French love to do. The inbound tramways at dusk were packed; and everyone carried a posy of primroses or violets. The Bois de Boulogne was a procession of carriages and motors. By three o'clock you could get across the battle line more easily than you could get a seat before the boulevard cafés; and the crowd that drifted past, blocking the sidewalks, had dared to blossom out into a little color.

The weather has held for two days and the gay appearance of things continues.

The trouble with Paris, the factor I did not understand, was simply cold. A terribly hard winter, with insufficient fuel, a spring that bade fair never to break had got on the public nerves. It is hard to be enthusiastic or gay when you are chronically cold. The last three days have shown the real spirit of the city; spite of submarines, of a little anxiety about food, of uncertainty about affairs in the East, Paris feels that the Russian Revolution, the American declaration of war and the German retirement marked the turn of the tide. It has been a long, dreadful grind; it will be a long grind still. But, since the future looks certain, why not be a little gay?

PARIS, May second.

Among the party at dinner last night was Doctor S., an American surgeon, who has been patching up the wounded ever since 1914, and is now in American olive-drab khaki for the first time. The French attack of a fortnight ago brought its toll of wounded; to-day he had a dozen operations, besides his work of supervising two full hospitals. He was tired; but he was glowing, also, with the spirit of the French.

"I stand ashamed before them," he said. "Where do they get it? I cannot find such capacity for sacrifice within myself. Men who have stood the trenches for two years come back to me terribly wounded. There's never a word of complaint and revolt; when you speak of their sufferings they simply say that it is all for France. I patch them up and they go back to it like brides. Hate it? Of course they do. Siege warfare is the dirtiest, nastiest thing known to the military art. But France will be cut into little pieces before she will yield. Make no mistake about the spirit of France. I deal with the wounded, who ought to be discouraged if anyone is; and I know! France will go through with this game."

A Merciful Conspirator

ANOTHER who sat with us last night knows Russia. He was speaking of the Revolution, and he expressed the opinion that its greatest danger was a kind of loving tolerance in the Slavonic character which prevents them from taking strong measures in tragic emergencies.

"Years ago," he said by way of illustration, "when the night of reaction was so dark that the people had only assassination as a means of defense, a brute of a police prefect in a certain town was marked for death. The revolutionaries laid their plot carefully. That was before the days of the automobile. As a get-away, they secured the fastest horse in the district. He belonged to a doctor, and to guard his owner they dyed his coat.

"The assassin—drawn by lot from a revolutionary committee—preferred to use the knife. His carriage, to which that fast horse was harnessed, drove up to a sidewalk where the prefect was reading a notice on a billboard. The revolutionary agent jumped out and stabbed him in the back stabbed him, to make sure of the job, again and again.

"He leaped into the carriage. The muzhik driver, being excited, began lashing the horse. The assassin put a bloody hand on his shoulder and said:

"'Don't whip the poor horse; he is doing the best he can!'"

PARIS, May eighth.

After May tenth we are to have no *pâtisserie*—the same being those little cakes of cunning construction and flavor of which Paris is so fond. This measure is taken in order to save sugar, a commodity whose domestic supply is already regulated by card; in fact, I have noted ever since my arrival that Paris, which maintained during the first two years of war its reputation as a city of delicious eating, has lowered the standard a peg. Take this hotel, where we live *en pension*, which is French for "American plan." There is not much variety in the fare—which was not true last year. The tendency to economize on sugar keeps us

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War Has Made Trouserettes Popular With the Shop Girls of Paris

The Vendetta of Bogue Grenouille

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

WHEN Etienne Deschamps came back from New Orleans to Bogue Grenouille, at the death of his father, there was no family council to decide on his career, for he was the last of his family; so old Hector Lafleiche settled the matter for him.

"The old order is changing, my young friend," said the lawyer, lowering his spectacles to the tip of his thick fleshy nose so that he could look over their heavy silver rims to watch the impression his words created. "You have to become a good Yankee to succeed; and you are to succeed. You have a good mind and an indolent disposition. The one you have to cultivate; the other you must stimulate. Happily, you will have the stimulus of poverty."

"The devil!" exclaimed Etienne.

"Poverty is the devil, I agree," said Lafleiche. "Nevertheless, the devil has never been accused of lassitude. His one virtue is industry, as we all know. Now, you might apply the industry you are to acquire to Les Hirondelles; but, as I have explained to you, there is little left of Les Hirondelles—the house, which is a ruin, and the few acres between the Bogue and the bayou, which would make a living of comfort for Paul Sanson—yes; but for you, no. What else? Let us examine: You have no genius for commercial life; you are a poet, a man of imagination, sensitive; and these admirable qualities become detrimental to one embarked in trade, if we except imagination. Shall you use them for the advancement and regeneration of journalism, of literature? Yes—if you have a taste for starving. We dismiss medicine; you have a constitutional aversion from the sight of blood and of suffering. The same objection would apply to the profession of arms, if you were not already too old. Is it not so?"

"There really seems to be nothing for me," sighed Etienne. "Have you, by chance, a recommendation?"

"We are coming to that," said Mr. Lafleiche with a satisfied smile. "Yes; I recommend the law—my own profession. You have a handsome presence; you are eloquent upon occasion; you have, as I have said, a good mind; and these are essential in the making of a famous advocate."

"Sir," said Etienne, bowing gracefully, "if I did not fear irony I should express to you my grateful thanks."

"But there is a preliminary step," the lawyer pursued, disregarding the interruption. "We proceed after the manner of the Yankee: First, we teach school; and there, by good fortune, enters the offer of the district, which I am authorized to make—the Didier School, my boy, in which you, while teaching, will yourself learn patience, tact, ingenuity, human nature in its primary aspects, and many other useful things. You will receive a small sum each month during the term, which will enable you to accept my invitation to read law with me. You become a lawyer; you interest yourself in politics; you are elected to the legislature; to the governorship of Louisiana; to the Senate of the United States; to the Presidency. That is the Yankee method—which you will embrace. *Voilà!*"

"I have entire confidence in your prediction," Etienne declared. "I am a Yankee—*ventrebleu!*—which should be the appropriate oath. I accept the school and the small sum. I accept your invitation, for which I tender you thanks from the bottom of my heart. I place myself unreservedly in your hands and shall endeavor to deserve the kind disposition that you make of me."

So that is how Etienne came to teach the Didier School—a brief but fateful experience. The school itself was something of an experiment, for in this particular parish there were at the time few public institutions of learning outside of the towns. Didier was not a town, but a district; and the school was just on the other side of the bayou that bounded Les Hirondelles, Etienne's sadly shrunk paternal estate. A short walk through the cane, and a few vigorous strokes of the oars to pull the clumsy bateau across the stagnant moccasin-infested waters of the bayou, and the young man was arrived at the scene of his daily labors, with the dozen or so of pupils that had been attracted by the novelty of schooling or compelled to its advantages by the ambition of parents.

Of their number perhaps half were of ordinary school age. There were three or four very small children indeed, accompanying elder brothers or sisters; but the rest of them were well-grown youths and maidens, hardly spared from the home routine of toil—girls who could bake and brew to perfection, who could card wool, spin and weave it in expert fashion, but were shockingly ignorant of the alphabet. And with the girls, perhaps largely because of them, came lean gangling lads, used to swing ax or cane knife, cunning trappers of otter, sure rifle shots, deeply versed in the lore of wood and swamp, hopelessly inapt to all combinations of letters or figures. Truly it demanded patience, tact and ingenuity to teach these young savages. Certainly Etienne learned as much as he taught.

Soon two personalities became conspicuous among the pupils—those of Anatole Dubois, a sixteen-year-old lout from the Upper Bogue, whose tribesmen were the Ishmaelites of the river, and Pauline Sanson, daughter of that Paul Sanson who farmed the few acres of Les Hirondelles and lived in the one half-habitable wing of the old mansion. Anatole was a constant exasperation to Etienne by reason of his dense stupidity and invincible spirit of antagonism, both of which seemed to communicate themselves in a certain degree to his fellows. The only intelligence the youth ever displayed was in the evasion of rules and the invention of excuses as impudent as they were ingenious.

Pauline, on the contrary, was the young teacher's great consolation and pride. Her eagerness to learn and the acuteness of her understanding were remarkable, and her docility, for a girl of her evident spirit, often made Etienne wonder. She was at least sixteen, and that among the Cajuns is a marriageable age; but Etienne, who had lately attained his majority, regarded her merely as a child—a lovable child; a most industrious and very clever child for whose mentality he had a high respect. But out of school hours he paid little attention to her.

That was remarkable, for Pauline accompanied him from the house to the school; and though she followed him through the cane, he striding ahead wrapped in his own melancholy thoughts, yet she faced him in the bateau. And what young man could have failed to notice most particularly the vivid beauty of her face or the grace of every attitude that her well-formed, though still girlish, body took? Just Etienne. Who would have not sometimes intercepted and interpreted the timid wistful looks she cast upon him from time to time, or her low shy replies when he deigned to speak to her? Nobody on earth but Etienne.

Etienne, too, might have wondered how and why his two rooms were so carefully tended, his clothes so neatly repaired, folded and put away, his linen washed and ironed to such snowy whiteness and glossiness; his meals so well prepared, with special regard for his likes and dislikes. Old Paul was not a particular person, and he certainly would never have thought of putting fresh flowers on Etienne's dressing table. But the young egotist took everything as a matter of course. He was a Deschamps, a descendant of a line of seigneurs who had all things done for them, and well done.

But the glory was departed from his house, as he sadly reflected, sitting in his wide armchair before the large French window that looked out upon Bogue Grenouille. The old oaks, their hoary pendants of moss waving languidly in the evening breeze from Pontchartrain, seemed, for all their green foliage, to be emblems of decay—somber and senile. The ragged grass that they shaded had overgrown the wide gravel drives until the eye had to strain to mark their course to the dilapidated masonry of the ancient gates. Those gates of cunningly wrought iron were rusted and broken; rank vines embanked them and weighed them askew.

Sometimes the need of human companionship impelled Etienne to join Paul as he sat on the gallery at the rear of the house, but there was little conversation on such occasions and, in that little, Pauline never joined, but sat apart with her needlework. Paul smoked his blackened stub of clay pipe. Etienne rolled cigarettes with his slender white fingers, looking wonderfully handsome, Pauline thought, with his wavy yellow hair and sad poet's eyes of blue, a blond combination that the mourning he wore for his father heightened effectively. So young; so *triste!*

There was the study of the law too. Peeping, Pauline night after night saw him buried in the books he had from M. Lafleiche, laying the books down and pacing the room, mumbling passage after passage. Sometimes he would declaim marvelous speeches in a voice rich in inflections; and as he spoke he gestured before the cheval glass that had been his great-grandmother's. He was not forgetting his career, for all his melancholy.

As Etienne took up the oars to row across the bayou, Pauline spoke, which she rarely did unless spoken to.

"M'sieu, that boy, Anatole."

"Yes?" Etienne encouraged, with one of his infrequent smiles that were so adorable.

Pauline's cheeks burned red.

"That boy, Anatole—he is very bad."

"I'm afraid so. Well, we must be patient with bad boys, little one."

"But there is something that he will do—he and the others. I have seen them talk together yesterday, and I have hear ——"

"I have heard, Pauline."

"I have heard—but not much; for they see—have seen—for they saw me, that I listened. There is something that they will do that is very bad. M'sieu will watch them—please!"

Etienne laughed.

"I have to watch them all the time. But thank you, Pauline. I'll look out."

He did not look out, though. A little before the noon hour he fell into one of his fits of abstraction, and Anatole was quick to see and take advantage of it. Swaggering to the teacher's desk, he asked a perfectly unnecessary question about one of the sums Etienne had chalked upon the board. Etienne answered him briefly and he turned away; but as he turned he dropped his pencil and stooped to pick it up. Twice on the way back to his seat he dropped the pencil and twice stooped to recover it. Then he took something from his pocket and drew it sharply across the leg of his trousers.

With inconceivable quickness Pauline started from her seat and struck twice, with open hand—once at the match that Anatole had lighted and once with vicious force full upon Anatole's beefy cheek.

"Animal!" she cried fiercely, and thereupon seized the lad's arm and forced him back against the row of desks. "Pig!" Again her right hand flew out—like an angry cat's paw—and bloodstains showed on Anatole's face.

By this time Etienne had the boy by the collar.

"What is all this?" he demanded sternly.

"See!" answered Pauline excitedly. "See, m'sieu, what this miserable does!"

She jerked Anatole's arm, and a powderhorn fell from his hand to the floor—a primitive cow's horn stopped with wood at each end; such a horn as Daniel Boone might have carried. Along the floor where Pauline pointed ran a thin train of powder grains leading to a conical heap beneath the desk. It was perfectly obvious.

Etienne, amiable as he was, patient as he was learning to be, was white with anger. On the top of the desk lay a slender rattan cane—*in terrorem*—for he had never used or expected to use it. He now picked it up and laid it vigorously across Anatole's back and shoulders; and even when the young stoic yelled at last for mercy he did not desist! Since he was compelled to the degrading act of punishment he would at least make it thorough; and it was thorough enough in all conscience, that beating.

Characteristically it was Pauline who interceded for the culprit. At the risk of receiving one of the blows that Etienne was so liberally showering, she laid her hand upon his busy arm.

"Please, m'sieu—please!"

Etienne stopped and glared at her. Then:

"You are right!" he said; and, letting Anatole subside to the floor, he threw aside the cane.

That evening, on his way to the bateau, he stopped to allow Pauline to come up with him.

"Mademoiselle," he said in his grand manner, "I am at a loss to express to you my gratitude for your timely interference in my behalf. The consequences might have been serious." He little knew how serious the consequence was to be. "You were so quick to act; so brave," he added.

"It was nothing at all," said Pauline. "It was what I should do for anybody; and I am quick, me—always. That is a bad boy, that Anatole—but he is well punished."

The tribe of Dubois, of the Upper Bogue, lawless as they were, had the reputation of observing one ordinance at least—that in the Mosaic code governing eyes and teeth. A debt of gratitude was like all other debts to them; but an injury was to be faithfully repaid, and with interest, whenever and however it could be safely done. The father of Anatole Dubois was at the time serving a life sentence in the penitentiary; so it devolved upon his uncle, François, to avenge that thrashing. It was the same François who had been warned away from Les Hirondelles by old Paul after he had paid some too marked attentions to Pauline. He was a tall, sallow, sinewy rascal, François, with a fiercely rolling eye, which rolled with particular ferocity when his nephew exhibited his back and told his story.

"We shall see!" he remarked. "Yes; we shall see! Receive my assurance that I fix that little M'sieu Etienne Deschamps." He supplemented this with a rataplan of oaths.

In accordance with the declaration François, the next morning, provided himself with a pistol and a rawhide whip. Then, fortifying himself with some illicit home-made rum, he betook himself to the Didier Schoolhouse and presented the pistol at Etienne's head.

"My little friend," said he to the pallid and trembling schoolmaster, "I am come to cut out your pretty liver—you who beat small children!"

Where, alas, was the spirit of the Deschamps? Etienne was sick with mortal fear and must have showed it, for François grinned sardonically, shifted the pistol to his left hand, and raised the rawhide. Pauline had started up from her seat, but checked herself, for the Cajun's finger was curled about the trigger of the lethal weapon. One movement and Monsieur Etienne was lost. Nevertheless it was Etienne who, in the very desperation of his terror, made the movement.

There was a heavy ebony ruler on his desk, and his frightened glance fell upon it in the critical moment. He seized it and leaped straight at the grinning ruffian. The pistol exploded with a deafening report almost at his ear, and François staggered back. Again Etienne struck, and this time the ruler descended without obstruction and with all the force of his arm upon the skull of his adversary. He could feel the bone cave under the impact—horribly. François dropped and lay prone.

"Bring the water pail!" Etienne directed as he stooped to the unconscious form.

Somebody brought the pail, and Etienne dashed water into the ghastly yellow face again and again.

"He's dead!" came a whisper out of the silence.

It was true. François Dubois was as dead as the Pharaohs. Not all the waters of the Bogue and the bayou could have shocked nerve or muscle of his body to a twitch of returning animation. Dead!

Once more Etienne found himself in the office of Hector Lafleiche, where he had been started upon his career. There was a decanter of cognac on the table, and the young man held the stem of an empty glass in his shaking fingers. It had been necessary to fill and empty that glass several times. Old Hector stood beside him now and patted his shoulder consolingly.

"Compose yourself, my boy," said the old lawyer. "I understand that you are agitated to the soul by this misfortune; but, after all, the man was a brute. Truth demands that admission, and—he would have killed you, perhaps. I would feel no remorse."

Etienne raised his head.

"It is not remorse that I feel," he said. "I do not even regret killing him. He was, as you say, a brute—a wild beast. But men have been hanged for killing such beasts—and I do not wish to be hanged."

"Prut-tut!" exclaimed Hector. "I am ashamed that you can even contemplate such an occurrence. It is a plain case of self-defense; and the law is clear on the point."

"Lynch law?" inquired Etienne with a mirthless smile.

"Prut-tut!" said Lafleiche again. "We are a law-abiding community, my friend. Oh, yes; those negroes! I know; but that is different. Set your mind at rest; there is no reason for apprehension on that or on any account. There are certain formalities—disagreeable formalities—to be observed, and that is all. I have already arranged ——"

"Is assassination a formality?" Etienne interrupted.

"I do not understand you," replied Lafleiche. He paused and listened. "Yes; here is Toplady now. I sent for him."

The next moment Gus Toplady, the sheriff, entered the room and greeted the two politely. He was a polite little man, Toplady; rotund and fresh-colored. One would have taken him for almost anything but the energetic terror to evildoers he was.

"Too bad about this Didier business!" he observed to Lafleiche, with a shrewd half glance at Etienne. "I had just got word of it when your message came. Well, well!"

"I suppose it will be necessary ——" began the lawyer.

"I'm afraid so—yes," said Toplady; "much as I regret the necessity. Mr. Deschamps, it becomes my painful duty to place you under arrest until the coroner's jury returns its verdict."

"I'm ready," said Etienne, rising and outstretching his hands.

"Oh, dear, no!" exclaimed the sheriff in a shocked tone. "No, no; that will not be necessary. I propose that we just wait here, we three, until the jury gets back. I think they are already viewing—ahem!—the deceased; and they will examine the witnesses in town here. I understand that to be the arrangement. If the examination goes over until to-morrow I shall ask you, Mr. Deschamps, to accept my hospitality for the night."

"I shall rely on your protection, Mr. Toplady," said Etienne.

"Mr. Deschamps is, I believe, apprehensive of some—er—demonstrations by the friends of our friend Dubois," Hector explained. "His fear is, in my opinion, groundless."

"Entirely groundless," agreed the sheriff. "Mr. Deschamps will perhaps recall that I was at Baton Rouge on business when they got those niggers."

"A little cognac, Toplady?" suggested Hector.

If Messieurs Lafleiche and Toplady had been witnesses of the scene enacted in the Didier Schoolhouse after the coroner and his jury left, they would at least have understood the nature of Etienne's apprehensions. During the viewing of what had been François Dubois the friends and connections of the dead man—twenty or more of them—had waited outside the little building, silent and dour—Dubois, Pitous and Legrands.

But as soon as the jury had departed they rose, one by one, and baring their heads at the portal shambled into the building.

Then Baptiste Dubois, brother of François, swore his oath of vendetta. Standing by the corpse, one hand upon its breast and the other raised to heaven, it was a dramatic figure that he made. A big man, Baptiste, with the heavy black brows, straight coarse hair and truculent rolling eyes that distinguished the Dubois. He had a deep bass voice, which now vibrated with emotion.

"I swear before you, before all the world, that I, Baptiste Dubois, will avenge my brother's death: that I will drink the heart's blood of the man who caused it—if I follow him to hell!"

A moment he remained, maintaining his statuesque attitude and his eyes challenging the thrilled audience. Then, as

"M'sieu Etienne!" She Faltered. "You—Go—Away?"

a murmur of approbation arose, he stepped aside and beckoned to those chosen to bear away their burden.

Word of Baptiste's oath of vengeance was buzzed about the little town that same evening. It reached Sheriff Toplady, who smiled, but nevertheless took occasion to give certain directions to his myrmidons.

It reached Etienne too, and he smiled—but with the sickness of despair. Toplady, whose guest he was pending the jury's verdict, did his best to reassure him; but with little success.

"I know that Dubois scum," said Etienne. "There was a Pitou on the jury."

But the Pitou did no harm. It was, as Hector had said, a plain case of self-defense; and, after the examination of the young witnesses was concluded the next morning, the coroner's jury rendered their verdict that François Dubois had come by his death at the hands of Etienne Deschamps, who was justified in the commission of the homicide. Thereupon Etienne rose, bowed to the jury and the coroner, and left the court room, arm in arm with Hector Lafleiche. As he passed out some of the town's leading citizens advanced, though without much enthusiasm, to congratulate him; but he evaded these well-wishers, with a forced smile and a wave of his hand. He was very conscious of the scowls and mutterings of the Dubois Clan, many of whom had attended the examination; but no Dubois made trouble. Gus Toplady, who lounged by the door all through the proceedings, had seen to that. Baptiste Dubois had gone home before the examination began—after Toplady had conversed with him for a minute or two; Gus was a very efficient officer.

Jules, Hector Lafleiche's almost decrepit negro servant, drove Etienne and his master to Les Hirondelles in the ancient calèche. Old Paul and Pauline had arrived before them, and it was a significant circumstance that they found Paul engaged in cleaning his rifle as he sat on his accustomed step of the back gallery. Pauline was already busy in the kitchen, and very shortly afterward she served them a little supper in Etienne's room.

Etienne merely trifled through the meal, though—as Hector declared, with many compliments to the blushing little cook—the gumbo soup was a miracle of perfection and the pompano and duck incredibly delicious. There was a bottle of the old Burgundy that Etienne's father had died too early to consume entirely, too; but even the generous wine failed to dispel the cloud on Etienne's brow or rouse any proper response to the lawyer's voluble and often witty talk.

On the arrival of the candles—coarse tallow dips of the Bogue rushes, in massive and beautifully chased silver candlesticks—Etienne excused himself from the table and closed and barred the heavy wooden shutters before the French windows.

"A judicious precaution, perhaps," commented Hector with a slight lift of his shaggy eyebrows; "but, my friend, I counsel you not to let precaution obsess you."

Etienne shrugged his shoulders, with a melancholy smile, and began injudiciously to roll a cigarette. The elder man watched his fingers.

"Etienne," he broke out, "I begin to be ashamed of you. Your father was my friend. I have recollection of your grandfather, and I have heard stories of more than one Deschamps before them; but never did I hear of one that felt the emotion of fear. I beg of you not to be offended with me. It is what I should say to nobody but you, and I say it only to recall to you your courage."

Etienne laughed bitterly.

"I am not offended," he said. "I know the kindness that inspires you. But—you cannot recall that which has no existence. The good God has not granted me the gift of courage. I confess it to you, as you have so surely discerned it. Well, I have no place here at Les Hirondelles, which has been the home of brave men. I leave it, then; I shall go to the North, where my deficiency will be no shame to me. That is my determination."

"You will go to the devil; you will go to heaven; you will go to market, riding on a little fat rabbit—but you will not go North!" exploded Hector. "You will stay here, my dear boy. I do not say in this house, if you do not prefer it; but come to my home, where you will not be alone. We will make a great lawyer of you. Already you may be admitted to the bar—eh? In a month or two, then. You will reflect on this—eh? Of a certainty! Let us go home now together—now. *Ohé!* Jules!"

"A thousand thanks to you, my dear friend," Etienne answered; "but not now. I—well, I will reflect."

Hector Lafleiche nodded to Jules, who had appeared at the door in response to his call.

"We return, Jules," he said, and shortly after rose to depart.

"Adieu!" said Etienne at the door.

"*Au revoir!*" said Hector, waving his hand as the wheels of the calèche crunched on the gravel drive.

Etienne returned to his room. He had expected to see Pauline there, and he wished to speak to her—a word or two of thanks for her care of the supper; a word or two of appreciation of her testimony in his behalf that afternoon—a testimony delivered with such clearness, such intelligence and spirit! But she had already removed the dishes from the table and departed, and the room seemed singularly desolate. For a moment he was of a mind to seek her in the kitchen, whence he could hear the faint sound of her movements; but the thought came—and it was a poignant thought—that she perhaps wished to avoid him, the homicide!

"Ah, well!" he sighed; and then again, with a world of weary sadness: "Ah, well!"

He lit his student lamp, snuffed the candles, and then threw himself into his armchair and leaned back, with eyes closed against the moisture of tears. Hours passed and he hardly shifted his position. The candles burned down, guttered in their sconces, and went out, one by one, with evil odors; but it was past midnight before he stirred and, with a sudden motion, rose to his feet.

First he listened intently, and then tiptoed to his bedroom and dragged from a closet a cumbrous valise of cowhide, which he proceeded to pack. When that was accomplished he returned to the sitting room and sat down at a desk, where he wrote rapidly for some time, inclosing what he had written in a large envelope addressed to Hector Lafleiche, Esquire.

There was a richly carved mahogany armoire at one end of the room, a piece of furniture at the sight of which a collector's mouth would have watered. Etienne unlocked a drawer at the bottom of it and took out a plain mahogany box, which he carried to the table and opened. It contained a long-barreled pistol of an obsolete pattern but beautiful workmanship, with much silver inlay in the steel, and a silver plate, bearing the Deschamps crest and monogram, let into the stock. There had been a companion arm, as the molded depression in the faded blue velvet lining indicated; but what little was left of that lay ten miles away, rotting and rusting in a solitary glade, now half swamp, and had lain there since the gray dawn of a morning sixty years before, when six men walked into that glade and five only walked out again. One of the five had been Etienne's grandfather.

Etienne looked long at the old pistol and at last took it up, handling it awkwardly—as one unaccustomed to such things might—and then, with a shudder, laying it down again. He had brought a jacket of rough, heavy cloth with him from the bedroom, and he now put it on and thrust the pistol into the breast pocket, from which it protruded awkwardly. Such was his ignorance or preoccupation of mind that he neglected to see whether it was loaded. Then he picked up the valise, made his way to the hall door, which he softly opened, and walked stealthily under the ghostly mosses of the widespreading oaks down to the Bogue, looking fearfully round him every few paces as he went, once stopping to listen.

There was a roughly built dock at the water's edge, and to it was moored the fishing boat old Paul used occasionally when he went down to the lake. Etienne placed his valise in the stern of the little craft, and was unloosing the painter when a rustle in the brush behind him made him start violently and clutch at the pistol in his breast pocket. Then he uttered a cry of surprise:

"Pauline!"

It was Pauline, standing white and wraithlike in the dim light of the clouded moon. One hand was outstretched toward him, and the other she held tightly pressed to her bosom.

"M'sieu Etienne!" she faltered. "You—go—away?"

"Yes, my little one," Etienne answered; "I go away. It is best. But I am glad, since you are here, that I can tell you my regret at leaving and make my farewells—to you and to the good father. I do not wish the manner of my going to be known; you will understand that—you who understand so well. I rely, too, upon your father. And so, adieu!"

He took the hand she still held extended and carried it to his lips. For the first time he realized that this was no child who stood before him, but a woman—and one to be desired. She shivered at the caress and withdrew her hand.

"To New Orleans, M'sieu Etienne?"

"To New Orleans first. After ——" He made a gesture of uncertainty.

"And you return—when?"

"Perhaps never."

For a moment or two they stood regarding each other earnestly. Then suddenly the girl's whole attitude and manner changed. She was no longer tremulous and imploring, but angry, imperious.

"Come!" she cried sharply. "There is enough of this folly, M'sieu Etienne. You shall not go! What! Are you—a Deschamps—to be driven away by the threats of canaille? Oh, I know! I—I heard what you told M'sieu Lafleiche. I listened. But I do not believe this of you—that you are a coward! I should die if I believed that. You are a man, and a man will stay; and if he must fight, he will fight."

"There is enough blood on my hands, Pauline," said the young man sadly.

(Continued on Page 66)

"My Friend," Commented Hector, "I Counsel You Not to Let Precaution Obsess You"

NAVAL INVENTIONS

By Captain William Strother Smith, United States Navy

Special Duty, Navy Consulting Board, Navy Department

SHORTLY after Secretary Daniels invited Mr. Edison to organize a board to investigate inventions for the use of the navy, which resulted in the organization of the Naval Consulting Board, he selected an officer for duty in Washington to act as a clearing house for inventions, and also to act in conjunction with the Naval Consulting Board. By August, 1916, all correspondence on the subject of inventions presented had been brought up to date, and it was a comparatively easy matter to give prompt attention to all the devices, ideas and inventions presented.

As the probability of the United States' entering the war became more apparent, the correspondence increased rapidly; and from one hundred and fifty letters a day two months ago the number has increased to over three thousand a week, not counting those addressed to Mr. Edison and other members of the Naval Consulting Board, and to personal friends in the Navy Department. Many of these letters show a lack of knowledge—most natural—of the ordinary and simple devices used by the navy; and it is with the object of giving as much information as can be given without infringing upon the rule in regard to confidential information that this article is written.

Though it is known that submarines have been built and used for many years, as far back as the Civil War, it is believed that the first practical and really efficient submarine was built in this country and tried about 1906. The first submarines were small, very limited in their action, very hard to control under water, and of little or no value. The modern submarine is the gradual evolution in the brains of men who have devoted their lives to the development of this form of vessel. Many have presented ideas of submarine design, born of their imagination; but it is only in the perfection of detail, carefully worked out, that success is obtained.

The Latest Type of German U-Boat, With the Three-Inch Armored Conning Tower

It is conceded that the German Government has gone as far in submarine development as any other nation, and their boats, built for practical use, are very large, seaworthy and, so far as can be, habitable. The open-sea boats are at least two hundred and fifty feet in length, very carefully built of the best materials, and dependable. They have large radius of action and carry the most improved weapons of offense and defense, specially designed for their use. In the development of the submarine many devices have been presented, tried and discarded.

Submarine Ingenuity

SOME years ago a board was appointed by the Navy Department to test out designs and select one for adoption in the navy. The submarine was then a comparatively new weapon and members of this board were asked how it was proposed to get out of the boat. Before the board made its report the members declared that the safest place, so long as the boat was intact, was inside; and if she was pierced it was practically impossible to save either boat or crew. Many additions in the shape of rescue boats or buoys have been presented.

In 1886 a patent was issued covering a device of this kind. Numerous designs have been made and tried, using a detachable buoy with telephones, signaling attachments, air tube, food tube, and almost every conceivable addition. This has been reduced to a simple buoy with telephone attachment, and is put in more with the idea that it does little harm and might do some good, than of its being of any real practical value.

Officers and men who have had long experience in submarine duty have repeatedly stated that no rescue buoy or boat is of any value. A submarine is built for but one purpose—an offensive weapon in time of war; and anything that would interfere with simplicity of design for this purpose is objectionable.

Many have proposed diving compartments, or means by which a member of the crew can emerge from the boat in a diving suit and perform various services, such as cutting a cable, attaching mines to a vessel, laying mines, or similar operations. Such an arrangement was installed some years ago; and, though it might be of value in boats for particular purposes, it is fully known and fully covered by patent. Various net-cutting devices have also been proposed. These could be designed only by practical submarine designers who thoroughly understand all methods of attachment so as not to interfere with other necessary qualities in the boat. There is no difficulty in making such an attachment if desired.

The One-man Submarine is one of the most plausible subjects for thought. Imagination has run riot. The little boat manned by a small crew, darting hither and thither with a sharp steel ram to attack the dreaded U-boat and pierce her side, is a most pleasing conception. Nothing is harder to manage under water than a small submarine. To go into detailed objections to this form of boat would be to enter into a fruitless discussion.

The subject is one that has been given more careful consideration than almost any so far presented to the Department for solution; and it is the consensus of opinion—almost unanimous—of all officers who design and command submarines that boats of this type are valueless in naval warfare. The commander of the Submarine Flotilla, an officer who has given more consideration to the tactical value of submarines than almost any other officer in the navy, is emphatic on this point.

The illustration (Page 54) of a submarine showing a section fore and aft, to illustrate the interior thereof, gives a general idea of an early type of successful boat. This is published through the courtesy of the Electric Boat Company, and, beyond showing a general form of construction, gives no information of a confidential nature. It shows that simplicity and practicability are essential in all designs.

Submarines can be taken up under two types: one with high surface speed and low submerged speed; the other with high submerged speed and low surface speed. It is believed that the German boats have comparatively low submerged speed and long radius of action under water. They cannot keep up their highest speed longer than a very short period of time, counted in minutes. They can travel at about three-fourths speed three times as long as at high speed, and at between one-quarter and one-third of their high speed for about thirty times as long as at the highest speed.

Practically all modern submarines are propelled on the surface by internal-combustion engines using fuel oil for power. For under-water work they use electric motors, with power supplied by storage batteries. The use of the storage battery is so general in this day that any driver of an automobile can form a fairly good idea of its limitations. It is not practicable to put in one boat high surface speed and high submerged speed. The one must give way to the other. High surface speed demands large engine power and large fuel capacity; high submerged speed demands large and heavy storage batteries and large motors. A boat must frequently come to the surface to recharge her batteries, and this is the time when she is most vulnerable, because it is then that it would take the longest time to seal and submerge.

Types have been proposed with the idea of doing away with the storage battery. One such type has been built and preliminarily tested; and it shows possibilities. Some have proposed boats deriving their air supply from sea water. This is worthy of the imagination of Jules Verne and does not stand the light of close investigation. The air supply to a submarine is one of the least troubles confronting a designer. The tactics and the limitations of submarines are well set forth by Commander Von Spiegel, of the German Navy, in his book, Adventures of the U-202; and the life on board is excellently described in a recent article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST by Henry Reuterdahl. Really to know a submarine you must live with it one day and night.

Torpedoes in Action

A TORPEDO is a cylindrical steel envelope, with a hemispherical head and afterbody, tapering off to the size of a propeller hub, weighing, on the average, about two thousand pounds, anywhere from fifteen to twenty-five inches in diameter, and from fifteen to twenty-five feet in length, according to the make and action desired; and its speed is about forty-five feet a second. It is propelled by compressed air and is exploded by contact against an object arresting its progress. It takes but a slight blow to explode it and it is not dependent upon striking a firing pin in the extreme point for action. It is believed that the torpedo used by the Germans in their submarines is one containing a large quantity of high explosive and of moderate range and speed. The submarine endeavors to attack at short range with a high probability of hitting.

Modern torpedoes cost as high as ten thousand dollars apiece for the most advanced and perfected type; and certain parts of the torpedo are so valuable that they are practically worth their weight in gold. Torpedoes are very intricate, containing over one thousand separate parts, all necessary in order that the torpedo shall function properly. However, if a million-dollar ship can be destroyed at the cost of a ten-thousand-dollar torpedo, the torpedo becomes a financial success.

A torpedo, when traveling through the water, leaves a wake of bubbles from the escaping air used in its propulsion. It is the prevalent idea that a ship can easily see a torpedo coming toward it. Though this is possible under favorable conditions, it is improbable. It has been known in torpedo practice, when the rails and bridges of a battleship were lined with observers with field glasses who knew that a torpedo was to be fired at them from a vessel they could see, and who were closely watching for the approach of the torpedo, that they were only apprised of a hit upon hearing the bump of the practice head against the vessel's hull; and this in a comparatively smooth sea. An officer of experience was towing a target for torpedoes, and a torpedo passed under his boat before being observed.

A torpedo is anywhere from fifty to two hundred feet away from its wake, and the wake can be seen more easily from the ship firing it than from the ship fired at. Lately many vessels have been torpedoed at night.

It is understood that one vessel was sunk by a torpedo fired by a submarine which was on the surface, charging her batteries, in the early morning, when practically neither of them was aware of the other's presence except for a short time before the attack. This should dispose of all devices depending upon seeing the approach of the torpedo, and such suggestions as dodging it or throwing something in front of it.

As the subject of torpedo design and manufacture is one of the most zealously guarded secrets, further information cannot be given.

As far back as 1877 a patent was issued containing the following paragraph:

The nature of my invention consists in combining with a vessel a sectional reticulated shield or guard, suspended at a suitable distance from the hull of the ship, and partly or wholly surrounding the same, which shield extends downward a sufficient distance below the water line to arrest a floating torpedo or explode one attached to an attacking vessel.

From that time until the present day many designs have been made, tried and discarded. It is well known that a shield of sufficient strength and proper design will stop a torpedo, explode it and render it harmless to the hull of a vessel if the shield is a sufficient distance away. This distance is generally conceded to be about thirty feet. However, it depends very much upon the strength of a vessel's hull and the details of design made to localize the damage.

It has been the aim of all navies to do away with any form of shield or net protection, as, in action, speed and maneuvering qualities are imperative; and generally in wartime a fleet depends for a great part of its tactical value upon its ability rapidly to change its base. Modern naval construction is made to allow torpedo attack without disabling the vessel or preventing her from continuing the fight and eventually reaching her home port. It is known that, in the present war, battleships have been torpedoed more than once in the same fight, continuing the battle and arriving home at a fair rate of speed.

Double boom nets have been designed and constructed, and can be used when occasion arises. For the protection of merchant vessels the Department has on file not less than fifteen hundred proposed designs in the shape of nets and metallic shields covering almost every conceivable form—shields propelled by their own power; shields rigidly attached to the vessel; shields towed alongside; and shields towed by other vessels with power derived from the parent ship, or towed by a separate vessel. The ground has been so fully covered it seems hardly possible that anything else could be thought of.

If it is considered that merchant vessels should be protected by this form of protection, it is believed that the subject should be taken up by competent naval architects and marine engineers, who are familiar with the best design for traveling through the water with the least consumption of power, and of a form most easily handled in a seaway.

A merchant vessel armed with guns and with sufficient speed to outdistance a submarine running submerged possesses considerable protection in that a submarine must remain under water, because the surface vessel has a great advantage in gun power. Since her submerged speed is comparatively small, and it is with difficulty that a torpedo hit can be made, escape is comparatively easy if the submarine can be discovered in time.

The great objection to the use of side protection, such as nets or shields, is that it takes a very considerable amount of power to propel any of them through the water. This involves not only cost of original installation but considerable cost in operation. Their use not only considerably lengthens the time of voyage, imposes cost of crew, fuel and food supply, but it also acts to prevent the limited number of vessels now available for freight from carrying their full capacity in the shortest time.

Many ideas have been proposed with the idea of doing away with the resistance to propulsion by various schemes, such as revolving the nets or allowing them to roll on wheels. A careful laying down of all such designs will prove that little or nothing is saved in ultimate power consumed.

Many have devised nets for deflecting a torpedo, relying upon a certain amount of give or resiliency to stop a torpedo without exploding it. When it is understood how slight a blow it takes to explode a torpedo, and how hard it is to move any object through the water rapidly enough to absorb a blow, it can be easily seen that this idea is not feasible. A torpedo striking at almost any angle would explode.

Many have conceived the idea of meshes to entangle the head of a torpedo and hold it until its source of power is consumed and allowing it to float impotently away. If any form of side protection is desired the simplest is the best, and it is believed that it should be incorporated in or closely attached to the hull.

The ideas of destroying a torpedo before it reaches the side of the vessel by throwing bombs, explosive shells or interposing small shields have to be catalogued in a list of bare possibilities and high improbabilities; such devices might stop one torpedo in a thousand. If protection is to be afforded it should be in action all the time in a danger zone.

Many have proposed an unsinkable ship, and there is no difficulty in constructing such a ship. The best example of this is the lumber schooner, a frequent derelict on the surface of the ocean. Coast-guard vessels have taken hours to sink them. Starting with this idea as a practical absurdity for a freight-carrying vessel, the unsinkable ship can be devised in almost any shape. From a merchant vessel's point of view it is an expensive proposition—expensive to construct; expensive to handle; expensive to load and unload.

In peacetime merchant ships are built to carry the largest amount of freight with the easiest handling at each terminal, and the lowest cost of expense, considering fuel, crew and interest on investment. A merchant vessel is built with large compartments, almost any one of which if punctured and filled with water will cause the vessel to sink.

(Continued on Page 54)

THE HIGH HEART

XVI

By Basil King

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

HAVING made up my mind to adhere, however imperfectly, to the principle that had guided me hitherto, I was obliged to examine my conscience as to what I had said to Mr. Brokenshire. This I did in the evening, coming to the conclusion that I had told him nothing but the truth, even if it was not all the truth. Though I hated duplicity, I couldn't see that I had a right to tell him all the truth, or that to do so would be wise. If he could be kept, for everybody's sake, from knowing more than he knew already, however much or little that was, it seemed to me that diplomatic action on my part would be justified.

In the line of diplomatic action I had before all things to inform Mrs. Brokenshire of the visit I had received. This was not so easy as it may seem. I could not trust to a letter, through fear of its falling into other hands than hers. Neither could I wait for her coming on the following Tuesday, since that was what I wanted to prevent. There was no intermediary whom I could entrust with a message, unless it was Larry Strangways, who knew something of the facts; but even with him the secret was too much to share.

I Was Obliged to Pull and Drag and Push Her

In the end I had recourse to the telephone, asking to be allowed to speak to Mrs. Brokenshire. I was told that she never answered the telephone herself, and was requested to transmit my message. Not to arouse suspicion I didn't ask that she should break her rule, but begged that during the day she might find a minute in which to see Miss Adare who was in a difficulty that involved her work. That this way of putting it was understood I gathered from the reply that came back to me. It was to the effect that as Mr. Brokenshire would be lunching with some men in the lower part of New York Mrs. Brokenshire would be alone and able to receive Miss Adare at two. Fortunately it was a Saturday, so that my afternoon was free.

Almost everybody familiar with New York knows the residence of J. Howard Brokenshire not far above the Museum. Built of brick with stone facings, it is meant to be in the style of Louis Treize. It would be quite in the style of Louis Treize were the stonework not too heavy and elaborate, and the façade not too high for its length. Inside, with an incongruity many rich people do not mind, it is sumptuously Roman and Florentine—the Brokenshire villa at Newport on a larger and more lavish scale. Having gone over the house with Ethel Rossiter during the winter I spent with her, I had carried away the impression of huge unoccupied rooms, of heavily carved or gilded furniture, of rich brocades, of dim old masters in elaborate gold frames, of vitrines and vases and mirrors and consoles, all supplied by some princely dealer in *objets d'art* who had received *carte blanche* in the way of decoration. The Brokenshire family, with the possible exception of Mildred, cared little for the things with which they lived. Ethel Rossiter in showing me over the house hardly knew a Perugino from a Fragonard, and still less could she distinguish between the glorious fading softness of a Flemish fifteenth century tapestry and a smug and staring bit of Gobelins. Hugh went in and out as indifferently as in a hotel, while Jack Brokenshire's taste in art hardly reached beyond racing prints. Mildred liked pretty garlanded things à la Marie Antoinette which the parental habit of deciding everything would never let her have. J. Howard alone made an effort at knowing the value, artistic and otherwise, of his possessions, and would sometimes, when strangers were present, point to this or that object with the authority of a connoisseur, which he was not.

It was a house for life in perpetual state, with no state to maintain. Stafford House, Holland House, Bridgewater House, to name but a few of the historic mansions in London, were made spacious and splendid to meet a definite necessity. They belonged to days when the feudal tradition still obtained and there were no comfortable hotels. Great lords came to them with great families and great suites of retainers. Accommodation being the first of all needs, there was a time when every corner of these stately residences was lived in. But now that in England the great lord tends more and more to be only a simple democratic individual, and the wants of his relatives are easily met on a public or coöperative principle, the noble Palladian or Georgian dwelling either becomes a club, or remains a white elephant on the hands of someone who would gladly be rid of it. Princes and princesses of the blood royal rent numbered houses in squares and streets, next door to the Smiths and the Joneses, in preference to the drafty grandeurs of St. James's and Buckingham Palaces, while a villa in the suburbs, with a few trees and a garden, is often the shelter sought by the nobility.

But in proportion as civilization in England, to say nothing of the rest of Europe, puts off the burdensome to enjoy simplicity, America, it strikes me, chases the tail of an antiquated, disappearing stateliness. Rich men, just because they have the money, take upon their shoulders huge domestic responsibilities in which there is no object, and which it is probable the next generation will refuse to carry. In New York, in Washington, in Newport, in Chicago, they raise palaces and châteaux where they often find themselves lonely, and which they can rarely fill more than two or three times a year. In the case of the Howard Brokenshires it had ceased to be as often as that. After Ethel was married Mr. Brokenshire seldom entertained, his second wife having no heart for that kind of display. Now and then in the course of a winter a great dinner was given in the great dining room, or the music room was filled for a concert; but this was done for the sake of "killing off" those to whom some attention had to be shown, and not because either host or hostess cared for it. Otherwise the downstairs rooms were silent and empty, and whatever was life in the house went on in a corner of the mansard.

It was here that the footman took me in a lift. Here were the rooms—a sort of flat—which the occupants could dominate with their personalities. They reminded me of those tiny chambers at Versailles to which what was human in poor Marie Antoinette fled for refuge from her uncomfortable gorgeousness as queen.

Not that these rooms were tiny. On the contrary, the library or living room into which I was ushered was as large as would be found in the average big house, and notwithstanding its tapestries and massive furniture was bright with sunshine and flowers. Books lay about and papers and magazines, and after the tomblike deadness of the lower floors one got at least the impression of life.

From the far end of the room Mrs. Brokenshire came forward, threading her way between armchairs and taborets, and looking more exquisite, and also more lost, than ever. She wore what might be called a glorified *negligée*, lilac and lavender shading into violet, the train adding to her height. Fear had to some degree blotted out her color and put trouble into the sweetness of her eyes.

"Something has happened," she said as she took my hand.

I spoke as directly as she did, though a little pantingly.

"Yes; Mr. Brokenshire came to the library yesterday."

"Ah-h!" The exclamation was no more than a long, frightened breath. "Then that explains things. I saw when he came home to dinner that he was unhappy."

"Did he say anything?"

"No; nothing. He was just—unhappy. Sit down and tell me."

Staring wide-eyed at each other, we seated ourselves on the edge of two huge armchairs. Having half expected my companion to fling the gauntlet in her husband's face, I was relieved to find in her chiefly the dread of detection.

As exactly as I could I gave her an account of what had passed between Mr. Brokenshire and myself, omitting only those absurd suggestions of my own that had sent him away in dudgeon. She listened with no more interruption than a question or two, after which she said simply: "Then I suppose I can't go any more."

"On the contrary," I corrected, "you must come just the same as ever, only not on the same days, or at the same hours—or—or when there's anyone else there besides the visitors and me. If you stopped coming all of a sudden Mr. Brokenshire would think ——"

"But he thinks that already."

"Of course, but he doesn't know—not after what I said to him." I seized the opportunity to beg her to play up. "You are all the things I told him you were, dear Mrs. Brokenshire, don't you see you are?"

But my appeal passed unheeded.

"What made him suspect? I thought that would be the last thing."

"I don't know. It might have been a lot of things. Once or twice I've rather fancied that some of the people who came there ——"

Her features contracted in a spasm of horror.

"You don't mean detect——" She found the word difficult to pronounce. "You don't mean de-detectives watching—me?"

"I don't say as much as that; but I've never liked Mr. Brokenshire's man, Spellman."

"No, nor I. He's out now. I made sure of that before you came."

"So he might have sent someone; or—but it's no use speculating, is it, when there are so many ways? What we've specially got to know is how to act, and I think I've told you the best method. If you don't keep coming—judiciously—you'll show you're conscious of having done wrong." She sighed plaintively. "I don't want to do wrong unless I can't help it. If I can't ——"

"Oh, but you can." I tried once more to get in my point. "You wouldn't be all I told Mr. Brokenshire you were if your first instinct wasn't to do right."

"Oh, right!" She sighed again, but impatiently. "You're always talking about that."

"One has to, don't you think, when it's so important—and so easy to do wrong?"

She grew mildly argumentative.

"I don't see anything so terrible about wrong, when other people do it and are none the worse."

"May not that be because you've never tried it on your own account? It depends a little on the grain of which one's made. The finer the grain, the more harm wrong can do to it—just as a fragile bit of Venetian glass is more easily broken than an earthenware jug, and an infinitely greater loss."

But the simile was wasted. From long contemplation of her hands she looked up to say in a curiously coaxing tone:

"You live at the Hotel Mary Chilton, don't you?"

I caught her suggestion in a flash, and decided that I could let it go no further.

"Yes, but you couldn't come there—unless it was only to see me."

"But what shall I do?"

It was a kind of cry. She twisted her ringed fingers, while her eyes implored me to help her.

"Do nothing," I said gently, and yet with some severity. "If you do anything do just as I've said. That's all we've got to know for the present."

"But I must see him. Now that I've got used to doing it ——"

"If you must see him, dear Mrs. Brokenshire, you will."

"Shall I? Will you promise me?"

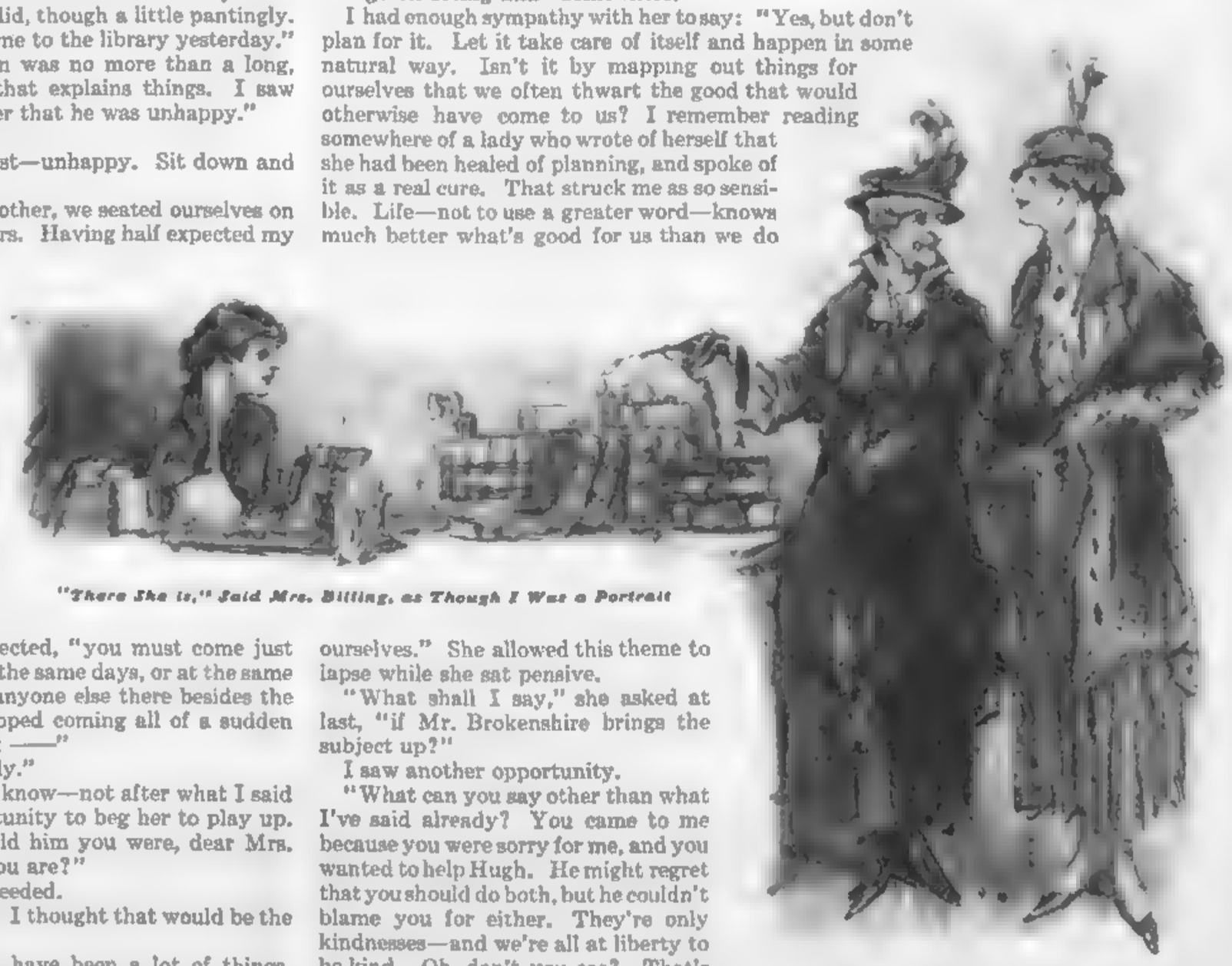
"I don't have to promise you. It's the way life works. If we only trust to events—and to whatever it is that guides events—and—and do right—I must repeat it—then the thing that ought to be will shape its course ——"

"Ah, but if it doesn't?"

"In that case we can know that it oughtn't to be."

"I don't care whether it ought to be or not, so long as I can go on seeing him—somewhere."

I had enough sympathy with her to say: "Yes, but don't plan for it. Let it take care of itself and happen in some natural way. Isn't it by mapping out things for ourselves that we often thwart the good that would otherwise have come to us? I remember reading somewhere of a lady who wrote of herself that she had been healed of planning, and spoke of it as a real cure. That struck me as so sensible. Life—not to use a greater word—knows much better what's good for us than we do ourselves." She allowed this theme to lapse while she sat pensive.



"There She is," Said Mrs. Billing, as Though I Was a Portrait

"What shall I say," she asked at last, "if Mr. Brokenshire brings the subject up?"

I saw another opportunity.

"What can you say other than what I've said already? You came to me because you were sorry for me, and you wanted to help Hugh. He might regret that you should do both, but he couldn't blame you for either. They're only kindnesses—and we're all at liberty to be kind. Oh, don't you see? That's your—how shall I put it?—that's your line if Mr. Brokenshire ever speaks to you."

"And suppose he tells me not to go to see you any more?"

"Then you must stop. That will be the time. But not now when the mere stopping would be a kind of confession ——"

And so, after many repetitions and some tears on both our parts, the lesson was urged home. She was less docile, however, when in the spirit of our new compact she came on the following Monday morning.

"I must see him," was the burden of what she had to say. She spoke as if I was forbidding her and ought to lift my veto. I might even have inferred that in my position in Mr. Grainger's employ it was for me to arrange their meetings.

"You will see him, dear Mrs. Brokenshire—if it's right," was the only answer I could find.

"You don't seem to remember that I was to have married him."

"I do, but we both have to remember that you didn't."

"Neither did I marry Mr. Brokenshire. I was handed over to him. When Lady Mary Hamilton was handed over in that way to the Prince of Monaco the Pope annulled the marriage. We knew her afterward in Budapest, married to someone else. If there's such a thing as right, as you're so fond of saying, I ought to be considered free."

I was holding both her hands as I said:

"Don't try to make yourself free. Let life do it."

"Life!" she cried with a passionate vehemence I scarcely knew to be in her. "It's life that ——"

"Treat life as a friend and not as an enemy. Trust it; wait for it. Don't hurry it, or force it, or be impatient with it. I can't believe that essentially it's hard or cruel or a curse. If it comes from God, it must be good and beautiful. In proportion as we cling to the good and beautiful we must surely get the thing we ought to have."

Though I cannot say that she accepted this doctrine, it helped her over a day or two, leaving me free for the time being to give my attention to my own affairs. Having no natural stamina the poor lovely little creature lived on such mental and spiritual pick-me-ups as I was able to administer. Whenever she was specially in despair, which was every forty-eight or sixty hours, she came back to me, and I did what I could to brace her for the next short step of her way. I find it hard to explain the intensity of her appeal to me. I suppose I must have submitted to that spell of the perfect face which had bewitched Stacy Grainger and Howard Brokenshire. I submitted also to her childlike helplessness. God knows I am not a heroine. Any little fright or difficulty upsets me. As compared with her, however, I was a giant refreshed with wine. When her lip quivered, or when the sudden mist drifted across her eyes obscuring their forget-me-not blue with violet, my yearning was exactly that which makes any woman long to take any suffering baby in her arms. For this reason she didn't tax my patience, nor had I that impulse to scold or shake her to which another woman of such obvious limitations would have driven me. Touched as I was by the aching heart, I was captivated by the perfect face; and I couldn't help it.

Thus through the rest of February and into March my chief occupation was in keeping Howard Brokenshire's wife as true to him as the conditions rendered possible. In the intervals I comforted Hugh, and beat off Larry Strangways, and sat rigidly still while Stacy Grainger prowled round me with fierce, suspicious, melancholy eyes, like those of a cowed tiger. Afraid of him as I was, it filled me with grim inward amusement to discover that he was equally afraid of me. He came into the library from time to time, when he happened to be at his house, and like Mrs. Brokenshire gave me the impression that the frustration of their love was my fault. As I sat primly and severely at my desk, and he stalked round and round the room, stabbing the old gentleman who classified prints and the lady who collated the early editions of Shakspere with contemptuous glances, I knew that in his sight I represented—poor me!—that virtuous respectability the sinner always holds in scorn. He could not be ignorant of the fact that if it hadn't been for me Mrs. Brokenshire would have been meeting him elsewhere, and so he held me as an enemy. Had he not known that I was something besides an enemy he would doubtless have sent me about my business.

In one of the intervals of this portion of the drama I received a visit that took me by surprise. Early in the afternoon of a day in March Mrs. Billing trotted into the library, followed by Lady Cecilia Boscobel. It was the sort of occasion on which I should have been nervous enough in any case, but it became terrifying when Mrs. Billing marched up to my desk and pointed at me with her lorgnette, saying over her shoulder "There she is," as though I was a portrait.

I struggled to my feet, with what was meant to be a smile.

"Lady Cecilia Boscobel," I stammered, "has seen me already."

"Well, she can look at you again, can't she?"

The English girl came to my rescue by smiling back, and murmuring a faint "How do you do?" She eased the situation further by saying, with a crisp rapid articulation, in which every syllable was charmingly distinct: "Mrs. Billing thought that as we were out sightseeing we might as well look at this. It's shown every day, isn't it?"

She went on to observe that when places were shown only on certain days it was so tiresome. One of her father's places, Dillingham Hall, in Nottinghamshire, an old Tudor house perfectly awful to live in, was open to the public only on the second and fourth Wednesdays, and even the family couldn't remember when those days came round. It was so awkward to be doing your hair, or worse, and have tourists stumbling in on you.

I counted it to the credit of her tact and kindliness that she chatted in this way long enough for me to get my breath, while Mrs. Billing turned her lorgnette on the room with which she must once have been familiar. If there was to be anything like rivalry between Lady Cissie and me I gathered that she wouldn't stoop to petty feminine advantages. Dressed in dark green, with a small hat of the same color worn dashingly, she had that air of being the

absolutely finished thing which the tones of her voice announced to you. My heart grew faint at the thought that Hugh would have to choose between this girl, so certain of herself, and me.

As we were all standing I invited my callers to sit down. To this Lady Cecilia acceded, though old Mrs. Billing strolled off to renew her acquaintance with the room. I may say here that I call her old because to be old was a kind of pose with her. She looked old and "dressed old" so as to enjoy the dictatorial privileges that go with being old, when, as a matter of fact, she was only sixty, which nowadays is young.

"You're English, aren't you?" Lady Cecilia began as soon as we were alone. "I can tell by the way you speak."

I said I was a Canadian, that I was in New York more or less by accident, and might go back to my own country again.

"How interesting! It belongs to us, Canadia, doesn't it?"

With a slightly ironic emphasis on the proper noun I replied that Canadia naturally belonged to the Canadians, but that the King of Great Britain and Ireland was our King, and that we were very loyal to all he represented.

"Fancy! And isn't it near here?"

All of Canada, I stated, was north of some of the United States, and some of it was south of others of the United States, but none of the more settled parts was difficult of access from New York.

"How very odd!" was her comment on these geographical indications. "I think I remember that a cousin of ours was governor out there—or something—though perhaps it was in India."

I named the series of British noblemen who had ruled over us since the confederation of the provinces in 1867, but as Lady Cecilia's kinsman was not among them we concluded that he must have been Viceroy of India or Governor-General of Australia.

The theme served to introduce us to each other, and lasted while Mrs. Billing's tour of inspection kept her within earshot.

I am bound to admit that I admired Lady Cecilia with an envy that might be qualified as green. She was not clever and she was not well educated, but her high breeding was so spontaneous. She so obviously belonged to spheres where no other rule obtained. Her manner was the union of polish and simplicity; each word she pronounced was a pleasure to the ear. In my own case life had been a struggle with that American-Canadian crudity which stamps our New World carriage and speech with commonness; but you could no more imagine this girl lapsing from the even tenor of the exquisite than you could fancy the hermit thrush failing in its song.

When Mrs. Billing was quite at the other end of the room my companion's manner underwent a change. During a second or two of silence her eyes fell, while the shifting of color over the milk-whiteness of her skin was like the play of Canadian northern lights. I was prepared for the fact that beneath her poise she might be shy, and that being shy she would be abrupt.

"You're engaged to Hugh Brokenshire, aren't you?"

The words were whipped out fast and jerkily, partly to profit by the minute during which Mrs. Billing was at a distance, and partly because it was a matter of now-or-never with their utterance.

I made the necessary explanations, for what seemed to me must be the hundredth time. I was not precisely engaged to him, but I had said I would marry him if either of two conditions could be carried out. I went on to state what those conditions were, finishing with the information that of the two I had practically abandoned one.

She nodded her comprehension.

"You see that—that they won't come round."

"No," I replied with some incisiveness, "they will come round especially Mr. Brokenshire. It's the other condition I no longer expect to see fulfilled."

If the hermit thrush could fail in its song it did it then. Lady Cecilia stared at me with a blankness that became awe.

"That's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard. Ethel Rossiter must be wrong."

I had a sudden suspicion.

"Wrong about what?"

The question put Lady Cecilia on her guard.

"Oh, nothing I need explain." But her face lighted with quick enthusiasm. "I call it magnificent."

"Call what 'magnificent'?"

"Why, that you should have that conviction. When one sees anyone so sporting ——"

I began to get her idea.

"Oh, I'm not sporting. I'm a perfect coward. But a sheep will make a stand when it's put to it."

With her hands in her sable muff her shapely figure was inclined slightly toward me.

"I'm not sure that a sheep that makes a stand isn't braver than a lion. The man my sister Janet is engaged to—he's in the Inverness Rangers—often says that no one could be funkier than he on going into action; but that," she continued, her face aglow, "didn't prevent his being ever so many times mentioned in dispatches and getting his D.S.O."

"Please don't put me into that class ——"

"No; I won't. After all, a soldier couldn't really funk things, because he's got everything to back him up. But you haven't. And when I think of you sitting here all by yourself, and expecting that great big rich Mr. Brokenshire and Ethel, and all of them, to come to your terms ——"

To get away from a view of my situation that both consoled and embarrassed me, I said: "Thank you, Lady Cecilia, very, very much; but it isn't what you meant to say when you began, is it?"

With some confusion she admitted that it wasn't.

"Only," she went on, "that isn't worth while now."

A hint in her tone impelled me to insist.

"It may be. You don't know. Please tell me what it was."

"But what's the use? It was only something Ethel Rossiter said—and she was wrong."

"What makes you so sure?"

"Because I am. I can see," she added reluctantly. "Ethel thought there was someone—someone besides Hugh ——"

"And what if there was?"

Though startled by the challenge, she stood her ground.

"I don't believe in people making each other any more unhappy than they can help, do you?" She had a habit of screwing up her small gray-green eyes into two glimmering little slits of light, with an effect of shyness showing through amusement and *diablerie*. "We're both girls, aren't we? I'm twenty, and you can't be much older. And so I thought—that is, I thought at first—that if you had anyone else in mind, there'd be no use in our making each other miserable—but I see you haven't; and so ——"

"And so," I laughed nervously, "the race must be to the swift and the battle to the strong. Is that it?"

"N-no; not exactly. What I was going to say is that since—since there's nobody but Hugh—you won't be offended with me, will you?—I won't step in ——"

It was my turn to be enthusiastic.

"But that's what I call sporting!"

"Oh, no, it isn't. I haven't seen Hugh for two or three years, and whatever little thing there was ——"

I strained forward across my desk. I know my eyes must have been enormous.

"But was there—was there ever—anything?"

"Oh, no; not at all. He—he never noticed me. I was only in the schoolroom and he was a grown-up young man. If his father and mine hadn't been great friends—and got plans into their heads—Laura and Janet used to poke fun at me about it. And then we rode together and played tennis and golf, and so—but it was all—just nothing. You know how silly a girl of seventeen can be. It was nonsense. I only want you to know in case he ever says anything about it—but then he never will—men see so little—I only want you to know that that's the way I feel about it—and that I didn't come over here to—I don't say that if in your case there had been anyone else—but I see there isn't—Ethel Rossiter is wrong—and so if I can do anything for Hugh and yourself with the Brokenshires, I—I want you to make use of me."

With a dignity oddly in contrast to this stammering confession, which was what it was, she rose to her feet as Mrs. Billing came back to us.

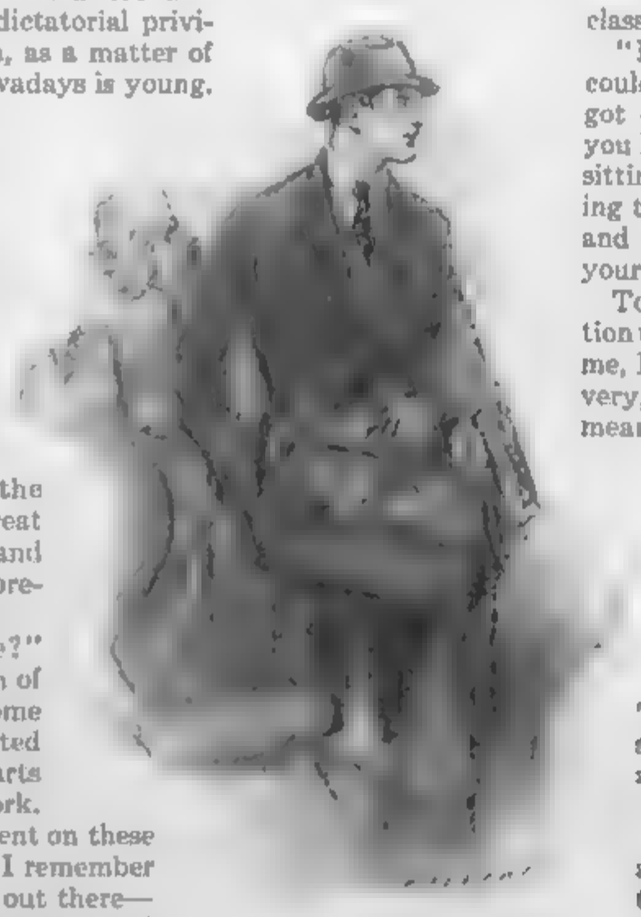
The hook-nosed face was somber. Curiosity as to other people's business had for once given place in the old lady's thoughts to meditations that turned inward. I suppose that in some perverse fashion of her own she loved her daughter, and suffered from her unhappiness. There was enough in this room to prove to her how cruelly mere self-seeking can overreach itself and ruin what it tries to build.

"Well, what are you talking about?" she snapped as she approached us. "Hugh Brokenshire, I'll bet a dime."

"Fancy!" was the stroke with which the English girl, smiling dimly, endeavored to counter this attack.

Mrs. Billing hardly paused as she made her way toward the door.

"Don't let her have him," she threw at Lady Cecilia. "He's not good enough for her. She's my kind," she went on, poking at me with her lorgnette. "Needs a man with brains. Come along, Cissie. Don't mind what she says. You grab Hugh the first chance you get. She'll have bigger fish to fry. Do come along. We've had enough of this."



He Looked at Me Gravely, With No Sign of Recognition Beyond a Shake of the Head

Lady Cissie and I shook hands with the over-acted listlessness of two daughters of the Anglo-Saxon race trying to carry off an emotional crisis as if they didn't know what it meant. But after she had gone I thought of her—I thought of her with her Limoges-enamel coloring, her luscious English voice, her English air of race, her dignity, her style, her youth, her *naïveté*, her combination of all the qualities that make human beings distinguished because there is nothing else for them to be. I dragged myself to the Venetian mirror and looked into it. With my plain gray frock, my dark complexion and my simply arranged hair, I was a poor little frump whom not even the one man in five hundred could find attractive. I wondered how Hugh could be such a fool. I asked myself if he could go on being such a fool much longer. And with the thought that he would—and again with the thought that he wouldn't—I surprised myself by bursting into tears.

XVII

IN SIMILAR small happenings April passed and we had reached the middle of May. Easter and the opera were over; as the warm weather was coming on people were already leaving town for the country, the seaside or Europe. Personally I had no plans beyond spending the month of August, which Mr. Grainger informed me I was to have "off," in making a visit to my old home in Halifax. Hugh had ceased to talk of immediate marriage, since he had all he could do to live on what he earned in selling bonds.

He had taken that job when Mildred could lend him no more without dipping into funds that had been his father's. He was still resolute on that point. He was resolute, too, in seeing nothing in the charms of Cissie Boscobel. He hated red hair, he said, making no allowance for the umber-red of Australian gold, and where I saw the lights of Limoges enamel he found no more than the garish tints of a chromolithograph. When I hinted that he might be the hero of some young romance on Cissie's part, he was contented to say "R-rot!" with a contemptuous roll of the first consonant.

Larry Strangways was industrious, happy and prospering. He enjoyed the men with whom his work brought him into contact, and I gathered that his writing for daily, weekly, and monthly publications was bringing him into view as a young man of originality and power. From himself I learned that his small inherited capital was doubling and tripling and quadrupling itself through association with Stacy Grainger's enterprises. For Stacy Grainger himself he continued to feel an admiration not free from an uneasiness, with regard to which he made no direct admissions.

Of Mrs. Brokenshire I was seeing less. Either she had grown used to doing without her lover or she was meeting him in some other way. She still came to see me as often as once a week, but she was not so emotional or excitable. She might have been more affectionate than before; and yet it was with a dignity that gradually put me at a distance.

Cissie Boscobel I didn't meet during the whole of the six weeks except in the company of Mrs. Rossiter. That happened when once or twice I went to the house to see Gladys when she was suffering from colds, or when my former employer drove me round the park. Just once I got the opportunity to hint that Lady Cissie hadn't taken Hugh from me as yet, to which Mrs. Rossiter replied that that was obviously because she didn't want him.

We were all, therefore, at a standstill, or moving so slowly that I couldn't perceive that we were moving at all, when in the middle of a May forenoon I was summoned to the telephone. I was not surprised to find Mr. Strangways at the other end, since he used any and every excuse to call me up; but his words struck me as those of a man who had taken leave of his senses. He plunged into them without any of the usual morning greetings or preliminary remarks.

"Are you game to go to Boston by the five o'clock train to-day?"

I naturally said "What?" but I said it with some emphasis.

He repeated the question a little more anxiously.

"Could you be ready to go to Boston by the five o'clock train this afternoon?"

"Why should I be?"

He seemed to hesitate before replying.

"You'd know that," he said at last, "when you got on the train."

"Is it a joke?" I inquired with a light laugh.

"No; it's not a joke. It's serious. I want you to take that train and go."

"But what for?"

"I've told you you'd know that when you got on the train—or before you had gone very far."

"And do you think that's information enough?"

"It will be information enough for you when I say that a great deal may depend on your doing as I ask."

I raised a new objection.

"How can I go when I've my work to attend to here?"

"You must be ready to give that up. If anyone makes any trouble, you must say you've resigned the position."

As far as was possible over the wire I got the impression of earnestness on his part and perhaps excitement; but I was not yet satisfied.

"What shall I do when I get to Boston? Where shall I go?"

"You'll see. You'll know. You'll have to act for yourself. Trust your own judgment as I trust it."

"But, Mr. Strangways, I don't understand a bit," I was beginning to protest, when he broke in on me:

"Oh, don't you see? It will all explain itself as you go on. I can't tell you about it in advance. I don't know. All I can say is that whatever happens you'll be needed, and if you're needed you'll be able to play the game."

He went on with further directions. It would be possible to take my seat in the train at twenty minutes before the hour of departure. I was to be early on the spot so as to be among the first to be in my place. I was to take nothing but a suitcase; but I was to put into it enough to last me for a week, or even for a week or two. I was to be prepared for roughing it, if necessary, or for anything else that developed.

He would send me my ticket within an hour and provide me with plenty of money.

"But what is it?" I implored again. "It sounds like spying, or the secret service, or something melodramatic."

"It's none of those things. Just be ready. Wait where you are till you get your ticket and the money."

"Will you bring them yourself?"

"No; I can't; I'm too busy. I'm calling from a pay station. Don't ring me up for any more questions. Just do as I've asked you, and I know you'll not regret it—not as long as you live."

He put up the receiver, leaving me bewildered. My ignorance was such that speculation was shut out. I kept saying to myself "It must be this," or "It must be that," but with no conviction in my guesses. One dreadful suspicion came to me, but I firmly put it away.

A little after twelve a special messenger arrived bringing my ticket and five hundred dollars in bank notes. I knew then that I was in for a genuine adventure. At one I put on my hat and coat, locked the door behind me, and went off to my hotel. Mentally I was leaving work to which, from certain points of view, I was sorry to say good-by, but I could afford no backward looks.

At the hotel I packed my belongings and left them so that they could be sent after me in case I should not return. I might be back the next morning; but then I might never come back at all. I thought of those villagers who from idle curiosity followed the carriage of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette as it drove out of Varennes, some of them never to see their native town again till they had been dragged over half the battlefields of Europe. Like them I had no prevision as to where I was going or what was to become of me. I knew only—gloatingly, and with a kind of glory in the fact—that I was going at the call of Larry Strangways, to do his bidding because he believed in me. But that thought, too, I tried to put out of my mind. In as far as it was in my mind I did my best to express it in terms of prose, seeing myself not as the heroine of a mysterious romance—a view to which I was inclined - but as a practical business woman, competent, up-to-date and unafraid. I was afraid, mortally afraid, and I was neither up-to-date nor competent; but the fiction sustained me while I packed my trunks and sent a telegram to Hugh.

This last I did only when it was too late for him to answer or intercept me.

"Called suddenly out of town," I wrote. "May lead to a new place. Will write or wire as soon as possible." Having sent this off at half-past four, I took a taxicab for the station.

My instructions were so far carried out successfully that, with a colored porter wearing a red cap to precede me, I was the first to pass the barrier leading to the train, and the first to take my seat in the long narrow parlor-car. My chair was two from the end toward the entrance and exit. Once enthroned within its upholstered depths I watched for strange occurrences.

But I watched in vain. For a time I saw nothing but the straight empty cavern of the car. Then a colored porter, as like to my own as one pea to another, came puffing his way in, dragging valises and other impedimenta, and followed by an old gentleman and his wife. These the porter installed in chairs toward the middle of the car, and touching his cap on receipt of his tip made hastily for the door. Similar arrivals came soon after that, with much stowing of luggage into overhead racks, and kisses, and injunctions as to conduct, and farewells. Within my range of vision were two elderly ladies, a smartly dressed young man, a couple in the disillusioned, surly stage, a couple who had recently been married, a clergyman, a youth of the cheap sporting type. To one looking for the solution of a mystery the material was not promising.

The three chairs immediately in front of mine remained unoccupied. I kept my eye on them, of course, and presently got some reward. Shortly before the train pulled out of the station a shadow passed me which I knew to be that of Larry Strangways. He went on to the fourth seat, counting mine as the first, and having reached it turned round and looked at me. He looked at me gravely, with no sign of recognition beyond a shake of the head. I understood then that I was not to recognize him, and that in the adventure, however it turned out, we were to be as strangers.

One more thing I saw: He had never been so pale or grim or determined in all the time I had known him. I had hardly supposed that it was in him to be so determined, so grim or so pale. I gathered that he was taking our mission more to heart than I had supposed, and that, prompt in action as I had been, I was considering it too flippantly. Inwardly I prayed for nerve to support him, and for that presence of mind which would tell me what to do when there was anything to be done.

Perhaps it increased my zeal that he was so handsome. Straight and slim and upright, his features were of that lean, blond, regular type I used to consider Anglo-Saxon, but which, now that I have seen it in so many Scandinavians, I have come to ascribe to the Norse strain in our blood. The eyes were direct; the chin was firm; the nose as straight as an ancient Greek's. The relatively small mouth was adorned by a relatively small mustache, twisted up at the ends, of the color of the coffee bean, and, to my admiring feminine appreciation, blooming on his face like a flower.

His neat spring suit was also of the color of the coffee bean, and so was his soft felt hat. In his shirt there were lines of tan and violet, and tan and violet appeared in the tie, beneath which a soft collar was pinned with a gold safety pin. The yellow gloves that men have affected of late years gave a pleasant finish to this costume, which was quite complete when he pulled from his bag an English traveling cap of several shades of tan and put it on. He also took out a book, stretching himself in his chair in such a way that the English traveling cap was all I could henceforth see of his personality.

I give these details because they entered into the mingled unwillingness and zest with which I found myself dragged on an errand to which I had no clew. Still less had I a clew when the train began to move and I had nothing but the view of the English traveling cap to bear me company. But no; I had one other detail: Before sitting down Mr. Strangways had carefully separated his own hand luggage from that of the person who would be behind him, and which included an ulster, a walking stick and a case of golf clubs. I inferred, therefore, that the wayfarer who owned one of the two chairs between Mr. Strangways and myself must be a man. The chair directly in front of mine remained empty.

As we passed into the tunnel my mind lashed wildly about in search of explanations, the only one I could find being that Larry Strangways was kidnaping me. On arriving in Boston I might find myself confronted by a marriage license and a clergyman. If so, I said to myself with an extraordinary thrill, there would be nothing for it but submission to this *force majeure*, though I had to admit that the averted head, the English traveling cap, and the intervening ulster, walking stick and golf clubs worked against my theory.

I was dreaming in this way when the train emerged from the tunnel and stopped so briefly at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street that, considering it afterward, I concluded that the pause had been arranged for. It was just long enough for an odd little bundle of womanhood to be pulled and shoved on the car, and thrown into the seat immediately in front of mine. I choose my verbs with care, since they give the effect produced on me. The little woman, who was swathed in black veils and clad in a long black shapeless coat, seemed not to act of her own volition and to be more dead than alive. The porter who had brought her in flung down her two or three bags and waited significantly, though the train was

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"When He Hears What You've Done, You'll Have Killed Him Just as Much as If You'd Pulled Out a Revolver and Shot Him"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1 75 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3 15. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 7, 1917

First to Fight

THE first vigorous and effectual response to the call to arms came precisely from Wall Street—meaning the houses and institutions which make up the financial organization in the country's business centers; for that is what Wall Street is.

Wall Street mobilized itself for war overnight, heartily and efficiently. To float the Liberty Loan, without a penny of profit, banks and bondhouses put themselves at the service of the Government with an energy and unanimity that no private and profitable financing could possibly have commanded. Their direct out-of-pocket expenses for advertising, clerk hire, services of bond salesmen, and so on, must have run to a large figure. By common consent all private business that might have competed with the Government's offering or lessened its chance of success was laid aside.

Only uninformed or mendacious people say that High Finance and Big Business wanted this war for selfish reasons. Only a blockhead could fail to see that the condition which preceded a declaration of war was more profitable for High Finance and Big Business than the condition which followed a declaration of war would be.

With the United States benevolently neutral, Wall Street was lending hundreds of millions to the Allies, on good collateral security, at five per cent interest, with a four per cent commission or discount, and paying no war taxes. With the United States a belligerent, it is lending money to the Allies through the United States Treasury at three and a half per cent interest, without a penny of commission or discount, and paying heavy war taxes.

War, with its demand for a common purpose and a common sacrifice, makes this a good time to discard popular prejudices against Wall Street as merely stupid and demagogic.

A Neglected Field

BOND experts calculate that there are only about two hundred thousand individual investors in bonds in the United States.

In France, before the war, there were, in round numbers, a million five hundred thousand investors in French Government bonds. Bonds and stocks of French railroads were held by more than seven hundred thousand families. Many other investments in France were widely scattered.

It is fairly probable that France, with two-fifths of our population and far less wealth and income than the United States, had anywhere from eight to ten times as many individual investors in bonds.

It is not because the people of the United States save less than the people of France, for they save far more; nor because they do not invest their savings; but, broadly speaking, their investing custom is totally different from that of France.

The Frenchman with a bit of spare money buys a bond, while the American in like circumstances takes a bank certificate of deposit, or puts his money into land or into his own business. Relatively to the wealth and income of the country, what bankers call securities are distributed within a narrow field. On great occasions, like the Civil War and the Spanish-American War, there is a much wider distribution of government bonds; but in both those instances the bonds soon drifted into comparatively few hands.

Except on such a great occasion there has really never been any effort to popularize investment in bonds in this country. Banks and bondhouses address themselves almost wholly to the limited field known to yield results. They may say that field absorbs all the securities which are offered; but there are various reasons why a wider distribution would be an advantage.

Kaiser and Junker

IN PRUSSIA, containing about two-thirds of the population of the German Empire, the electoral franchise is so arranged by class and property restrictions that fifteen per cent of the voters wield two-thirds of the electoral power. Electoral districts for the imperial Reichstag—corresponding to our House of Representatives—stand as they did at the founding of the empire; so Berlin, with three million inhabitants, has only six members. Other strongholds of liberalism are similarly disfranchised. Above the Reichstag sits the Bundesrat, virtually controlled by the Kaiser and the Prussian nobility. Ministers of state are not responsible to Parliament, but to the Kaiser alone.

Such is a rough sketch of the scheme by which Kaiser and the Junker class pretty fully dominate the German Empire. Liberal Germans—more than four millions of them voting the Socialist ticket—resent it, and for years have hoped to remodel it on a democratic plan.

A revolution sufficient to overthrow that caste domination of Germany is the most desirable event man can now imagine. The German people, long restive under Junker rule, can have an honorable and lasting peace—can give honorable and lasting peace to the war-torn world—by throwing off their noble incubus and asserting genuine government of, by and for the people. Certainly the United States, and undoubtedly the Allies, would find no difficulty in discussing peace terms to-morrow with a triumphant democratic revolution in Germany.

It is the most desirable event man can now think of; the event that would make most for human weal; an event which millions of Germans have desired. But, as yet, one sees no portent of it.

The Time to Economize

IF WE spend ten billion dollars a year—or anything like that sum—on war, economizing finally will be no matter of choice, but an unavoidable necessity.

There is a limit to what the labor power of the United States can produce. That labor power was employed pretty well toward the limit last year. But spending billions on war means making a great many things that we did not make in peace; for example, a vast quantity of uniforms, blankets, tents, some additional millions of tons of steel in ship plates, cannon, and so on. At the same time, it means withdrawing the labor of a million men from production. We cannot do that and do all we did before.

When a man spends a dollar he is, in effect, hiring that labor which produced the article he buys. If he spends it for a luxury he is hiring labor to make and sell that luxury. If the demands of war prove to be as great as now seems likely, and if a great deal of labor is devoted to the production of luxuries, obviously there will not be enough for necessary production. So far as we insist—by our purchases—upon superfluous production, we make necessary productions more difficult and expensive. Every man who spends a dollar for luxury is drawing something out of a general stock that is barely adequate to the vital demands which will probably be made upon it.

If the demands of war are what they seem likely to be, we must economize finally, whether we want to or not. Extravagance up to the point where rational economy becomes compulsory will simply postpone, complicate and aggravate the adjustment.

Lest We Forget

WE HAVE floated a great loan. We have registered ten million young men for military service. Congress has passed a number of the most urgent war measures, and much of the dramatic and spectacular business of organizing the country has been done.

Physically war is as far from us as ever. Nobody threatens our boundaries. Many months must pass before any considerable number of our men engage in actual fighting. It looks like inaction on the East, and steady, dogged push against dogged resistance on the West for the rest of the summer.

The temptation to flag and slacken is obvious. The Government, of course, will go on, at full speed, building ships, buying munitions, organizing and drilling an army; but those activities, for many months to come, will touch the nerves and pulses of the mass of the people but lightly. Sons, brothers and husbands will still be in their training camps, within easy reach. Even the war taxes will be mostly in anticipation. The raw face-to-face grapple with the realities of war will still be a good way off. It will still be possible for the mass of the people to shut their eyes and imagine that the specter on the horizon will somehow be exorcised; and, after all, their lives can go on in the old pleasant ways, with virtually no real sacrifice.

Probably for many months it will take some imagination to meet this situation intelligently. Government alone cannot meet it. It requires everybody's effort and everybody's sacrifice in such ways as one can give them. For just one comparatively small item, war is attracting so much attention and so much money that the poor at home will suffer unless everywhere there is a quickened interest in them. The man who makes any plan that leaves war out of account is shortsighted and a poor citizen.

Lost Forever

WE HEAR daily that the world is running short of food. But food, in the main, is quickly produced. As to all cereals, vegetables and fruit, which form so large a part of the world's diet, a single good harvest may well redress the balance and give us a surplus. The supply of fowl and other meat is capable of indefinite increase within a comparatively short time.

We hear much less of the fact that the world is eating rapidly into stores that cannot be replenished. The enormous steel output makes heavy inroads on the basic material—iron ore. Within a few weeks this spring the price of tin advanced two hundred dollars a ton; and tin is one of the scarcest of the important metals. Copper at thirty-three cents a pound, against fourteen cents before the war, means that much greater demand upon the mines. All metal markets point in the same direction.

When good basic materials, which man does not know how to reproduce, are shot away, there is an absolute loss; the world is absolutely poorer.

The Ultimate Issue

"EVERY means must be employed to oppose these visionary schemes"—that is, lasting peace; "they must be publicly denounced for what they really are, an unhealthy and visionary Utopia. Our people must learn to see that the maintenance of peace never can or should be the goal of policy." So wrote Bernhardi in 1911; and in his next chapter, entitled, The Duty to Make War, he reminds Germans that "the Great Elector laid the foundation of Prussia's power by successful and deliberately incurred wars. Frederick the Great followed in the footsteps of his glorious ancestor. . . . None of the wars which he fought had been forced upon him. He always determined to be the aggressor, to anticipate his opponents and to secure for himself favorable prospects of success. We all know what he achieved."

What is the use of discussing peace terms with that in mind? There appears to be less inclination on either side to discuss peace terms than there was a year ago.

As the struggle goes on, it appears to be more and more a simple question of whether the spirit and policy of the Elector, Frederick William, and of his great-grandson, Frederick II, shall direct Middle Europe.

What Another Generation Did

PASTE this in your hat against the next invitation to subscribe to Liberty bonds: In 1861 the population of the Northern States was little over twenty millions, their wealth about eleven billion dollars and their yearly income three billions.

In 1863, after two years of costly and generally unfortunate war, and "after the Treasury Department had tried every regular means at its command to dispose of five hundred million dollars of 'five-twenty' government bonds and had failed," Jay Cooke "secured the influence of the American press" and sent hundreds of agents all over the country drumming up subscriptions to the bonds by an office-to-office and house-to-house canvass. As a result of the popular interest so excited, "before the machinery thus set in motion could be stopped, Cooke had sold eleven million more bonds than had been authorized, an excess which Congress immediately sanctioned." In the fore part of 1865, by the same methods, Cooke sold eight hundred million dollars of government bonds. "As a result of these efforts, the Union soldiers were well supplied and promptly paid while dealing the final blows of the war; and later, with money in their pockets, they were disbanded without difficulty."

The quoted passages are from the Encyclopædia Britanica's biography of Cooke.

The population of the United States now exceeds a hundred millions; its wealth is more than two hundred billion dollars; its yearly income at least forty billions.

At the next bond offering, do not wait for a drummer to come to your door. Do not cause the graybeards who fought the Civil War to blush for you!

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG U S PAT OFF

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Julia C. Lathrop

WE HEAR a great deal these days about defense and foreign service, conservation of food and industrial resources. The photograph at the left shows Miss Lathrop, who since its beginning has been the head of the National Children's Bureau. In the following statement she tells some facts concerning our most vital resource, and what she calls "our last line of defense"—the children of this country:

In this year of straining effort to produce every sort of manufactured necessity in extraordinary quantity, to provision half a world—with an unsatisfied demand for labor such as our

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Marie R. B. Wanner

IN THE central photograph are shown Filax, a famous graduate of the Red Cross course for dogs, and his teacher.

Mrs. Wanner has had great success in training dogs to do scout work among the wounded, and the records that some of them have made on the battlefields in Europe are proof that whatever may be said of the practical value of some of the Red Cross courses offered in this country, the dogs at least have no cause to complain of theirs.

They learn first to scout in any given direction to find the wounded soldiers.

The next step is to teach them to bring back some object, such as a helmet, cap or handkerchief, and to lead the rescuers to the spot where the wounded person is lying. These dogs are known as German shepherd dogs; which only goes to show that there is no more in a name than a lady named Juliet once said there was.

Raymond B. Fosdick

THE Commission on Training-Camp Activities, of which Mr. Fosdick—on the left—has been appointed chairman, has a twofold purpose: To safeguard the army from the moral hazards that have too often been connected with camp life, and to stimulate rational recreation facilities for the men.

Mr. Fosdick, who is a lawyer by vocation, held public office in New York for some years and then went to Europe for the Bureau of Social Hygiene to study police organizations. Later he made a similar study in Canada. During our recent Mexican campaign he represented the War Department along the Mexican border, and this spring he was sent to Canada to find out how the Canadians were running their training camps, particularly with relation to the relaxational side. Past history has shown the great need for the sort of work the new commission is planning to do in our training camps, and the fact that Secretary Baker was so prompt to recognize this need and to act on it should be a source of encouragement to those who are temporarily giving their boys into the care of the Government.

Joseph Hergesheimer—By Himself

WHEN I was first asked for a photograph and biographical sketch of "two or three hundred" words the request seemed simple enough. I sent a very sedate picture and a number of pertinent facts. These wouldn't do. Something less formal, more generally illuminating, was desired—in short, a snapshot. With a full knowledge of how I look in a snapshot I engaged a photographer, with an imposing camera equal to any velocity or attitude, to do his professional best. All this occurred on a well-filled golf course, where he continually saw opportunities slightly in advance of matches approaching the greens. He kept these waiting while he ran about, looking down into his black box and suggesting even greater degrees of apparent unconsciousness on my part. A consummation difficult enough when one considers the universal bitterness of golfers unlawfully restrained from the certainty of holing out mashie shots of a hundred and more yards.

This, however, was got through with; but the biography remained. Now I am a very serious writer, without any ornamental habits of work whatever. I—simply—write. And, I reminded myself, such a biography would be inspected by a great many people for whom it must form the only source of information of my habits and personality.

I am a serious writer, and wish to make serious friends for my stories—it was Conrad who pointed out that we could only hope to write for our friends—men who have charge of magnificent steel furnaces, or who create green life out of waste places. In short, men. And it is always best to allow that sort to find you out for themselves. They won't be reached, I thought on, by obvious modesty or secondary self-acclaim. The process of writing is not beautiful, like tapping a heat or stringing wires over glacial mountains. The stories are visible, to obtain approval and

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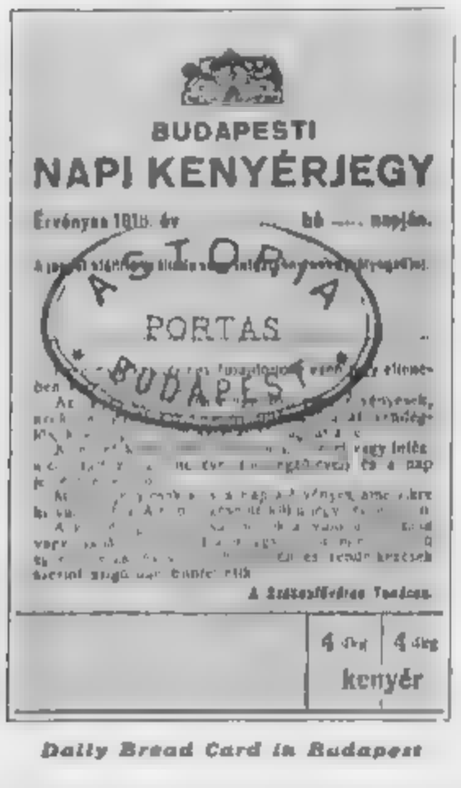
The Black Flags of Hungary

By CARL W. ACKERMAN



Daily Bread Card in Budapest

TO-MORROW the black flags will be waving," announced the secretary. "The Kaiser is dying."

He looked out of the window of the palace where Count Stephan Tisza, the Minister President of Hungary, lived, gazed at the racing rain, the muddy Danube, and the House of Parliament across the river. It was several minutes before he spoke to us again, to inform us that an attaché at the bedside of Emperor Francis Joseph had telephoned to Count Tisza that the death of the aged monarch might be expected at any time. And then he was silent. There was something foreboding about the palace of the Prime Minister which even his secretaries seemed to feel.

I was in Budapest at the time, en route to the headquarters of General von Falkenhayn, in Rumania, and had called at the offices of Premier Tisza, in his residence on the rocky cliffs of Ofen Pest, overlooking the capital of Hungary. The foreign correspondents were to leave at nine o'clock that night for Hermannstadt, in the Transylvanian Alps, on the special train of Archduke Joseph; but when we arrived at the station we learned that he had been ordered to Vienna, and that our car would be attached to the troop train leaving at midnight for Arad.

As the train began to slow down in the railroad yard the next morning I looked out of the compartment window and saw black flags flying from the churches and every building. When we arrived at the station the same black banners were waving at the tops of the masts.

The Kaiser Francis Joseph was dead.

In their brightly colored costumes the peasant women solemnly crowded about our train to bid farewell to the soldiers who had been ordered out of Arad and Temesvár. As the train slowly left the platform I looked back at the weeping women in their red, blue, black and yellow dresses, waving manicolored handkerchiefs to their departing husbands and brothers. The black flags, the sadness and the gay colors made the contrast terrible.

Tisza, the Power Behind the Throne

ALL day long we rode through the black-winged cities and towns. A black plague seemed to have spread overnight. Early the next day, in Hermannstadt, we watched the peasants, some of them in deep mourning, coming from cathedral mass. On the walls of the public buildings and placarded about the city were announcements of Francis Joseph's death.

"The King is Dead! Long Live the King!" they were headed. Signed by Count Stephan Tisza, they urged every Hungarian citizen to support the new monarch as loyally as they had supported the old.

For thirty days the nation mourned the king's death; but the last few weeks were not so solemn and silent as the first days. When Francis Joseph died there was no opposition to the youthful heir; but there were mutterings of discontent with Tisza, the "Dictator."

After three weeks on the Rumanian battlefields I returned to Hermannstadt and Budapest, to find those cities buzzing with political gossip. One story the Opposition spread with great effectiveness was to illustrate the authority the Prime Minister had had over the monarch. It was related how, upon his arrival at the Golden Gate, Saint Peter asked:

"What has Your Majesty done to merit entrance here?"

Tired and tottering, the aged field marshal hesitated, and then replied:

"I don't know. Ask Count Tisza."

The immediate political issue developed in Budapest. The Opposition, led by three democratic counts—Count Julius Andrássy, son of Bismarck's Hungarian coworker; Count Albert Apponyi; and Count Michael Karolyi, Andrassy's son-in-law. All were members of the House of Commons, which Tisza controlled and dominated by his iron will. They declared their loyalty to the future King Charles; but in no mistaken terms they denounced the man whose power had been greater than that of the old monarch.

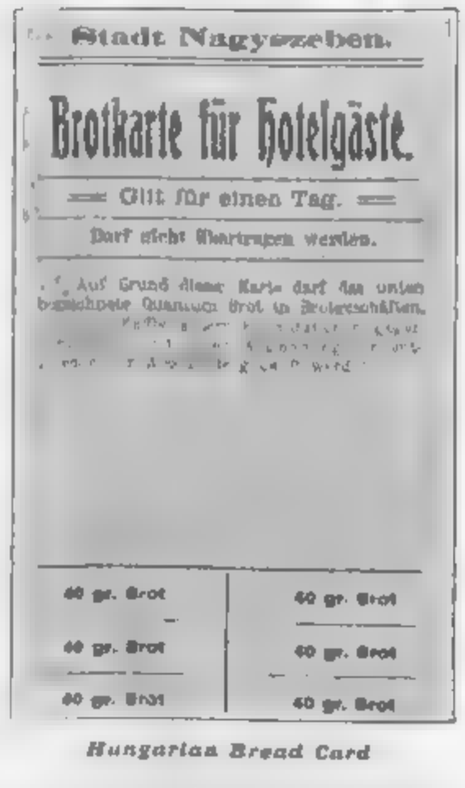
Emperor Charles had to be crowned in Budapest before he could assume the Hungarian throne, and the Opposition announced publicly that it would not support Count Tisza and give him the honor of placing the crown of Saint Stephan on the head of the new king. The debates in the lower house about this issue were the bitterest during the war; but Tisza had almost unanimous control of the House of Magnates and a big majority of the Commons, and the Opposition met defeat again. Count Tisza was chosen to preside at the coronation ceremonies.

The Liberals of Hungary feared that they had met their political Waterloo until the new King and Queen Zita arrived in Budapest. The first leader His Majesty summoned for a conference was Count Andrássy. This produced enthusiastic announcements in the radical press, and Count Tisza began to see the handwriting on the wall of Democracy.

The new king, however, had the choice of one of two evils: either he had to join Count Tisza and be pro-Hungarian, or he had to become a vassal monarch of Kaiser Wilhelm and throw his entire future into the scales of Prussia. The Dual Monarchy was too divided to enable him to pursue an independent course; but he was a democrat at heart, and he decided to try to compromise. He asked Count Tisza to remain as the Minister President of Hungary, and he assumed control of affairs in Vienna under the direction of Berlin.

For fifteen years Count Tisza had been the power behind the throne of Austria-Hungary. When the war began every high official in Vienna and Budapest owed his appointment to the Iron Man. The ultimatum to Serbia, after the assassination of the Archduke and his wife at Sarajevo, was written upon the order of Count Tisza. Tisza wanted to punish Serbia because the pig raisers of that country were interfering with the pork exportations of the Hungarian farmers.

The assistant secretary of foreign affairs in Vienna, Count Johann Forgách, had been Minister to Belgrade. Being an intimate friend of Tisza, he was commissioned to write the ultimatum, which Count Berchtold, the Foreign Minister, signed at Tisza's "request." But Berchtold was not in sympathy with Tisza's policy and resigned to accept an officer's commission at the Italian Front; and Baron Burian, another friend of Tisza, was appointed as his successor. Count Tisza's uncompromising attitude toward Serbia made it impossible for Austria-Hungary to listen to a compromise, and the great war was started. Tisza was not only the dictator of the Dual Monarchy but one of the makers of this war. Count Berchtold went to the Front as an automobile driver; but he had not been there long before he met Archduke Carl Francis Joseph, the heir to the throne.



Hungarian Bread Card

Austria Delivered Into Wilhelm's Hand

A LITTLE more than a year ago the Austrian General Staff planned an offensive against Italy, and Archduke Carl was given command of the attacking armies. The plans were made at the suggestion of Count Tisza and Emperor Francis Joseph because they were anxious to defeat Italy, believing it would have a great moral effect upon the Dual Monarchy and settle the Italian question. They did so against the advice of the German General Staff; and in June, 1916, they had to give up operations in the Alps to concentrate their entire strength on the Russian Front. General Brussilof's offensive had broken the Austro-Hungarian line.

Bukowina and a big section of Volhynia were lost, together with many hundred thousand soldiers. A Czech army corps had deserted and the military situation was extremely grave. It was one of those periods in the war when a decisive decision was near. The morale of the Austrian armies was completely shattered, and Field Marshal von Hindenburg, commander of the Eastern German forces, had to send his reserves to Volhynia to hold back the rush of the Russians. In August Germany had nearly all her reserves in Russia and General Brussilof was halted.

After this battle there was no united effective Austro-Hungarian Army. General Brussilof had destroyed its morale. And Von Hindenburg, when he was invited by Kaiser Wilhelm to become chief of the German General Staff, accepted on the condition that he should have complete control of the armies of Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey. Count Tisza and the Hungarians opposed this; but they had nothing but a broken army and were compelled to agree. Thus, Brussilof's attack crippled the Dual Monarchy; but it gave Germany what she had desired—complete authority over the armies of Francis Joseph.

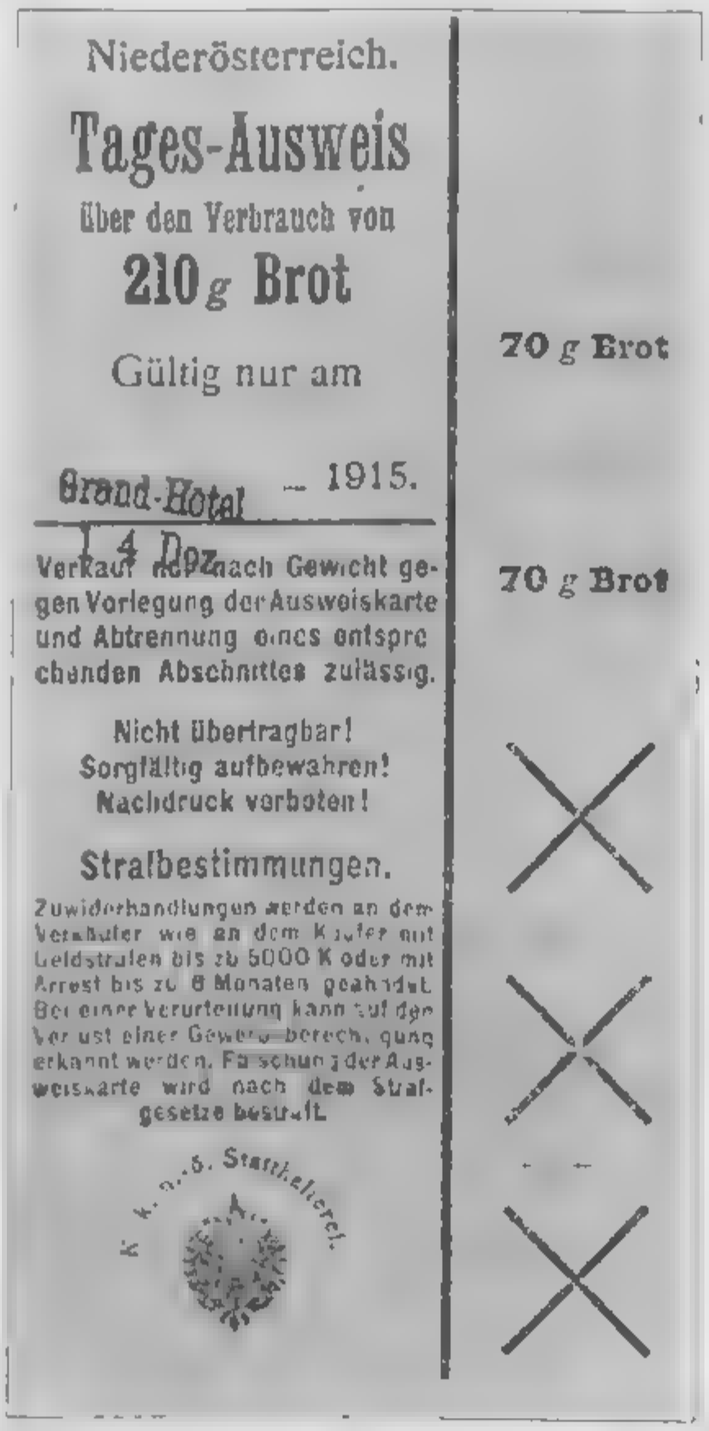
This was the deathblow to the old emperor. It was commonly reported in diplomatic circles in Vienna that when he was informed, at the beginning of the war, that Austria-Hungary was on the brink of hostilities he remarked: "God save me from Prussia!"

General Brussilof's offensive was a Prussian victory.

When Rumania declared war the German Army marched through Austria and Hungary. The invading commanders were German. The plans of operation were German. The artillery and ammunition were German; but the train service and the food came from the Dual Monarchy. At the Front the German soldiers did the fighting, and the Austrians did the manual work behind the lines. The Austro-Hungarian Army was a shadow of its former self.

This was the military situation that confronted Emperor Charles when he succeeded Francis Joseph as the ruler of Schönbrunn Palace. A few weeks before the emperor's death the heir was recalled from the Italian Front to Vienna to be tutored for the responsibilities he was to inherit. Count Tisza, realizing that his future power

(Continued on Page 27)


Niederösterreich.
Tages-Ausweis
über den Verbrauch von
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Brand-Hotel
1915.
1 4 Dez
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Nachdruck verboten!
Strafbestimmungen.
Zuwiderhandlungen werden an dem Verkäufer wie an dem Käufer mit Geldstrafen bis zu 5000 K oder mit Arrest bis zu 6 Monaten geahndet. Bei einer Verurteilung kann auf den Verlust einer Gewerbeberechtigung erkannt werden. Fälschung der Ausweiskarte wird nach dem Strafgesetze bestraft.
70 g Brot
70 g Brot

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Republic Black-Line Red Inner Tubes have a reputation for freedom from trouble

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Republic Staggard Tread

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LE PAGE'S CHINA CEMENT

STANDS HOT AND COLD WATER TEST

(Continued from Page 24)

depended upon his control of the young man, attempted to name the tutors; but Charles had already selected Count Berchtold as his political adviser, and Berchtold had whispered into the patient ears of the future ruler his contempt and the hatred of Hungary for the Dictator. And Charles selected his advisers in Vienna and Prague from among the opponents of Count Tisza.

After the coronation ceremonies at Budapest the Kaiser and Kaiserin returned to Vienna, and a new Cabinet was appointed. The young emperor fell into the conservatives' trap and appointed Pan-Germanists as his chief advisers. He kept company with the men Tisza hated. And the Iron Count, fearing that he was to be excluded from the Vienna council tables, returned to Budapest to run Hungary for the Hungarians. He had lost out in Vienna, but he was still the ruler of Hungary; and the events during the first five months of this year, before he was forced to resign, show that he dominated Hungary like the old feudal counts of Middle Europe in the days of the Holy Roman Empire.

The storm center shifted rapidly to Vienna. Emperor Charles was in the midst of a seething melting pot of politics. He had as many factions to deal with as were represented on Austro-Hungarian currency the denomination on each bill is printed in eleven languages! Realizing that he had a whirlpool of races to deal with, old Francis Joseph chose the Hungarians as favorites, because they were considered the most united and most capable. The others he neglected or cursed.

Emperor Charles could not do this. He was a new man. He had to make new friends. He inherited more enemies with his throne than any other ruler of modern times. Being young and ambitious, he decided to adopt new policies. His first order to his ministers was to call on him at any time without dressing in court costumes. Francis Joseph had been a stickler for appearances. Whenever he summoned a minister, His Excellency had to wear court attire and all the decorations and royal insignia he possessed.

The dress reforms of Charles shocked many of the imperialists; but the new Kaiser did not stop at that. He talked to his ministers over the telephone. That was most astonishing! Telephones were so ordinary to the aristocracy of Vienna.

Austria-Hungary is a monarchy made up of eight nations, twenty-six parties, and seventeen crownlands. Nowhere in the world is there a greater conglomeration of peoples. Dr. Julius Sylvester, president of the Austrian House of Representatives, writing in the Berlin Vossische Zeitung of January 22, 1917, said there were three big internal problems facing the new emperor, and one important foreign policy: First, there was Austria's relation to Hungary; second, the affairs in Galicia had to be adjusted; and, third, the Bohemian controversies had to be settled. The chief external relation was that with Germany.

The Young Kaiser's Tasks

These tasks awaited the young Kaiser of Austria and King of Hungary, who was in his early thirties, and who, before June, 1914, had never been considered as the future ruler of the nation. Naturally he was not greeted by a willing majority of any faction. Intrigue, corruption and hatred intermingled with each problem. For many months the Germans had been working to wrest control of the monarchy from Count Tisza; but they were unsuccessful.

Vienna cafés and hotels were filled with wealthy nobles and merchants who had bribed the Austrian General Staff to avoid military service. Manufacturers of war materials were making millions out of their contracts. One time, when I was in Vienna, an Austrian diplomat told me there were four hundred new millionaires in the city. Dealers in antiques and jewelers stated that their business was never better. An American diplomat went to Karlsbad to buy some laces and linens, and found that prices were three times what they were before the war. The salesmen told him the demand for fine materials was so great that they could get any price they asked.

Food supplies were disorganized, and those who had money could buy anything; but the poor were suffering. Food was beginning to get very scarce in Austria; but Hungary, being an agricultural country, had plenty.

This muddle did not please the efficient Germans. As soon as Francis Joseph was buried, Germany, working through the German National Union for the Reorganization of Austria, published, on December twentieth, four demands:

1. A closer union between the Dual Monarchy and Germany. This was explained as a necessity.

2. An economic union of Middle Europe. The basis of this was to be a customs agreement similar to that existing between the states federated in the German Empire.

3. A closer union of Austria and Hungary. It was pointed out that these two nations already merged their foreign policies and their armies; but, in order to be firmer, the business and agricultural affairs should be united.

4. Galicia should be recognized as a separate nation, or it should be merged with Poland. This was one of the policies Francis Joseph opposed. It was related in political circles in Berlin, when Germany announced an independent Kingdom of Poland, that the reason the boundaries were not determined was because of the opposition of Austria to any change in the status of Galicia. Francis Joseph was said to have remarked, when he was asked to give his consent:

"What! Those Prussians want to take another pearl out of my crown?"

A Bohemian for Premier

Another demand of the Germans was the use of German as the official language throughout the Dual Monarchy. But there was so much opposition to this in Hungary that it was not included officially as one of the demands of the National Union.

All these demands were opposed by the Hungarians, and Kaiser Carl was between the pillar of Berlin and the post of Budapest.

He began his reign by selecting German-Austrians as ministers; but this produced several Cabinet crises, including the assassination of Count Sturghk by the young radical, Adler, on the ground that Sturghk was opposed to the calling together of the House of Delegates. The collapse of the Koerber and Sturghk ministries caused Emperor Charles to summon Count Clam-Martinitz from Prague to become Minister President of Austria. At this writing he is still Premier.

Clam-Martinitz is the owner of one of the largest sections of Bohemia, though he is not of old Bohemian stock. His grandparents moved into Bohemia after an internal revolution and, together with a number of other nobles, seized the land. To-day his estate dominates the richest section of Bohemia; and the coal and iron mines, especially during the war, have made him many times a millionaire. When he was called to go to Vienna he was recuperating in his castle from typhus fever, which he had contracted at the Italian Front. Though it is reported that he has not entirely recovered from the effects of this disease, he appears strong enough to be able to direct the internal affairs of his country.

When it was reported in Berlin that Emperor Charles had named a Bohemian as Premier there was considerable bad feeling, because it was believed that the young ruler was kicking over the traces. But this apprehension was quieted when Wilhelm Kestranek, director general of the Prague Iron Industries Corporation, wrote, in the Vossische Zeitung of January twenty-eighth, that Clam-Martinitz was pro-German, and that he might be relied upon to carry out the work Bismarck began after the Austro-Prussian War of 1866.

While political fights were upsetting Vienna, Count Tisza was having difficulties in Budapest with the Opposition. Emperor Charles had adopted a temporary policy of permitting the Hungarians to solve their own problems. Tisza was hated by Andrassy and Apponyi; but he was loved by the rich landowners, the wine growers and the farmers. They were making money; and, in return for their support, Tisza was giving their sons and relatives government positions or commissions in the safety zone at the Front. Hungary was becoming so wealthy that last December the owner of the largest hotel in Hermannstadt told me the peasants would not drink coffee or milk at mealtime; they insisted upon having the finest wines.

I have traveled through Hungary a number of times during the war. Last December I was in Budapest, where I found every

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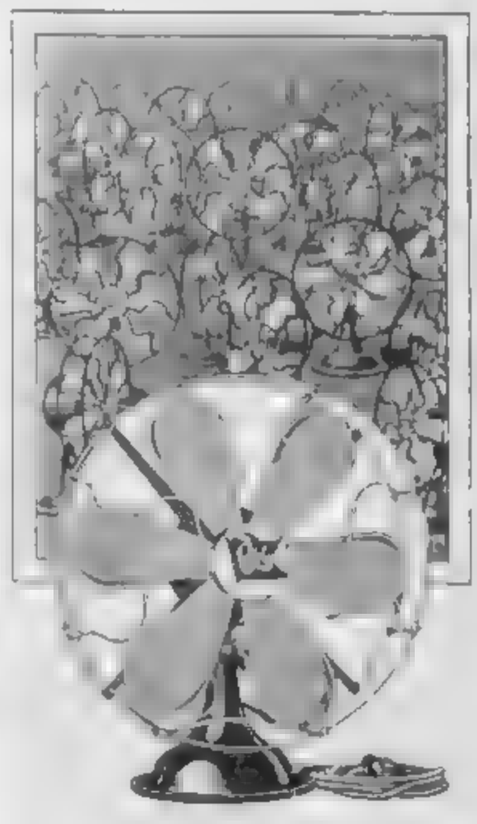

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National Emergency Food Garden Commission
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(Concluded from Page 27)

hotel crowded. Railroad men said the peasants refused to ride third class, and that there never was such a demand for first-class tickets as then. One could purchase any kind of food, any luxury, including French bonbons and perfumes. Dutch and Swiss cheeses were to be had at every grocery. Meat was plentiful. It was a remarkable state of affairs, considering food conditions in Germany. The meadows were overstocked with cattle, pigs and ducks. The fields were freshly sown. Everything indicated that Hungary was prospering.

The invasion of Rumania opened the eyes of Germany to the possibilities of Hungary. The German General Staff had to send troops through Budapest, Hermannstadt and Kronstadt. When these officers and soldiers passed through this rich territory it reminded them of peacetime; and they could not understand how Hungary, which was an ally of Germany, could have so much food while Germans were undernourished, if not starving.

The Policies of Count Tisza

Austrians, too, were jealous. The Hungarians were eating white bread while the Austrians and Germans had Kriegsbrot. The Hungarians had bread cards; but few used them. The Germans and Austrians united and brought sufficient pressure to bear upon Count Tisza to prohibit the baking of white bread; but the Hungarians, having plenty of white flour, baked different-shaped white bread, called it cake, and doubled the price.

Throughout the war Hungary has exported only its surplus food. Count Tisza's rule has been: "Hungary first; Austria second; and give Germany the crumbs." I asked one of Tisza's secretaries why it was that Hungary had so much food.

"In Germany," he answered, "they have organization and no food. Here we have food and no organization!"

Last January, when there was a food pinch in Berlin and Vienna, a conference was called by Vice Chancellor Helfferich, Secretary of the Interior of Germany. Tisza, the Agricultural Minister of Hungary, Clam-Martinitz, and the Austrian Minister of the Interior were invited to attend. This was the second trip Tisza made to Berlin in three years. After a week of discussion, one of the Austrian undersecretaries who accompanied the Vienna delegates remarked:

"Those ——— Hungarians won't give up anything!"

That was Tisza's method. Hated by Germany because of his selfishness and his policy of safeguarding Hungary first; hated, likewise, by the Austrians because of his former control of the Dual Monarchy—the Iron Man of Budapest was determined to withhold everything the Prussians wanted. When the German General Staff tried to get control of the monarchy's railroads Count Tisza objected. He told them they could do what they pleased with the Austrian lines, but that Hungary would look after her own railroad business. Then came the offensive in Rumania, and troops and artillery had to be shipped through Hungary. Trains were delayed for days.

General Ludendorff, the Kaiser's transportation authority, was furious. So was Emperor Charles. Because Tisza refused to surrender the railroads, he was considered too stubborn to be an ally, and Germany began an active campaign against him. Count Julius Andrássy, who was in very close touch with Berlin and Munich, was picked by Von Bethmann-Hollweg to succeed Tisza, and every possible influence was brought to bear upon the Hungarians to remove the Iron Count.

Every method known to European politics was tried. Then Andrássy and Count Apponyi raised the issue of election reform. They demanded a more representative government. Hungarians are naturally a liberty-loving people and the cry for democracy was a popular one. Tisza's policy toward America, too, was criticized. He was blamed for not protesting more emphatically against the German submarine war, because the Hungarians were not pro-German in this issue. There are too many Hungarians who have relatives in the United States. It was estimated by the American Consulate in Budapest that, before the war, forty million dollars in money was sent to Hungary from the United States annually. Hungarians sent money orders to their friends and families at home.

One time, during a submarine crisis, I interviewed Count Andrássy in the lobby of the House of Commons in Budapest. We were in the Opposition Hall and members were walking up and down the corridors denouncing Tisza. Andrássy was their fiery leader. He hated Tisza; so he would never speak to him. He would never eat in the same dining room with Tisza. He avoided the clubs where Tisza went. He criticized him publicly and privately. I was talking to him at the time about the general question of peace, when he interrupted with the remark:

"You can never have peace with that fellow in office."

A few weeks ago Vienna dispatches reported that Emperor Charles had asked Count Andrássy to succeed Tisza. The popular demand for franchise reforms and the opposition of the Hungarians to war with the United States were responsible; but this does not mean that Hungary is revolting from the Central Powers. It is just the opposite. Hungary, under Count Andrássy, will be more subservient to Berlin than it has been. Andrássy is in favor of sharing the abundant food supplies of Hungary with Germany; and Andrássy is prepared to give General Ludendorff complete control of the railroads. Andrássy, like his father, who helped cement the ties between the two countries after the wars of 1866 and 1867, believes in the closest possible unity. He can be expected to give Germany everything Von Hindenburg demands. But Count Tisza has announced that he will lead the Opposition; and he is a clever politician.

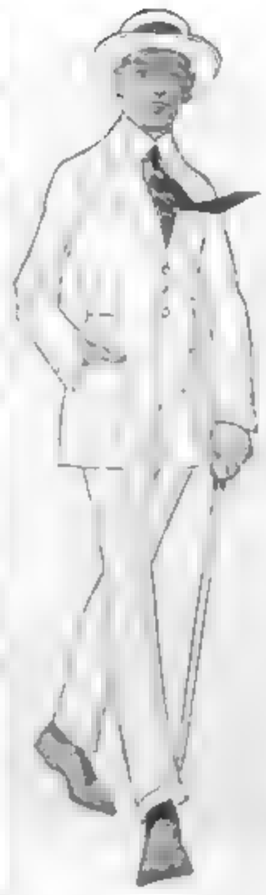
It is almost impossible to forecast accurately what will come out of the whirlpool of nations making up the Dual Monarchy during the remainder of the war; but one thing is certain: Emperor Charles has decided to sacrifice everything with Germany. Austria-Hungary's army, navy and foreign policies are determined at Pless, in Silesia, where the Kaiser and Von Hindenburg have their headquarters. With the downfall of Count Tisza, they will control the railroads and food supplies. Unless Germany is defeated, Austria-Hungary will become the chief link between Germany and Constantinople, and the present alliance will be the basis for the creation of a great state of Central Europe.

Concessions to Russia

During the past year there has been a strong democratic movement in Hungary similar to the campaign Philip Scheidemann and his coworkers in Germany have been pushing. At times it was feared that this movement, centering in Budapest, might become so powerful as to cause Hungary to make a separate peace with Russia and the Allies. Counts Apponyi, Andrássy and Károlyi have been the Hungarian leaders; but none of these men favors a break with Germany. They are all willing to make almost any concession to Russia. Count Apponyi stated one day, when he was in Berlin, that if the Czar was removed he favored giving Russia "the freedom of the Dardanelles."

Peace talk may be expected from Hungary and Germany throughout the remainder of the war. The German Government has permitted Scheidemann to talk peace and authorized the Socialists' delegates to attend the Stockholm conferences. Tisza's policy was to smother the democratic movement. Andrássy believes in proclaiming it from the housetops. Under Scheidemann and Andrássy the Liberal movement and the peace agitation will continue; but the two emperors know that, so long as the campaign is in the hands of these men, it will be within bounds. They can be depended upon to steer democracy along the lines the Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns prescribe. "United we win! Divided we fall!" is the slogan of Central Europe, which is more united to-day than it was six months ago.

The black flags of Hungary were foreboding signs. The death of Francis Joseph foretold the fall of Count Tisza and of the independence of Austria-Hungary. The black flags have given way to the German banner and the black eagle.



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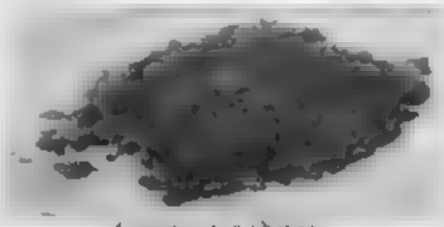

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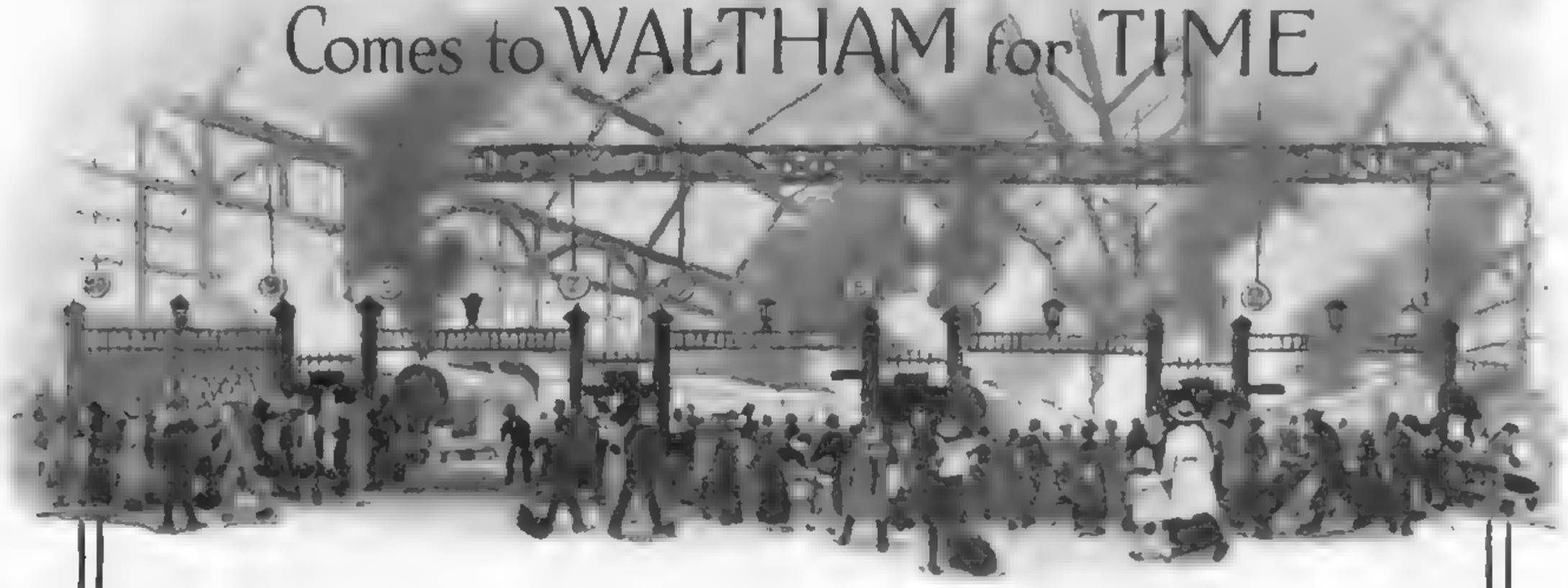

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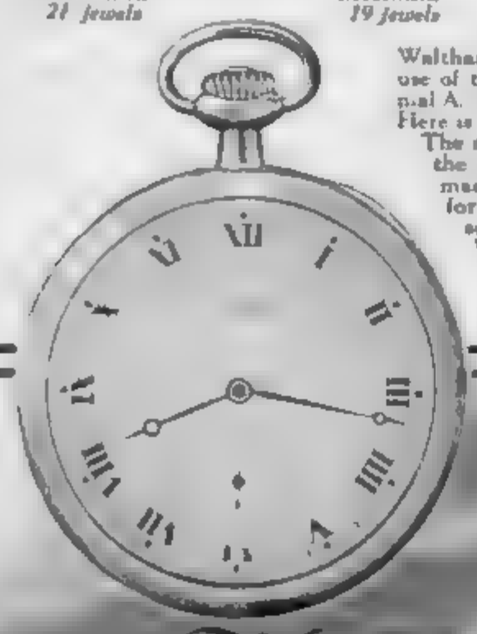

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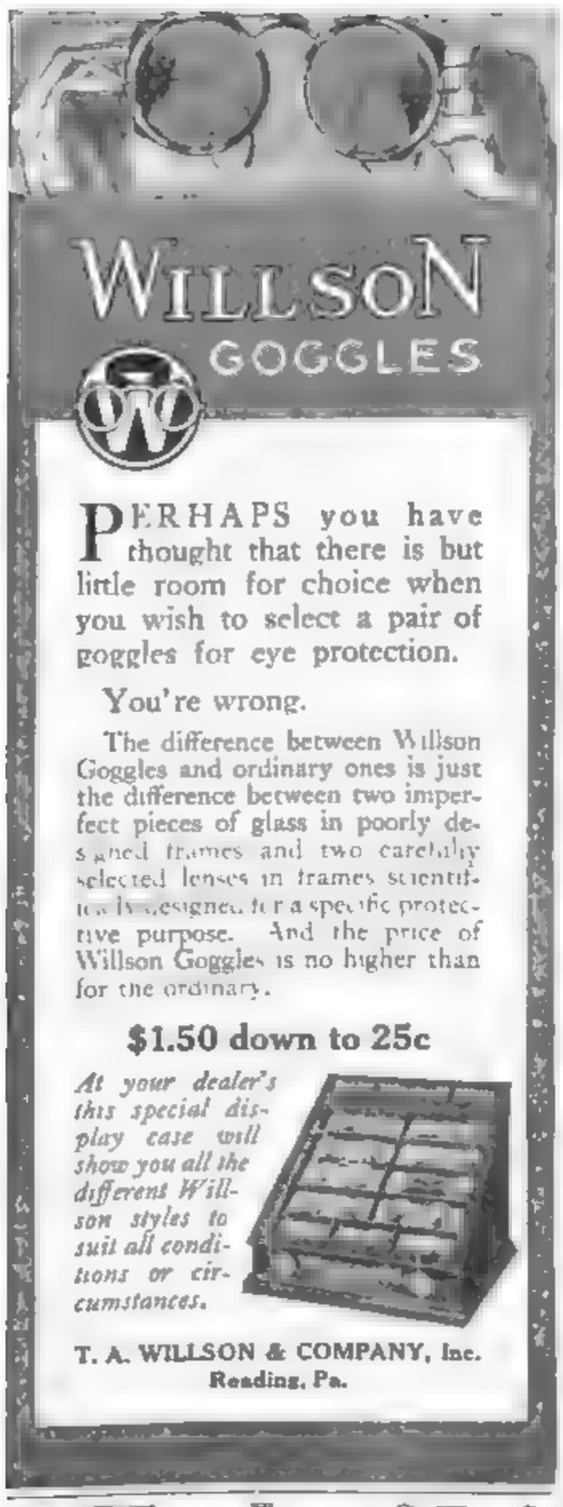

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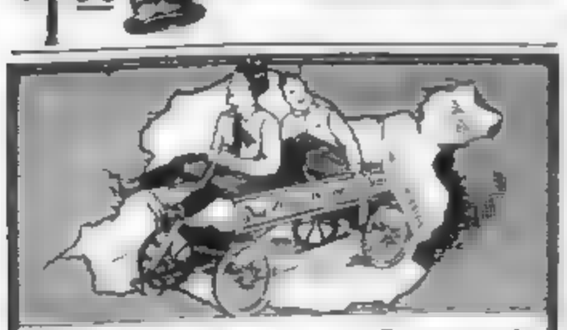

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THE HIGH HEART

(Continued from Page 21)

already creeping its way onward. She was plainly unused to fending for herself, and only when as a reminder the man had touched his hat a second time did it occur to her what she had to do. Hastily unfastening a small bag she pulled out a handful of money and thrust it at him. The man grinned and was gone, after which she sagged back helplessly into her seat, the satchel open in her lap.

That dreadful suspicion which had smitten me earlier in the day came back again, but the newcomer was so stiflingly wrapped up that even I could not be sure. She reminded me of nothing so much as of the veiled Begum of Bhopal as she sat in the durbar with the other Indian potentates, her head done up in a bag, as seen in the pictures in the illustrated London papers. For a lady who wished to pass unperceived it was perfect—for every eye in the car was turned on her. I myself studied her, of course, searching for something to confirm my fears, but finding nothing I could take as convincing. For the matter of that, as she sat huddled in the enormous chair I could see little beyond a swathing of veils round a close-fitting hat and the folds of the long black coat. The easiest inference was that she might be some poor old thing whom her relatives were anxious to be rid of, which was, I think, the conclusion most of our neighbors drew. Speaking of neighbors, I had noticed that in spite of the disturbance caused by this curious entrance Larry Strangways had not turned his head.

I could only sit, therefore, and wait for enlightenment or for an opportunity. Both came when some half hour later the ticket-collectors passed slowly down the aisle. Other passengers got ready for them in advance, but the little begum in front of me did nothing. When at last the collectors were before her she came to herself with a start.

She came to herself with a start, seizing her satchel awkwardly and spilling its contents on the floor. The tickets came out, and some money. The collectors picked up the tickets and began to pencil and tear them; the youth of the cheap sporting type and I went after the coins. Since I was a young woman and the lady with her head in a bag might be taken for an old one, I had no difficulty in securing his harvest, which he handed over to me with an ingratiating leer. Returning the leer as much in his own style as I could render it, I offered the handful of silver and copper to its owner. To do this I stood as directly as might be in front of her, and when inadvertently she raised her head I tried to look her in the eyes.

I couldn't see them. The shimmer I caught behind the two or three veils might have been anyone's eyes. But in the motion of the hand that took the money, and in the silvery tinkle of the voice that made itself as low as possible in murmuring the words "Thank you!" I couldn't be mistaken. It was enough. If I hadn't seen her she at least had seen me.

I had got the first part of my revelation. With the aid of the ulster, the walking stick and the gold clubs I could guess at the rest. I knew now why Larry Strangways wanted me there, but I didn't know what I was to do. By myself I could do nothing. Unless the little begum took the initiative I shouldn't know where to begin. I could hardly tear off a disguise she had chosen to assume, nor could I take it for granted that she was not on legitimate business.

But she had seen me, and there was something in that. If the owner of the vacant chair turned up he too would see me, and he wouldn't wear a veil. We should look each other in the eyes, and he would know that I knew what he was about to do. The situation would not be pleasant for me; but it would conceivably be much less pleasant for anybody else.

I waited, therefore, watching the beautiful green country go tearing by. The smiling freshness of spring was over the hillsides on the left, while the setting sun gilded the tiny headlands on the right and turned the rapid succession of creeks and inlets and marshy pools into sheets of orange and red. Fire illumined the windows of many a passing house, to be extinguished instantaneously, and touched with occasional flames the cold springtide blue of the sea. Clumps of forsythia were in blossom, and here and there an apple tree held out toward the sun a branch of early flowers.

When the train stopped at New Haven I was afraid that the owner of the ulster and the golf clubs would appear, and that my work, whatever it was to be, would be rendered the more difficult. But no new arrival entered. On the other hand, the passengers began to thin out, as the time came for going to the dining car. In the matter of food I determined to stay at my post if I died of starvation, especially on seeing that the English traveling cap was equally courageous.

Twilight gradually filtered into the world outside; the marshes, inlets and creeks grew dim. Dim was the long burnished line of the Sound, above which I could soon make out a sprinkling of wan yellow stars. Wan yellow lights appeared in windows where no curtains were drawn, and what a few minutes earlier had been twilight became quickly the night. It was the wistful time, the homesick, heart-searching time. If the little lady in front of me were to have qualms as to what she was doing they would come then.

And indeed, as I watched her it seemed to me that she inserted her handkerchief under her series of coverings as if to wipe away a tear. Presently she lifted two unsteady hands and began to untie her outer veil. When it came to finding the pins by which it was adjusted she fumbled so helplesaly that I took it on myself to lean forward with the words "Won't you allow me?" I could do this without moving round to where I should have been obliged to look her in the face; and it was so when I helped her take off the veil underneath.

"I'm smothering," she said, very much as it might have been said by a little child in distress.

She wore still another veil, but only that which was ordinarily attached to her hat. The car being not very brightly lighted, and most of our fellow-travelers having gone to dinner, she probably thought she had little to fear. As she gave no sign of recognition on my rendering my small services I subsided again into my chair.

But I knew she was as conscious of my presence as I was of hers. It was not wholly surprising then that some twenty minutes later she should swing round in the revolving chair and drop all disguises. She did it with the words, tearfully yet angrily spoken:

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm going to Boston, Mrs. Brokenshire," I replied meekly. "Are you doing the same?"

"You know what I'm doing, and you've come to spy on me."

There is something about the wrath of the sweet, mild, gentle creature, not easily provoked, which is far more terrible than the rage of an irascible old man accustomed to furies. I quailed before it now, but not so much that I couldn't outwardly keep my composure.

"If I know what you're doing, Mrs. Brokenshire," I said gently, "it isn't from any information received beforehand. I didn't know you were to be on this train till you got in; and I haven't been sure it was you till this minute."

"I've a right to do as I please," she declared hoarsely, "without having people to dog me."

"Do I strike you as the sort of person who'd do that? You've had some opportunity of knowing me; and have I ever done anything for which you didn't first give me leave? If I'm here this evening and you're here too, it's pure accident—as far as I'm concerned." I added with some deepening of the tone, and speaking slowly so that she should get the meaning of the words: "I'll only venture to surmise that accidents of that kind don't happen for nothing."

I could just make out her swimming eyes as they stared at me through the remaining veil, which was as black and thick as a widow's.

"What do you mean?"

"Wouldn't that depend on what you mean?"

"If you think you're going to stop me ——"

"Dear Mrs. Brokenshire, I don't think anything at all. How can I? We're both going to Boston. By a singular set of circumstances we're seated side by side on the same train. What can I see more in the situation than that?"

"You do see more."

(Continued on Page 33)

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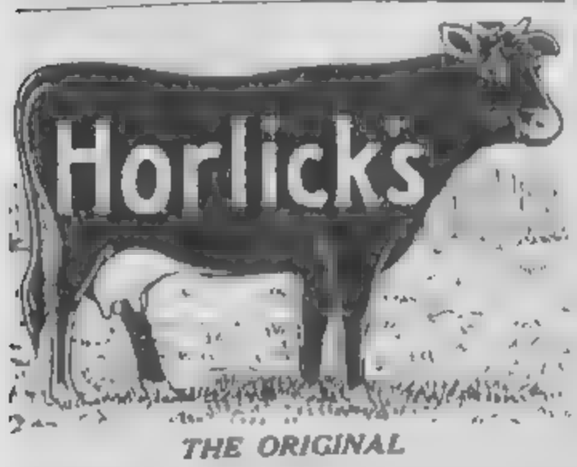

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(Continued from Page 31)

"But I'm trying not to. If you insist on betraying more, when perhaps I'd rather you wouldn't, well, that won't be my fault, will it?"

"Because I've given you my confidence once or twice isn't a reason why you should take liberties all the rest of your life."

To this, for a minute, I made no reply.

"That hurts me," I said at last; "but I believe that when you've considered it you'll see that you've been unjust to me."

"You've suspected me ever since I knew you."

"I've only suspected you of a sweetness and kindness and goodness which I don't think you've discovered in yourself. I've never said anything of you, and never thought anything, but what I told Mr. Brokenshire two months ago, that you seem to me the loveliest thing God ever made. That you shouldn't live up to the beauty of your character strikes me as impossible. I'll admit that I think that; and if you call it suspicion ——"

Her anger began to pass into a kind of childish rebellion.

"You've always talked to me about impossible things ——"

"I wasn't aware of it. One has to have standards of life, and do one's best to live up to them."

"Why should I do my best to live up to them when other people—look at Madeline Pyne, and a lot of women I know!"

"Do you think we can ever judge by other people, or take their actions as an example for our own? No one person can be more bound to do right than another; and yet when it comes to doing wrong it might easily be more serious for you than for Mrs. Pyne or for me."

"I don't see why it should be."

"Because you have a national position, one might even say an international position, and Mrs. Pyne hasn't, and neither have I. If we do wrong, only our own little circles have to know about it, and the harm we can do is limited; but if you do wrong it hurts the whole country."

"I must say I don't see that."

"You're the wife of a man who might be called a national institution ——"

"There are just as important men in the country as he."

"Not many—let us say, at a venture, a hundred. Think of what it means to be one of the hundred most conspicuous women among a population of a hundred millions. The responsibility must be tremendous."

"I've never thought of myself as having any particular responsibility—not any more than anybody else."

"But of course you have. Whatever you do gets an added significance from the fact that you're Mrs. Howard Brokenshire. When, for example, you came to me that day among the rocks at Newport, your kindness was the more wonderful for the simple reason that you were who you were. We can't get away from those considerations. When you do right, right seems somehow to be made more beautiful; and when you do wrong ——"

"I don't think it's fair to put me in a position like that."

"I don't put you in that position. Life does it. You were born to be high up. When you fall, therefore ——"

"Don't talk about falling."

"But it would be a fall, wouldn't it? Don't you remember, some ten or twelve years ago, how a Saxon crown princess left her home and her husband? Well, all I mean is that because of her position her story rang through the world. However one might pity unhappiness, or sympathize with a miserable love, there was something in it that degraded her country and her womanhood. I suppose the poor thing's inability to live up to a position of honor was a blow at human nature. Don't you think that that was what we felt? And in your case ——"

"You mustn't compare me with her."

"No; I don't—exactly. All I mean is that if—if you do what—what I think you've started out to do ——"

She raised her head defiantly.

"And I'm going to."

"Then by the day after to-morrow there will not be a newspaper in the country that won't be detailing the scandal. It will be the talk of every club and every fireside between the Atlantic and the Pacific, and Mexico and Montreal. It will be in the papers of London and Paris and Berlin, and there'll be a week in which you'll be the most discussed person in the world."

"I've been that already—almost—when Mr. Brokenshire made his attack in the Stock Exchange on ——"

"But this would be different. In this case you'd be pointed at—it's what it would amount to—as a woman who had gone over to all those evil forces in civilization that try to break down what the good forces are building up. You'd do like that unhappy crown princess, you'd strike a blow at your country and at all womanhood. There are thousands of poor tempted wives all over Europe and America who'll say, 'Well, if she can do such things ——'"

"Oh, stop!"

I stopped. It seemed to me that for the time being I had given her enough to think about. We sat silent, therefore, looking out at the rushing dark. People who drifted back from the dining car glanced at us, but soon were dozing or absorbed in books.

We were nearing New London when she pointed to one of her bags and asked me if I would mind opening it. I welcomed the request as indicating a return of friendliness. Having extracted a parcel of sandwiches, she unfolded the napkin in which they were wrapped and held them out to me. I took a pâté-de-foie-gras and followed her example in nibbling it. On my own responsibility I summoned the porter and asked him to bring a bottle of spring water and two glasses.

"I guess the old lady's feelin' some better," he confided, when he had carried out the order.

We stopped at New London, and went on again. Having eaten three or four sandwiches I declined any more, folding the remainder in the napkin and stowing them away. The simple meal we had shared together restored something of our old-time confidence.

"I'm going to do it," she sighed, as I put the bag back in its place. "He's he's somewhere on the train—in the smoking car, I suppose. He's—he's not to come for me till—till we're getting near the Back Bay Station in Boston."

I brought out my question simply, though I had been pondering it for some time. "Who'll tell Mr. Brokenshire?"

She moved uncomfortably.

"I don't know. I haven't made any arrangements. He's in Newport for one or two nights, seeing to some small changes in the house. I—I had to take the opportunity while he was away." As if with a sudden inspiration she glanced round from staring out into the dark. "Would you do it?"

I shook my head.

"I couldn't. I've never seen a man struck dead, and ——"

She swung her chair so as to face me more directly.

"Why," she asked tremblingly—"why do you say that?"

"Because, if I told him, it's what I should have to look on at."

She began wringing her hands.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't."

"But I should. It would be his death sentence at the least. It's true he has probably received that already ——"

"Oh, what are you saying? What are you talking about?"

"Only of what everyone can see. He's a stricken man—you've told me so yourself."

"Yes, but I said it only about Hugh. Lots of men have to go through troubles on account of their children."

"But when they do they can generally get comfort from their wives."

She seemed to stiffen.

"It's not my fault if he can't."

"No; of course not. But the fact remains that he doesn't—and perhaps it's the greatest fact of all. He adores you. His children may give him a great deal of anxiety; but that's the sort of thing any father looks for and can endure. Only you're not his child; you're his wife. Moreover, you're the wife whom he worships with a slavish idolatry. Everything that nature and time and the world and wealth have made of him he gathers together and lays it down at your feet, contented if you'll only give him back a smile. You may think it pitiful ——"

She shuddered.

"I think it terrible—for me."

"Well, I may think so, too, but it's his life we're talking of. His tenure of that"—I looked at her steadily—"isn't very certain as it is, do you think? You know the condition of his heart—you've told me yourself—and as for his nervous system, we've only to look at his face and his poor eye."

(Continued on Page 35)

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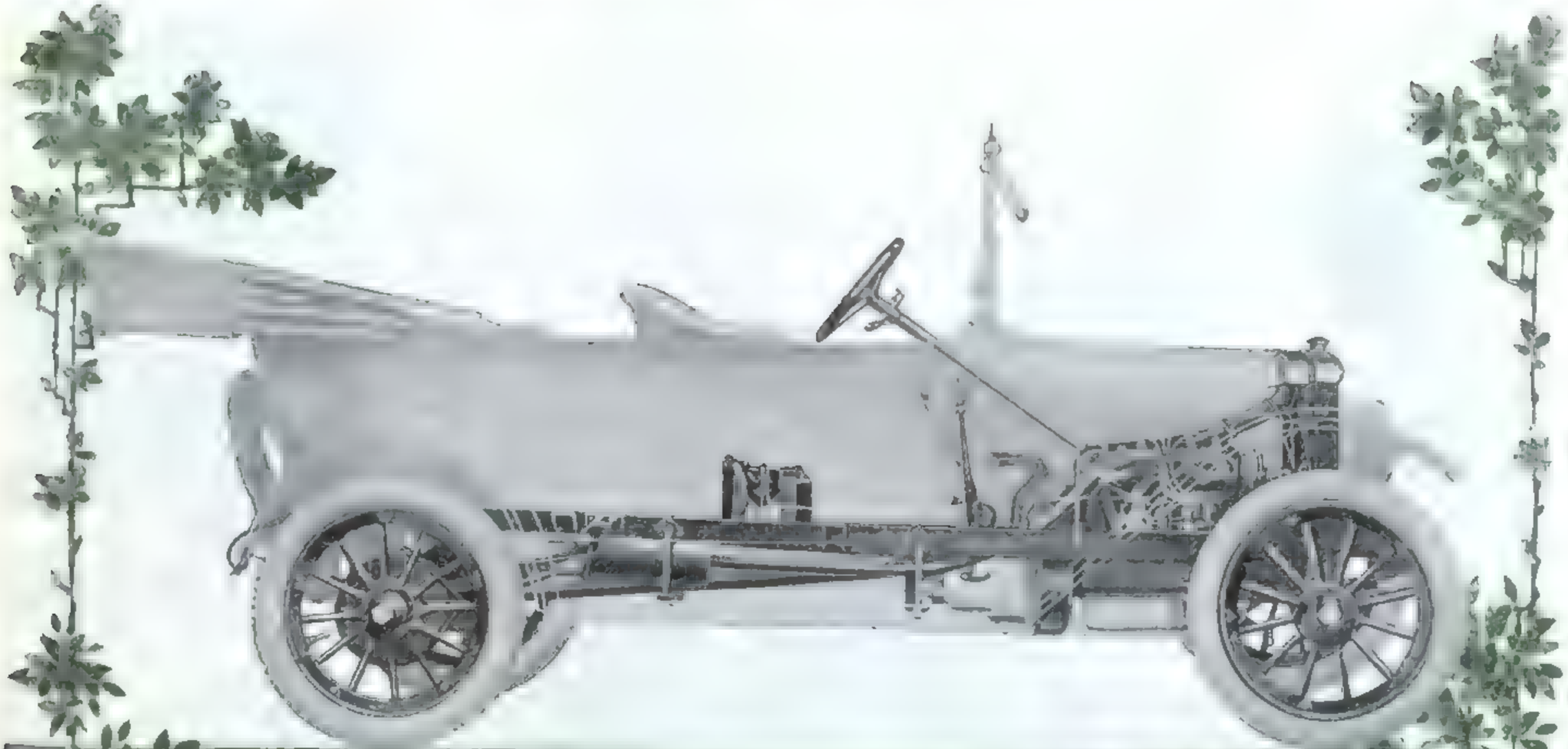

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TO THE WORLD'S MOTOR-CAR DEALERS:— July, 1917.

I have seen the motor-car industry grow from nothing to what it is now. I have had my part in the development of that industry.

And my honest opinion is that the *Maxwell* line offers greater opportunities today than any other motor-car line in the market.

I maintain that the prime factors of real automobile value are:—*(1) durability, (2) economy in operation, (3) mechanical simplicity and efficiency, and (4) price.*

And the greatest of these is durability—mechanical construction.

A dealer, therefore, is bound to prosper when he can offer to his public an automobile superior as a machine, inexpensive to run and low in price.

I maintain that the *Maxwell* excels on each of these points, and this is why:—

By our large volume of production of a one model chassis, by our farseeing buying of materials, and by vigilant and thorough supervision of manufacture, we have held the MAXWELL *price to an amazingly small figure.*

A *Maxwell* can be used in hard daily service at a cost of $6 to $8 a month.

This is not a theory. Thousands upon thousands of *Maxwell* owners are running their cars month in and month out at no greater expense than this.

I do not believe that today there is a 5 passenger automobile built that can be run and maintained more cheaply than the *Maxwell.*

The *Maxwell* is mechanically right—we have spent four years developing and refining one chassis model, designed according to sound, time-tried, scientific principles.

Besides all this, the *Maxwell* has grace of line and form—is a car of smart appearance.

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Walter E. Flanders
President and General Manager

Maxwell
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(Continued from Page 33)

"I didn't do that. It's his whole life ——"

"But his whole life culminates in you. It works up to you, and you represent everything he values. When he learns that you've despised his love and dishonored his name ——"

Her foot tapped the floor impatiently.

"You mustn't say things like that to me."

"I'm only saying them, dear Mrs. Brokenshire, so that you'll know how they sound. It's what everyone else will be saying in a day or two. You can't be what—what you'll be to-morrow, and still keep anyone's respect. And so," I hurried on as she was about to protest, "when he hears what you've done, you won't merely have broken his heart, you'll have killed him just as much as if you'd pulled out a revolver and shot him."

She swung back to the window again. Her foot continued to tap the floor; her fingers twisted and untwisted like writhing living things. I could see her bosom rise and fall rapidly; her breath came in short, hard gasps. When I wasn't expecting it she rounded on me again, with flames in her eyes like those in a small tigress'.

"You're saying all that to frighten me; but ——"

"I'm saying it because it's true. If it frightens you ——"

"But it doesn't."

"Then I've done neither good nor harm."

"I've a right to be happy."

"Certainly, if you can be happy that way."

"And I can."

"Then there's no more to be said. We can only agree with you. If you can be happy when you've Mr. Brokenshire on your mind, as you must have whether he's alive or dead—and if you can be happy when you've desecrated all the things your people and your country look to a woman in your position to uphold—then I don't think anyone will say you nay."

"Well, why shouldn't I be happy?" she demanded, as if I was withholding from her something that was her right. "Other women ——"

"Yes, Mrs. Brokenshire, other women besides you have tried the experiment of Anna Karénina ——"

"What's that?"

I gave her the gist of Tolstoi's romance—the woman who is married to an old man and runs away with a young one, living to see him weary of the position in which she places him, and dying by her own act.

As she listened attentively I went on before she could object to my parable.

"It all amounts to the same thing. There's no happiness except in right; and no right that doesn't sooner or later—sooner rather than later—end in happiness. You've told me more than once you didn't believe that; and if you don't I can't help it."

I fell back in my seat, because for the moment I was exhausted. It was not merely the actual situation that took the strength out of me, but what I dreaded when the man came for his prize from the smoking car. I might count on Larry Strangways to aid me then, but as yet he had not recognized my struggle by so much as glancing round.

Nor had I known till this minute how much I cared for the little creature before me, or how deeply I pitied the man she was deserting. I could see her as happier conditions would have made her, and him as he might have become if his nature had not been warped by pride. Any impulse to strike back at him had long ago died within me. It might as well have died, since I never had the nerve to act on it even when I had the chance.

She turned on me again with unexpected fierceness:

"It doesn't matter whether I believe all those things or not—now. It's too late. I've left home. I've—I've gone away with him."

Though I felt like a spent prize fighter forced back into the ring, I raised myself in my chair. I even smiled dimly in an effort to be encouraging.

"You've left home and you've gone away; but you won't have gone away with him till—till you've actually joined him."

"I've actually joined him already. His things are there beside that chair." She nodded backward. "By the time we've passed Providence he'll be—he'll be getting ready to come for me."

I said more significantly than I really understood:

"But we haven't passed Providence as yet."

To this she seemingly paid no attention, nor did I give it much myself.

"When he comes," she exclaimed lyrically, "it will be like a marriage ——"

I ventured much as I interrupted.

"No, it will never be like a marriage. There'll be too much that's unholy in it all for anything like a true marriage ever to become possible, not even if death or divorce—and it will probably be the one or the other—were to set you free."

That she found these words arresting I could tell by the stunned way in which she stared.

"Death or divorce!" she echoed after long waiting. "He—he may divorce me quietly—I hope he will—but—but he won't—he won't die."

"He'll die if you kill him," I declared grimly. I continued to be grim. "He may die before long, whether you kill him or not—the chances are that he will. But living or dead, as I've said already, he'll stand between you and anything you look for as happiness—after to-night."

She threw herself back into the depths of her chair and moaned. Luckily there was no one near enough to observe the act. As we talked in low tones we could not be heard above the rattle of the train, and I think I passed as a companion or trained nurse in attendance on a nervous invalid.

"Oh, what's the use?" she exclaimed at last in a fit of desperation. "I've done it. It's too late. Everyone will know I've gone away—even if I get out at Providence."

I am sorry to have to admit that the suggestion of getting out at Providence startled me. I had been so stupid as not to think of it, even when I had made the remark that we had not as yet passed that town. All I had foreseen was the struggle at the end of the journey, when Larry Strangways and I should have to fight for this woman with the powers of darkness, as in medieval legends angels and devils fought over a contested soul.

I took up the idea with an enthusiasm I tried to conceal beneath a smile of engaging sweetness. "They may know that you've gone away; but they can also know that you've gone away with me."

"With you? You're going to Boston."

"I could wait till to-morrow. If you wanted to get off at Providence I could do it too."

"But I don't want to. I couldn't let him expect to find me here—and then discover that I wasn't."

"He would be disappointed at that, of course," I reasoned, "but he wouldn't take it as the end of all things. If you got off at Providence there would be nothing irrevocable in that step, whereas there would be in your going on. You could go away with him later if you found you had to do it; but if you continue to-night you can never come back again. Don't you see? Isn't it worth turning over in your mind a second time—especially as I'm here to help you? If you're meant to be a Madeline Pyne or an Anna Karénina, you'll get another opportunity."

"Oh, no, I shan't," she sobbed. "If I don't go on to-night, he'll never ask me again."

"He may never ask you again in this way: but isn't it possible that there may eventually be other ways? Don't make me put that into plainer words. Just wait. Let life take charge of it." I seized both her hands. "Darling Mrs. Brokenshire, you don't know yourself. You're too fine to be ruined; you're too exquisite to be just thrown away. Even the hungry, passionate love of the man in the smoking car must see that and know it. If he comes back here and finds you gone—or imagines that you never came at all—he'll only honor and love you the more, and go on wanting you still. Come with me. Let us go. We can't be far from Providence now. I can take care of you. I know just what we ought to do. I didn't come here to sit beside you of my own free will; but since I am here doesn't it seem to you as if—as if I had been sent?"

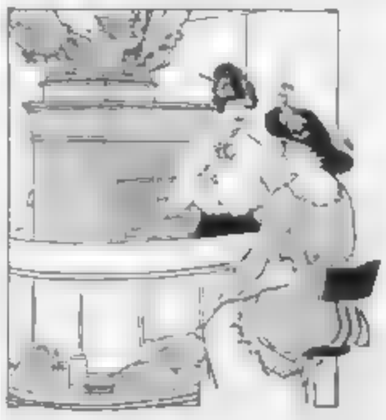
As she was sobbing too unrestrainedly to say anything in words I took the law into my own hands. The porter had already begun dusting the dirt from the passengers who were to descend at Providence on to those who were going to Boston. Making my way up to him I had the inspiration to say:

"The old lady I'm with isn't quite so well, and we're going to stop here for the night."

He grinned, with a fine show of big white teeth.

(Continued on Page 38)

The White Box With The Red Seal



shown here contains a certain quality of face powder which has pleased millions of women every year since 1866. It is—

Henry Tetlow's

Swan Down

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

For the Complexion

It is inexpensive enough to be used generously these warm days. It will make sunburned face and arms feel comfortable.

You'll like the transparency and the downy softness of it.

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Every Druggist Sells It.

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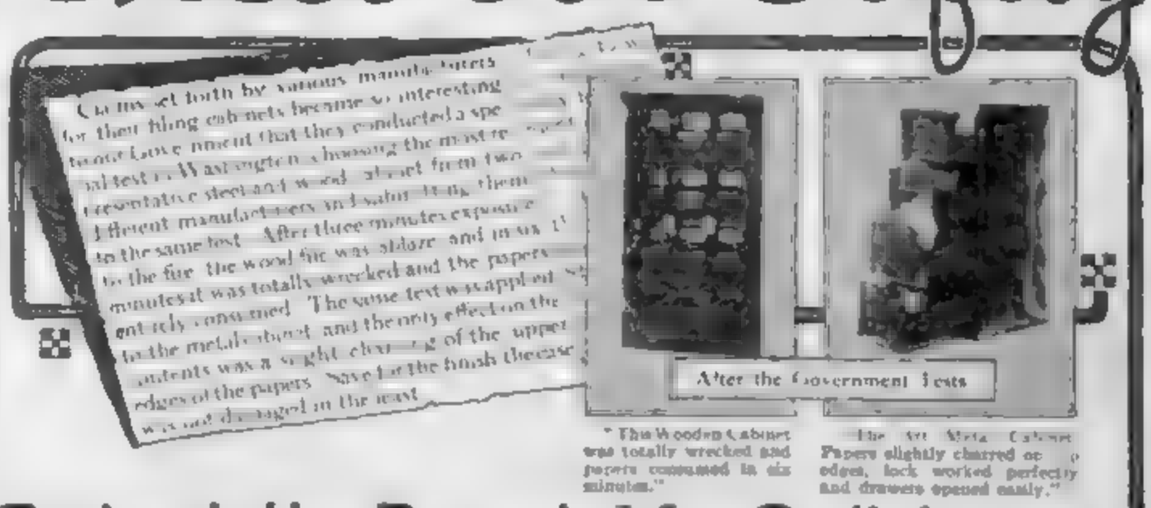


"This Wooden Cabinet was totally wrecked and papers consumed in six minutes."

The Art Metal Cabinet Papers slightly charred on edges, lock worked perfectly and drawers opened easily."

Protect the Records You Can't Insure

The Government—by the tests described above—has proved for you that the only way to protect the records you can't insure is to file them behind the STEEL walls of

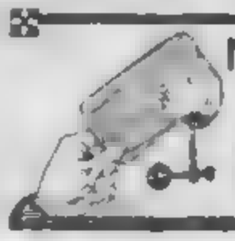
Art Metal

Steel Office Furniture & Files

—that won't warp, stick nor burn; that save 20% floor space, and glide with rubber-tired ease in sunny days, damp days, or rainy days!

The Art Metal Store in your city is demonstrating in July why Summer is the time to *take the step to steel*. Send for the address, and for the new business guide: "Protecting Records You Can't Insure." Write for your free copy now.

Art Metal Construction Co., Inc.
127 Metallic Avenue Jamestown, N. Y.



Make This Fire Test Yourself!

Hold an Art Metal Steel-grained panel over a gas jet—try to burn it. Or try to warp it by dipping it in water or soak the finish by bending it back and forth. Send the coupon for two panels, free. They show the Art Metal finishes that are more beautiful than wood.

Rip Off This Coupon

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Victor Sup

he right partner, a smooth floor and the Victrola!

The instrument that is always ready
oblige with the best dance music;
—that plays itself and permits every
e to dance;
—that keeps right on playing as long
any one wants to dance.

Are you familiar with the delights of dancing to the music of the Victrola? Go to any Victor 's and ask to hear some Victor Dance Records. He will gladly play the newest dance music for and demonstrate the various styles of the Victor and Victrola—$10 to $400.

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Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Now Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 1st of each month

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Victrola XVII, electric, $300
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1—Patent "Hold all" forged steel jaws.
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4—Boxed ratchet and patent non-loosening chuck screw
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H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 55 Large Cities

COVERS THE CONTINENT

(Continued from Page 35)

"All right, lady; I'll take care of you. Cranky old bunch, ain't she? Handle a good many like that between Boston and Ne' Yawk."

Mrs. Brokenshire made no resistance when I fastened the lighter of her two veils about her head, folding the other and putting it away. Neither did she resist when I drew her cloak about her and put on my own coat.

But as the train drew into Providence station and she struggled to her feet in response to my touch on her arm, I was obliged to pull and drag and push her, till she was finally lifted to the platform.

Before leaving the car, however, I took time to glance at the English traveling cap. I noted then what I had noted throughout the journey. Not once did the head beneath it turn in my direction. Of whatever had happened since leaving the main station in New York, Larry Strangways could say that he was wholly unaware.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FIFI

(Continued from Page 5)

sleepy and swollen. So Fifi could not move now. But he eyed Busch gummily. So did the others, Mrs. Ulch especially.

"You have heard? You know the news?" inquired Busch.

Boor! How clumsily he spoke! How stupidly! As if all hadn't heard the splendid tidings!

"Ha, ha!" cried Mr. Ulch as he filled himself another glass; "that's what we're celebrating. Take a glass, Busch!"

But Busch again shook his head. The face of his son, at the instant, twitched as with a spasm.

"No," said Busch slowly; "I drink no wine to that. I am a man; and down below, deep down, women and children lie tonight. My war was not with them. No"—said Busch, his voice so labored and vulgar, among these fine folk—"no, for down below lie women, under the waters, and little children too."

Children? Fifi pricked up his pretty ears. This he hadn't understood before; and awake, eager, he yelped excitedly.

"There, there, Baby Boy!" soothed Mrs. Ulch.

But Fifi was not to be quieted. Remain quiet when this, the so-wonderful news, grew more wonderful yet? He slid quickly to the floor. Unable to stand, he could only lie on his fat, cunning little stomach, wheezing and sneezing. Children, eh?

But enough! Open amusement now began to greet Busch's stupid mumbling, the guests tittering with well-bred merriment. The son grasped the father by the arm.

"Come!" he urged.

Busch did not seem to hear. He was still mumbling, saying over and over his ridiculous speech, when the son nudged him toward the door.

"Come, we will go, father. This house is not a house of ours. These are not our people. Come!"

So out at the door they went, the lout leading his parent. What a burst of laughter followed! One could not be angry at such dolts—one only could be amused. But what fatheads! As if aught counted when all in the world was for the shining glory of the so-sunlike ones whose portraits looked down from upon the wall! Under the table Fifi still wheezed and sniffled. Children, eh?

Hearing him, Mrs. Ulch gave a cry of alarm:

"Papa, papa, close the window! My Baby Boy catches a cold!"

Indeed, drafts were bad for Fifi. Mrs. Ulch always was alarmed for him.

But the Buschs—that was the last Mr. and Mrs. Ulch had to do with the pair. Only once Fifi was to lay eyes on them again. As that event ends the story of Fifi one must needs hasten toward it.

After the Great Event and the dinner that celebrated it, life at the flat grew more and more animated. The men still came; the bags they took away were numerous. These still were a great mystery that Fifi meant some day to solve; but now it could wait. What still absorbed him was his plan to do for the poodle and the bull. He was absorbed also in a new hate the Ulchs seemed to have taken on.

The old hate—that divine emotion—the Ulchs, of course, still had. Every morning when they rose they observed the rite faithfully. But as the months passed, as a year followed, then another went, the day's holy service was extensively added to. These additions seemed to have grown out of the Great Event. The Buschs, in fact, had not been the only stupids; it appeared the world was filled with fools; and these and the Buschs, the son especially, the Ulchs included in the morning's divine rite.

Mr. Ulch's teeth could be heard to grit themselves together; and at this, as at a signal, Fifi would rush delightedly under the bed; then rush forth, a dirty rag in his teeth. Mr. Ulch had taught him this. The rag had red-and-white stripes with a blotch of sickly blue in the corner; and, while Mr. Ulch held one end, Fifi would tear at the other. When they tired of the sport Mr. Ulch would wipe his shoes neatly on the rag, after which he would breakfast, then get ready for the daily visitors.

In the dining room the ceremony was new, too, now. When the glasses were filled Mr. Ulch would raise his to the two portraits; then with his thumb he would point to the ground:

"To the other Day—The Day here!" he would say.

How they would all boom! It was as if they meant to rip the linings out of their throats. Eventually Fifi grasped the meaning. It was The Day when this vulgar, low-lived place would be changed swiftly, as he wished, into a fine, beautiful land—all a part of that so-beautiful Pomerania. That was it! The excitement of it was so stirring that Fifi was made ill by it.

"Papa, papa!" Mrs. Ulch cried, frightened. "Mamma's Baby's sick!"

Snatching him up in her arms, mamma pressed Fifi frantically to her breast.

"Baby! Oh, my Baby Child!"

Frightened for her darling, she pressed her lips to his. Fifi wheezed thickly, licking mamma's mouth. But the illness was nothing. In little or no time Fifi was able to sit up and eat regularly with mamma the five or six meals she ate each day.

Gradually Fifi determined what he must do. Mannl and John Michael, the Buschs' two dogs, he had not forgotten; and if only he could get out of the flat, get away once by himself, he must hunt them up, making sure to show them what to do. But to get out was difficult. Mamma did not like Baby Boy to be out by himself—he might fall ill again or get hurt. Besides, Mr. Ulch was now particular not only to keep the front door shut but to lock it carefully.

Curious! Every once in a while during the day Mr. Ulch would tiptoe to the door, try the key, then stand there, his ear pressed to the panel. He had grown very quiet lately. He always was listening, and sudden noises startled him. Out in the street, too, he no longer shouldered the rabble out of his way. When he went out he crept along back streets, casting behind him as he went quick, searching glances. The bags, too, he kept hidden now. They were put in all sorts of secret places—under the beds, in Mrs. Ulch's trunk, behind the clothes in the closets. But never mind! Every time that Fifi got a glimpse from his window of the poodle and the bull he nearly went mad. If only he could get out, get at them—that is, get Männl and John Michael after the two! The opportunity came at last. The May morning—for it was May again—dawned bright and beautiful; and the instant Mr. Ulch opened his eyes he leaped up from his bed. This morning Mr. Ulch omitted his prayers. He did not stop even to grit his teeth a little, but hurrying to the window he cautiously parted the shade and applied his eye to the slit. The instant he did so a cry escaped Mr. Ulch; and shrinking back, his face blanched, he turned to Mrs. Ulch.

"They're there!" he whispered. "Two of them!"

Mrs. Ulch gave a cry then too. Leaping out of bed she also hurried to the window and applied her eye to the slit. Once she had done so Mrs. Ulch also turned ghastly. It astonished Fifi to see them.

Running to the window he leaped on a chair and peeped. Not much was to be seen, however. Down the Drive, streaming from many windows, were a lot of striped rags; all similar to the one Fifi had under the bed; but this was nothing. Of late a lot of rags like that had been hanging out. As usual, too, somewhere in the distance he

could hear music—the strains of a band playing a vulgar, ridiculous air, the silly words of which went:

There'll be a hot time, a hot time,
In the old town to-night

The only other thing Fifi noticed was a couple of men standing across the way in the park. They had on soft hats and they were looking up at the Ulchs' windows. Fifi snarled, showing his teeth, just as he did at every stranger; but then these two couldn't mean anything. Lowborn louts, as these fellows showed by their clothes they were, wouldn't worry Mr. Ulch.

Fifi leaped down from the chair. Both Mr. and Mrs. Ulch still were gazing at each other, their lips drawn back, all their teeth showing. This, however, was not the regular morning hate; it was something different. But as Mr. and Mrs. Ulch began slowly to grit their teeth together Fifi thought it was. Darting under the bed, he snatched up the striped rag, and, yelping delightedly, ran to Mr. Ulch. To his astonishment Mr Ulch did not even notice him. Nor did Mrs. Ulch either.

"The bags!" she gasped. "If they should find them!"

Mr. Ulch gasped too.

"It means the rope!" Fifi heard him wheeze; and Mrs. Ulch began to cry. Choking, she said something about her throat—her pretty, soft, fat neck. "Shut up! Mine too!" said Mr. Ulch. He gulped thickly, a dry sob escaping him.

After that all was haste and confusion in the flat. Without waiting to dress Mr. and Mrs. Ulch began to run to and fro. The floor quaked with their tread; and Mrs. Ulch was wailing softly, sobs catching in her throat. Mr. Ulch, his lips blue, was sweating.

From under the beds, from the closets and behind the clothes they began to pull out the bags. Each they opened, taking out the contents; and these Fifi for the first time saw now. They were queer pieces of machinery, like clockwork. To each bit of clockwork was attached a long narrow parcel wrapped in oiled paper. They were something like candles, something like yellow sausages also. Mr. Ulch separated them gingerly from the clockwork machines; then hurriedly, fiercely, he began to break up the machines, meaning evidently to get rid of them.

One of the bags, when it was pulled out from under the bed, fell open, and out of it rolled one of the yellow sausages. Fifi sniffed at the thing. It was oily, and out of one end of it hung a string just like a sausage string; yet the thing wasn't a sausage. However, it looked like it enough to be one, and he began to nibble at the end. Mr. Ulch didn't see this. He was still busy breaking up the clockworks.

The task seemed to grieve him greatly. As he said, what a pity to have all this fine work go to waste. The regret, too, made Mrs. Ulch weep anew. As Fifi inferred, it was these so-beautiful things that so often had given joy to her and Mr. Ulch. They were, in fact, still speaking sadly of this pleasure when Fifi, the yellow sausage-thing in his mouth, ran out from under the bed.

"Yes, two hundred women!" Mr. Ulch was saying, when Mrs. Ulch gave a piercing shriek. "Papa, papa!"

She pointed at Fifi, and Mr. Ulch, too, gave a cry, at the same time turning blue to the lips. To Fifi's unutterable amazement and dismay Mr. Ulch aimed a kick at him that, had it landed, would have crushed Fifi to a pulp. But, dodging the kick, Fifi dropped his yellow plaything and scuttled like a spider under the bed.

It was at this instant that the bedroom door, closed and securely locked, was burst in with a tremendous crash.

The crash, the rattle of splintered wood—this and the fact that Mr. Ulch had just aimed a frightful kick at Fifi—made Baby Boy feel that the world had come to its end. But no! Fifi lived, and was unhurt. That was of course the one thing to be thought about; and, peeping from under the bed, he looked on at what was happening. A half-dozen men had come tumbling through the broken doorway. At their head, curiously, were the two he had seen across the park just now; and as Mrs. Ulch stood there, wringing her hands and shrieking, one grappled with her while the other grappled with Mr. Ulch.

Fifi didn't wait for any more. It was no place for him, he saw; and, darting out from under the bed, he leaped through the broken door, then fled down the hall. The hall door was open, too, and Fifi sped on. Out in the hall he took to the stairs and rushed madly down the steps. All the time he was snarling to himself. The idea of those men daring to break in and frighten him like that! The Ulchs he did not think about now. Let Ulch look out for himself. Hadn't he done his best to kick Fifi? Of course Ulch was mad—the whole world was mad! If it wasn't, why should it treat Fifi like this?

Fifi wept a little for himself. His round, expressive eyes, pale and as bright and pretty as a rat's, welled over with emotion. How hard was the world to Fifi! How harsh and cruel! But the harsh cruelty of the world Fifi had yet to feel in full. He had yet to taste the full depths of its bitterness. Whimpering and wheezing to himself, he went hopping down the stairs; then, when he had reached the street floor, he fled onward and out to the street. There he halted abruptly. The street was filled with people; a great crowd lined the way. The band, the one Fifi already had heard, had come nearer now. It had turned the corner, playing its ridiculous tune; and behind it came a vast column of marching men. Fifi knew what the men were. How Mr. Ulch had laughed and sneered when he saw such! "Cannon fodder!" he termed them. However, it was not this that made Fifi halt. It was neither the band, the crowds nor the marching men that made him pause.

Across the way, looking on, were the bull and the poodle. With them—was he mad? Had the skies fallen?—were Männl and John Michael! Cheek by jowl, they all stood there together, as if at peace—friends!

The world in that instant reeled about Fifi. All else he forgot but the sight of those four standing there in amity; yet even now he could not understand. Was all that fine hate he had been at such pains to teach to be wasted? Was this all that he had accomplished? Why weren't the two fools, the dachshund and that other clumsy one, the tawny fellow, gripping those two others by the throat?

Down the street came the band. The crowd had begun to cheer. Across the way now for the first time Fifi saw someone else he knew. It was Busch. As the band passed, the column following it carrying another of those dirty striped rags, Busch's hat came off. That wasn't all either. His face was lifted, it was shining brightly, while down his cheeks, as he smiled, tears fell softly. The man carrying that rag, the flag, was the clown, Busch's son. His face, too, was shining, lighted raptly with a smile. Father and son saluted as the boy and the flag went by.

Fifi waited for no more. Across the street were those pig dogs; that was enough. They must fight—he'd see to that! In his rage, foaming, snapping and snarling, he darted across, making straight for the two dogs standing there at Busch's feet. The band blared. The crowd roared its cheers. The street shook with the tramp! tramp! tramp! of the marching men. Poor Fifi! Poor Baby Boy! How fierce, how heroic he looked in his small fierce way! All the world he meant to change. The whole universe was to be changed and shaped by him to a world like that so-beautiful Pomerania. There, in that world, all would be taught to reverence the highborn, the noble, God's wonderful creatures like himself. All would be shaped to suit his likes, his wishes, which, divine, had been divinely willed. And then ——

Then what? Well, it is incredible. One hardly can wonder that Fifi felt that what he suspected was right—that all the world, in fact, had gone mad. He leaped at John Michael first, then Männl, biting at their heels to rouse them, to make them fight; then all Fifi's world, the life and philosophy that went with it, burst, ripped asunder, went up in dust. Together John Michael and Mannl turned on Fifi! There was a yelp, a shrill, ratlike squeal, and ——

Mr. Busch was speaking to the policeman who had come up:

"Mad, I think—yes. I know his master, and he, too, is mad. He himself was bitten with it."

"You mean perhaps this rat-hound bit him?" inquired the bluecoat. Busch pondered gravely.

"Well, not just the dog perhaps, but something, someone like him. I myself almost was bitten."

A street sweeper was just putting Fifi's form into a near-by ash can.

"Lucky for you you wasn't!" said the policeman; and Busch nodded.

"Praise God—yes!" he said.

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That quality is variously called endurance, stamina, long life, vitality. It is, in a word, *mileage*.

Mileage—the service delivered upon the road—the motorist's actual return for the money he invests—this at the last inevitably determines any tire's efficiency or incompetence, economy or extravagance.

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And this is the capital recommendation for Goodyear Cord Tires.

From many quarters, in many ways, we hear much of Goodyear Cords' advantages in ease of riding, fuel and power-saving, increased speed and freedom from trouble.

But from *all* quarters, we hear more of Goodyear Cords' advantages in prolonged usefulness, in slow and stubborn wear, in lasting efficiency—in *mileage*.

The fine-car makers who use Goodyear Cords as standard equipment for their product, tell us they hear the same.

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Everywhere in America, over whatever roads and under whatever conditions, Goodyear Cords do deliver miles—pleasanter miles, safer miles, surer miles, *more* miles.

Of course there is a reason for this—a definite and compelling reason. It is found in the peculiar construction of Goodyear Cords, a construction originated by Goodyear.

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Each cord and each layer separately is insulated and upholstered with a cushion of quick rubber, each cord and each layer is free to move under strain without contact, without friction.

Unlike the fabric tire, the Goodyear Cord does not thud into obstructions, but rather flows over them, absorbing the shock into its own resilience, the cords and layers exercising swiftly to the inequalities of the road.

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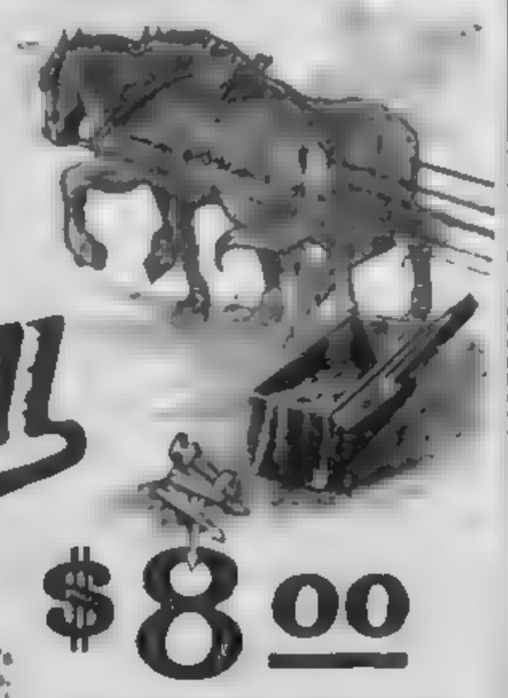

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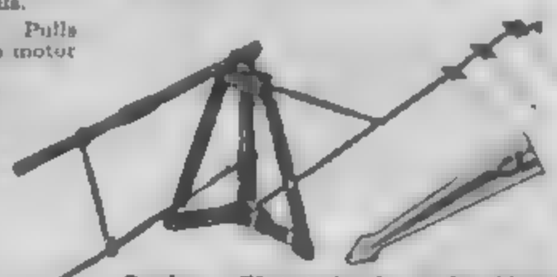

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WITHIN THE SWIRL

(Continued from Page 11)

Père Larouette now lost his head. He sprang forward, placed himself in front of the mayor. He snapped his fingers, he threw back his head, and the medal of 1870 vibrated on his chest.

"You were held," he shrilled, "by two hundred chasseurs! For two hours you were held back by two hundred chasseurs—by two hundred little chasseurs!"

"You will all be shot in the morning," said the general. And the guard took them back to their prison.

Meanwhile Pierre had found the principal problem of his life solved most miraculously. The evening of the day on which his father had been called away—to help at the town hall in the distribution of food to refugees, he had been told—Pierre spent in the kitchen where—with the house full of quartered German officers—Celestine, the cook, was cooking, and Clementine, the maid, was waiting; both of them grumblingly. No one asked him to go to bed till very late; and then, when his mother came herself for him, he found that his bed had been moved to her room, by the side of her big bed—a most delicious arrangement. The following day he spent also in the kitchen. This was not so interesting as it had been on the previous evening. Even a kitchen can become an old story. Besides, the rest of the house, shut to him, was filled with sounds that demanded investigation—trampings of heavy boots, draggings of sabers, crashes of carelessly handled crockery. And sometimes, when the kitchen door was hurriedly opened and shut to let Clementine out with a platter of dishes, one caught a glimpse of a spiked helmet.

When the second evening came he found his bed again side by side with his mother's. The novelty of the situation, however, was wearing; as he sank to sleep he was beginning to yearn dimly for the presence of his father. And then, in the middle of the night, everything became incredibly worse. He found himself awake in the middle of the night. He was not in his bed. He was across his mother's bed; he was in her arms. He was in her arms, and she was pressing him fiercely, and kissing him, and weeping and weeping. Terrified, he shut his eyes and pretended to be asleep. It was difficult to pretend sleep. She would seize him violently, and kiss him, kiss him, kiss him—hard kisses that burned. Then she would let him go, and he would lie across the bed, utterly abandoned a while. Then she would seize him again. And all the time she was weeping.

At length she became more quiet. She placed him back in his bed, tucked him in carefully; she kissed him on the forehead, and blew out the little sputtering night lamp. For a long time as he lay there in the tight covers his heart beat like a hammer against his bones.

When he awoke at dawn, because a bird was twittering at the window, the big bed by his side was empty. He sprang out of his own and dressed, not forgetting, in his hurry, his colored fireman's belt. As he stole down the stairs he was on his way to his refuge of the last two days—to the kitchen where, no doubt, he would find his mother, and Celestine and Clementine. But as he reached the hall an accidental circumstance diverted him. The front door was open on the street, and for the moment no one was about. Immediately there came to him an impulse to make a run for his father at the town hall, and before any contradictory urge had time to seize him he had slipped out and was in the street.

This was the main street. But in a moment he had turned at right angles into a smaller thoroughfare which led to the town hall. He went along swiftly, close to the wall. But his unimpeded course was short. Coming the other way, toward him, was a German soldier, a big lout in his shirt sleeves, carrying in each hand a great pail full of milk. As Pierre neared, the man raised both arms, with the pails at each end, in a barrier and made a horrible grimace. Pierre, loping like a jackrabbit, threw himself into a small alley to his right. He reached the end in a few leaps; then, by turning to the left, was in another side street parallel to the one he had just left. Before him, not far away, were green fields, the open country. He made for that; soon he was stretched, panting, among big cabbages.

He remained there while his breath returned, and with it the power to think. Then he crept through the field, along the outside of the village, till he was even with the street from which he had been driven by the soldier. There, from behind a big beet as behind a rampart, unseen he could look down the street to the town hall, about a hundred yards away. After some time the sun rose; and simultaneously there was a stirring of troops in the little plaza fronting the hall. A company marched in and separated into two platoons, each of which made a line on one side of the door. And the door opened, and down the steps came the mayor, the *adjoint*, Monsieur Armand, the butcher, the *garde-champêtre*, Monsieur le Curé—and his father. Pierre's heart began again to beat hard. Something was happening—he didn't know just what—but something.

As his father and the other civilians reached the bottom of the steps they were between the two lines of soldiers. The two lines became a square and began to march, the civilians walking in their midst. They marched down the street along which Pierre was looking, away from Pierre. But when they reached the main street they turned to the left, into it. Pierre immediately set off through the fields, running a course parallel to that of the main street, but outside of the town. He came to another of the small cross streets and waited, looking along its length to its intersection with the main street. And sure enough, there they came—the soldiers, then his father and his friends, then more soldiers. Pierre ran on to the next cross street. Again, in a little while, they passed—the soldiers, his father and his friends, the soldiers. Pierre ran on. Three times more, sighting along a small cross street, he saw the group pass. And then there was no other cross street; the village ended there.

All this time, as he ran, Pierre had had the town to his right. To his left the fields rose to a ridge topped by woods. Pierre now took up this slope till he was among the trees, and it was from this position that, from behind the foliage, he saw the soldiers and the hostages emerge from the town and walk on along the open road. Moving along the ridge he held even with them. They went on thus for a quarter of a mile, till they came to the village cemetery. There they stopped. The soldiers turned to the left, into the field to the west of the cemetery, and lined up facing the western wall. And the hostages, under a small detail, were led right up against that little whitewashed wall.

Pierre moved on till the cemetery was between him and the soldiers, then ran down the slope to its northern wall, climbed to the top and dropped within the inclosure. Everything was very still within here, under the heavy weight of the great cannonade to the south. Orienting himself, Pierre went on—across graves, dried wreaths and flowers—crawling toward the western wall, panting, crying a bit now and then with the soft eager whine of a puppy dog. A certitude of something terribly wrong now filled him utterly, and he fell, and barked his shins and skinned his hands in his haste. Now and then, stronger than all other emotions, a great fear seized him; and then he stopped, and thought of his belt, and apostrophized himself: "*Un pompier, ça n'a jamais peur!*"

Thus he neared the western wall, and as he did so caught sight of a door in it—an old, moldy, moss-grown door, partly open there in the wall. He made for it. It had not moved for long on its torn hinges; high grass grew along its bulging boards. He dropped into this high grass and guardedly peered out. And but a few feet away, so near he could have touched the hem of his frock coat, his father stood—with the others. Pierre flattened himself still closer to the ground. Now that he was here he did not know what to do.

The hostages had reached this place in fair condition. It may be the truth that Death, once it confronts us with utter decision, leaving in the heart not the slightest vestige of hope, bears then a mien much more gracious than ever we imagined before. Also, even to the least literate of these hostages, there had come visions. Hazy but splendid memories stirred in their brains; resounding names passed overhead like bugle calls—Bara, Viala, Jeanne d'Arc, the Chevalier de la Tour d'Auvergne, the burghers of Calais. Or perhaps it was all

(Continued on Page 44)

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(Continued from Page 42)

still more simple than that, and the abruptness of the catastrophe, this sudden flip-flop from routine life to heroic tragedy had placed them in a daze which made of everything that happened a dream. Anyway they had walked between the marching soldiers in an easy group, like gentlemen out on a morning stroll, or a committee out to inspect a field the municipality will buy. Monsieur Armand rubbed his hands as he went, and shrunk his body before the attack of the sun and the air; the mayor, politician with something of the actor in him, delivered himself now and then of a hollow platitude, immediately echoed by the *adjoint*, rodent in the shadow of the mighty. The notary walked severe and stiff; the priest read his breviary with murmuring lips, insulating himself from the beauty of the land as from temptation. It was a beautiful morning too. Beneath the rumble of the tremendous cannonade to the south, which filled the sky as with an invisible, shivering iron curtain, a great peace lived. Birds twittered; there were small squeaks in the stubble; red poppies swung to little zephyrs about the hayricks; and in the clear, baby-blue sky one dazzlingly white cloud was slowly floating. A hare once darted across the road, and Père Larouette, gamekeeper, followed his jumps over the fields with eyes in which lurked a curious longing. Of all the company only the butcher gave concern. His full face was congested with blood; his nostrils were opened wide; and he blew through them as does an ox suspicious of where he is being led.

Now they stood at their appointed end, against the cemetery's whitewashed wall—but still there was about them no visible turmoil of haste and of murder. The company of German soldiers was out there in the field, lined up, with arms stacked; through the ranks there seemed to be going on some leisurely process of selection for the firing squad. The captain in charge, meanwhile, walked nervously up and down between the soldiers and the hostages, stroking a small blond mustache and stopping once in a while in a listening attitude.

What he listened to was what the hostages were listening to. Now that they had stopped, and stood in the perfect quiet of the crystalline morning, they had become once more aware of the great cannonade to the south, and vividly aware of something which, all this time, they had been feeling subconsciously—that this terrific iron storming had risen, had approached, since the preceding day.

"It is much louder, gentlemen," said the notary, thus giving official sanction, as it were, to what was in the mind of all.

"The wind perhaps has changed," said Père Larouette, and turned his little goatee up toward the sky. The others followed his gesture, and they all stood looking up to the sky.

"But no," said Père Larouette in a muffled voice. "The wind is from the north; it is against the cannonade!"

They were all silent, looking at each other.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," said the notary after a moment, "can you remember, can any of you remember, how the wind was yesterday?"

They frowned in an effort to remember, but without result till Père Larouette suddenly gave a low shout.

"I remember!" he said excitedly. "I looked at the top of the schoolhouse yesterday. The weathercock was turned this way—the wind was from the south! It brought the cannonade!"

Again there was a long silence while they looked at each other, then at the soldiers and the captain. The captain was still at his nervous pacing; and at the end of each of his movements to and fro he paused and listened, and seemed to be examining the sky as one does for a storm. The choosing of the execution squad was going on in the ranks; six men stood out already, in front of the deployed company.

"Gentlemen!" said the notary in that low tone which enveloped the hostages in a privacy and dignity of their own, "Gentlemen! Yesterday the wind was with the cannonade. To-day it is against it. Yet to-day the cannonade is louder than it was yesterday."

At these words their hearts began to beat very fast.

"France," said the notary, "is making a good fight."

"We'll crush the graybacks yet!" cried Père Larouette.

The butcher, meanwhile, had been standing as though stunned, breathing heavily out of his distended nostrils. Now he broke abruptly into violent speech.

"We, we, we!" he jeered heavily. "*We*—what kind of a joke is that? *We* won't be here! You won't be here, you won't be here, you won't be here!" he bellowed lugubriously, pointing to each of the hostages in turn.

And he stood breathing hard, swaying a bit toward the Germans as if about to charge them. The others tried to ignore this outbreak, as one in a drawing-room refuses to notice a faux pas.

The captain, in the meantime, was clearly being unnerved by this mysterious rise in the cannons' thunder. He turned to his company, called out a few words, and almost instantaneously the firing squad was completed. Twelve men, under a *Feldwebel*, marched forward and halted between the company and the group against the white wall.

"Twelve!" muttered Père Larouette. "Twelve, and we are seven—just enough to make a botch of the job!"

But now again there came a delay—a delay caused by a little scene which doubtless could have happened only in France. The village—as many other French villages—had been torn by a feud between the freethinkers, headed by the municipal officers, and the Catholics, led by the priest. Now the mayor stepped toward the latter, reached out his hand, and said:

"Monsieur le Curé, I have fought you harshly at times. I have teased you. I have forbidden processions and the ringing of bells. At this moment those things about which we have quarreled seem to possess little importance. Monsieur le Curé, I wish to beg your pardon."

And the *adjoint* to the mayor also stepped up and said:

"Monsieur le Curé, I too—I plagued you with my little tricks. I beg your pardon."

This flustered the good priest very much and recalled him to his duty.

"*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!*" he said. "Here I was selfishly thinking of my soul alone, and forgetting the others! Monsieur le Maire, Monsieur l'Adjoint, it is I who beg pardon humbly. I have treated you harshly from the pulpit—with scandalous harshness. I have lain awake nights planning how I could annoy you and bring upon myself the martyr's crown. But now—ah, now we are but little shivering sheep on the verge of the great deliverance. And it is you who recall me to my duty. Monsieur le Maire, Monsieur l'Adjoint, Monsieur le Notaire, and you, Gilbert, Père Larouette, Monsieur Armand—I wish to shrive you all, give you absolution, and send you pure to the good God."

Here occurred the absurd—and admirable—part of the incident. At the word "absolution" the notary fell into a grave consideration, and when he spoke his tone was such that from the first words all knew that what he said had been well weighed and would not be changed.

"Monsieur le Curé," he said gently but firmly, "my years number over three-score. I have been a freethinker for almost half a century. Monsieur le Curé, one does not change one's convictions at my age!"

The mayor took in this attitude, immediately liked it and imitated it.

"It is the same with me, Monsieur le Curé. Freethinker I have lived, freethinker I die."

"Me too," said the little *adjoint*.

The priest bowed and did not insist, but turned to the others.

"I am an old soldier," said Père Larouette. I must admit I have not been very assiduous at the mass, Monsieur le Curé. I have forgotten my prayers, and a good civet of hare has often been my portion on lean Friday. Nevertheless, it had always been my intention to die in the old church. And—here I am, Monsieur le Curé!"

The priest took him aside, and confessed him and absolved him. He shrived Monsieur Armand, who had always been a good Catholic, and then the butcher Gilbert, who did not seem to know just what was taking place. He turned once more to the three recalcitrants.

"Gentlemen," he announced, "though it is against the rules of the church, if you will permit me, just to leave no possible chance untried I am going to give absolution to you also."

The mayor and his secretary looked to the notary for their cue. The notary bowed politely.

(Continued on Page 46)

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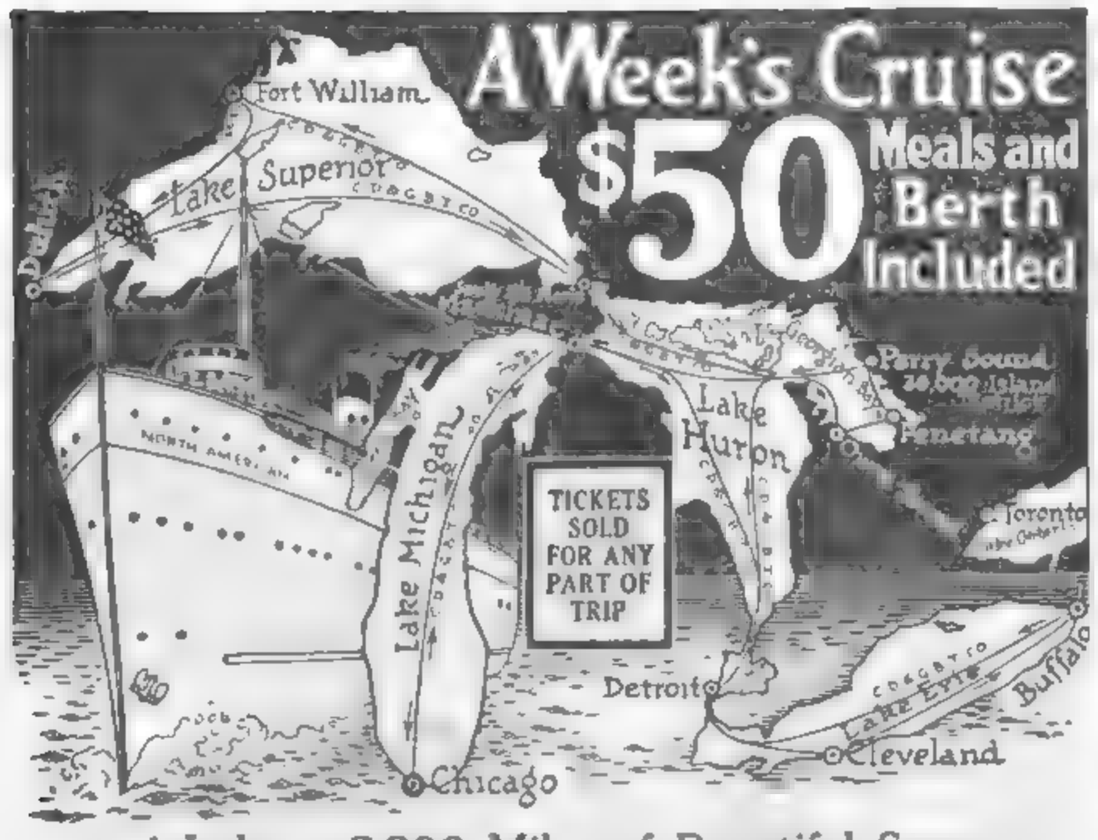

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(Continued from Page 44)

"You have our consent, Monsieur le Curé," he said. "Far be it from us to refuse such courtesy. Only, Monsieur le Curé, let us have no misunderstanding. We hold to our convictions. And should such—such—an—institution as that in which you believe really exist; should we find ourselves presently grouped at its gates, we shall have to ask you to speak to the keeper of said gates, and make it clear to him how we have arrived there. It would not do to enter under false pretenses."

"Obstinate ones!" said the priest, in a return of his old manner which he tempered immediately with a smile, and with a large gesture blessed them.

The hostages now drew together in a line against the white wall, thus signifying that they were ready. The executioners also were ready—the company at attention, the firing squad formed in front of it, the captain impatient. For the strange increase in the volume of the great artillery fire to the south was assuming the proportions of a portent, and for five minutes now another singular sound had mingled with it—a sort of dim human turbulence, coming from beyond the little town, similar to the roar of many supers, zealous behind the scenes. The captain spoke to the *Feld-webel*, who spoke to the squad.

But now the butcher, Gilbert, who had been acting strangely, began to mutter very fast:

"*Non, non, non; non, non, non;* not like that." And suddenly, before they could hold out a detaining arm, he had left the wall and was running across the field full tilt, head down and empty-handed, charging the squad, the captain and the company. The captain saw him, uttered a low-voiced word to the *Feld-webel*, and the raised rifles lowered. The captain watched the butcher coming in a detached manner, then, as he was very near, leveled his automatic and shot him through his butting head. He fell like an ox; his legs kicked twice; then he was still.

So far the hostages, facing a fate which they could not quite visualize, had held themselves very well. But now, at this perfectly physical shock of the sudden shot—at this brutal sight of death in an utterly concrete form—they began to tremble with all their limbs, and the captain saw that he must hasten indeed to prevent a painful scene. Once more he gave the word to the *Feld-webel*.

As he turned his eyes back to the hostages, however, he found the scene again transformed. Several paces in front of the hostages who were pasted against the wall, a little boy stood facing the firing squad—a little boy with a brilliant belt and a tam-o'-shanter, white-faced and vibrant as a tense string. Even as the captain caught sight of him the boy tore his tam from his head, slapped it to the ground at his feet, shook his brown hair free, and then magnificently shouted:

"You shan't shoot my papa! I forbid you! I forbid you!"

It was Pierre, who, having seen from his hiding place what had happened to the butcher, knew exactly now what awaited his father.

"Pierre," the notary called beseechingly. "Pierrot—go away quickly. Run back to the house, to your mother! Pierrot, I command you ——"

"I think your men can shoot over the boy's head," said the captain to the *Feld-webel*.

But just then Pierre's fine attitude broke. His tight little nerves snapped; turning suddenly, he streaked it for his father and leaped into his arms. His legs twined round the notary's spare frame; he clung to him like a frightened monkey. Then his grip changed. His hands took hold of the notary's head; slowly they drew the big head down against the small chest, and held it there. And the severe old man, half delirious with tenderness and horror, felt himself in the old sweet familiar grasp in which, so often, he had seen the child sink to sleep.

"*Monsieur l'officier!*" he appealed, trying to free himself. "*Monsieur l'officier,*" he cried, "I beg of you—just a minute! Just a minute to put the child where he will be safe; to place the child where he shall not see. *Monsieur l'officier*, I beseech you ——"

"Take that child away," said the captain to the *Feld-webel*.

The *Feld-webel*, with two men, started toward the notary, who was trying to free himself in gentleness from Pierre's tight grip. He took two steps, then stopped, hesitant.

What had made him stop was the extraordinary attitude of the hostages. Flat against the wall, they were not looking at the scene among them; they were looking straight ahead at the road leading to the town, looking out of eyes dilated wide with excitement and amaze. The *Feld-webel* turned and looked, just as the captain also turned and looked—and the road between the cemetery and the town, the quarter of a mile of road which all morning had been so empty, was now filled as a flooding river is filled, with a milling turmoil of running men, of German soldiers, some without their guns, without their helmets; others in the very act of throwing to the ground their guns and their sacks and their helmets as they ran—as they ran with clutching, outstretched hands, with terror-wild eyes, with slobbering mouths, as though thus they had run miles. A whole regiment was there—two, three; they spouted out of the town; they came flowing round its flanks, and behind, one guessed the pressure of an entire corps—an entire corps, utterly broken and routed, enveloped in the fever of panic.

The captain sized the situation for a moment, then, caught between two duties, chose that one which was least unpleasant. Drawing his sword, he ran lightly across the field toward the road. The company, to the order of its lieutenants, started on the trot for the same place, followed by the *Feld-webel*. The hostages, left alone, saw the captain reach the road and stand with feet apart, his sword held high, facing the coming avalanche; they saw him level his automatic and fire three times; then they saw him, struck by the forefront of the human torrent, rise up into the air like a chip, swirl and disappear. At the same time the company reached the place on the trot. For just an instant it stood, a barrage—then broke, guns and helmets flying up into the air, dissolved, and became itself a part of the rout.

The hostages, stupid with the sudden change, stood there, looking at each other a long moment. Then the notary said:

"Gentlemen, under the circumstances I think it would not be undignified to get out of this."

They backed politely through the door behind them, and instantly found themselves in the quiet and the peace of the cemetery. Pierre was leading them now, round monuments, over graves and crackling wreaths. He took them to the wall at the rear, which they climbed; he led them across fields up the ridge, and soon they were among the trees at the top, safe and hidden.

All the rest of that day, from their point of vantage, from behind their protecting screen of green foliage, the hostages saw the invaders surging back along the roads. For an hour it was a rout—the panic flight of some terrifically battered corps whose morale had melted in some terrible hell; then it became a retreat, held and directed by an invisible iron hand. Along the road at their feet; along two other roads which they could see farther away; along all roads, they could divine, endless columns were passing in a pulverized splendor of sun-smitten dust—passing, passing without a halt, without a check; marching fast, fast, fast, driven relentlessly. Night came, and they were still passing; the dark was filled with a huge tramping; hayricks, set on fire, flamed rapidly here and there; and in the distance two villages were burning slowly. Crouching on the ground, shivering a little, the hostages watched and nodded, watched and nodded. They were no longer alone. In the blackness vague forms were joining them—the townspeople, frightened by the somber sullenness of the retreating armies, were slipping out one by one and making for the wooded ridge. Madame Guilleaume and Celestine had found the notary; there were tears in the shadow, passionate embraces. Little by little the crowd swelled; the whole village was here, a-squat, watching the invasion recede.

Dawn came, and the armies were still passing. At noon there came along a last whirl of artillery and cavalry, mixed in a gallop—and then the roads were empty. Timidly, after a while, the inhabitants crept down and into their deserted town.

They were beginning to think themselves forgotten of the whole world, when suddenly they saw a foot chasseur come along the main street, bent low, hugging the walls.

"It's all right; they're all gone!" somebody shouted.

He straightened, raised his hand, and immediately twenty other little chasseurs came running to him. They had come in armored automobiles. Soon after, heavy columns of cuirassiers rode in, then out again toward the north. The village was once more in French hands.

By evening, marred a little, with doors reeling and windows paneless and pantries pillaged, the village had returned to its normal life. In the notary's house everything was as before. The shutters were down; the carpet was on the table; the notary read; Madame Guilleaume embroidered, and Pierre, with a sheet of paper upon which he had written *"A bas les Boches!"* was making little paper boats.

"Pierre," said Madame Guilleaume, "is it not time to go to bed?"

Pierre rose to his feet obediently.

"Who is going up with me?" he said innocently. And the nightly scene began.

"I'll take him up," the notary announced at last, menacingly. "I'll take him up. I'll see that he goes to sleep alone. I'll see that this foolishness be stopped!"

He disappeared with the boy. After some time he returned to Madame Guilleaume, who, meantime, had been wisely embroidering and nodding her head.

"You see, my dear," he said, "that is all that's necessary. A little firmness, that is all. One must be firm. One must break those small wills, before it is too late."

He sank in his armchair, picked up the paper.

"It would not do to have a coward in the family," the notary said.

Making the Acquaintance of Bonds

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

ONE of the main reasons why people in this country do not save more money is because they do not know how to invest it. Such knowledge as they have is vague and hazy. With our enormous wealth and natural resources, we should save and invest relatively more than any other country; but to the great mass of the people there is an insurmountable barrier between their savings and its investment.

If it were as easy and simple to buy a bond for five, ten or fifty dollars as it is to buy cigars, stockings and shaving soap, the number of bonds purchased by people at large would make the eyes of the bankers pop out of their heads. There are hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of people of small and moderate means—farmers, teachers, merchants, managers of small manufacturing enterprises, salesmen, mechanics—who could afford an almost continual stream of small bond purchases if they only knew how and where to make them. I have talked with many such persons and have read letters from still more of them. They do not begin to save up to their full capacity; and most of them know it.

Though there are plenty of silly, empty-headed girls who spend all their wages on finery and pleasure, there are also legions of serious stenographers and other women workers, on rather small wages, who would like to start a rainy-day fund. The five-thousand-dollar-a-year bond salesman cannot waste his time on such. But if every fifty-cent piece or a dollar a week which these girls could save and invest, but don't, were piled up in one mass, it would finance many a big and deserving enterprise.

Here is the difficulty: Shaving soap, candy, cigars and stockings are instances of thousands of commodities that can be bought practically anywhere without the purchaser taking much if any appreciable chance of being stuck. You can buy them pretty well standardized in any store in any village of two hundred inhabitants and up. And if a person lives so far from the nearest Four Corners that he cannot go to a store, there is generally the rural delivery and the mail-order house.

What and Where to Buy

To speak plainly, finance has not learned to sell its wares, to distribute them, in retail, except in a wholly limited, local and isolated manner. There is no national retail distribution of bonds and good stocks. Of course quack finance has learned the trick. It is easy enough to retail small quantities of cheap, worthless stuff. But then, it doesn't cost the distributors much of anything; and they have the further advantage of being without conscience, which always reduces selling expense.

A man who has had first-hand experience with many thousands of investors discovered that what they wanted to know was:

1. The name and address of an honest broker or dealer in securities, and exact information as to how to approach him;
2. The name of a sound bond or stock to buy.

There are literally tens of thousands of dealers and securities, good, bad and indifferent. Most people don't know how to thread their way through this maze; so they just give it up and spend their money instead of saving it. Before making an investment, two questions must be answered: How do I know the bond—or stock—isn't rotten? And how do I know the broker is not a cheat? They don't know; and I venture to say that to more than ninety per cent of them no way of finding out suggests itself. Result: As just stated, people in the mass do not save.

But the same people have no such trouble when buying cigars, stockings, and so on. So we come to the conclusion that, to tap the full reservoir of possible savings, investing money must be made as easy as spending it. If a person can buy a bond for a few dollars just as conveniently as he can buy a cigar or a pound of candy, and—what is of tremendous importance—with the same assurance of reasonable security, he will in countless cases save the few dollars instead of spending them.

Baby Bonds for Small Investors

Of course this may sound Utopian, and to an extent it is. The great obstacle is expense. It costs real money to engrave securities, to transfer the names of owners on the books, to send checks for dividends and interest, and to attend to other details of ownership. These expenses are relatively slight when we deal with large units, such as a thousand dollars, but eat their heads off with a five-dollar bond. In Europe they are less careful about engraving. Lithographed securities are used and forgery is far more common. It would be an even greater evil but for the fact that most of the securities actually remain with the banks, and peasant owners merely receive receipts or some other acknowledgment from the bank—a practice that does not appeal to Americans.

In this country corporations of a quack nature handle these details cheaply enough in many cases. But a reputable concern, whose securities pass through the hands of reputable bankers and brokers, or are listed on reputable stock exchanges, feels that it is necessary to take every precaution against forgery; and the result is enormous expense.

Common sense would seem to dictate that the only way out is to issue plenty of sound bonds in small units and sell them everywhere—but to charge relatively more for them than for standard sizes. There is a practical difficulty, however, because people would say that the rich man had an unfair advantage. Fortunately governments can afford to overlook minor expenses. So it came about that the Liberty Loan was put out in very small units, which should prove the greatest object lesson in bonds this country has ever known. It should prove the biggest campaign in investment education ever conceived.

As Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank of New York, has said: "Once the habit of saving and buying a bond is established, it will not be abandoned when the war is over; but a million new springs of wealth will be developed."

The long-headed thing to do, then, is to own a government bond. I am not talking now about the patriotism of it, or even the

(Concluded on Page 50)

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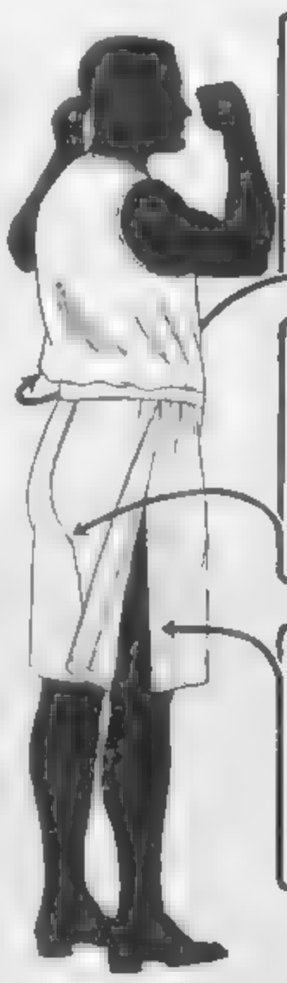

Natural Blouse
Allows unusual freedom for all motions.

One-piece Seat and Closed Crotch—
Built exactly like your trousers.

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Getting Cool Breezes by Wire

When it's ninety in the shade and the four winds fail, you only need lift your finger and your Westinghouse Electric Fan starts a breeze that never fails.

But to think of that breeze as having sprung solely from your fan is to disregard many important factors that insure your comfort in hot weather at low cost.

Those gentle zephyrs that are always at your call really had their beginning in a power plant perhaps miles away and came to you by wire.

Thus you owe a debt not alone to your electric fan and those who devised and built it, but also to those who made possible the power plant and the transmission lines over which the breeze may be said to take its course.

Those who are familiar with the history of electrical development know what an important part Westinghouse has played in this great work—the economical production and distribution of electricity.

They know that your ability to get a breeze by wire no matter how far you may be from the source of power is largely due to the discernment of George Westinghouse in perceiving the great possibilities of alternating current and to his courage in backing his convictions against powerful opposition.

They know that to George Westinghouse and the company he established credit is likewise due for originating many and manufacturing many more of the innumerable devices necessary to the efficient generation and transportation of power.

Generators that produce the current; switchboards that dispatch it; transformers that make possible sending it long distances; meters that measure it and countless other apparatus and appliances required for transmitting it—for sending cool breezes by wire—are all designed and built by Westinghouse Electric.

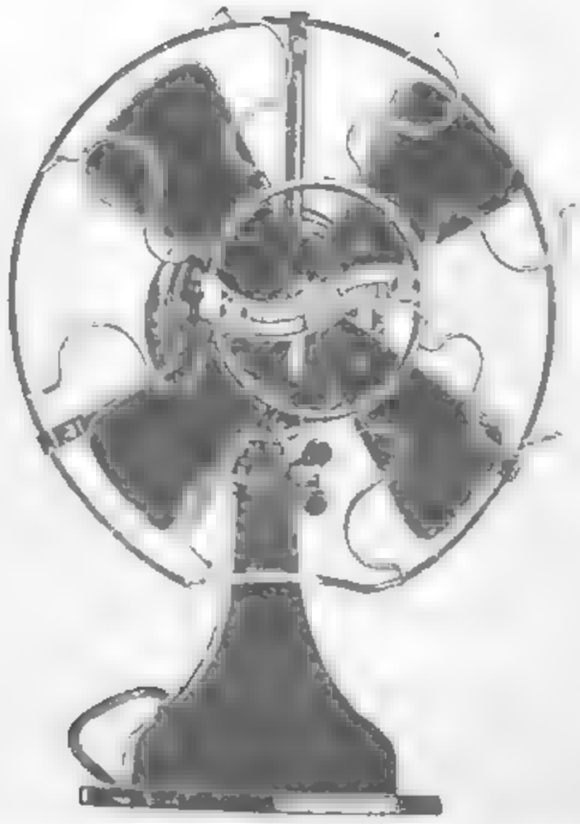
And these appliances include the electric fan itself in practically every type and size.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY

East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Westinghouse

COMPLETE POWER PLANT AND LINE EQUIPMENT



Why You Should Select Your Fan with Care

The motor is the heart of an electric fan. Upon how well it is built largely depends the length of the fan's life and the character of its service.

Westinghouse fan motors are built to maintain an international reputation for excellence in the manufacture of all kinds of apparatus for the application of electric power.

They are quiet-running, economical of current and, if lubricated once a year, may be counted upon to run for years without repair.

In other respects, too, Westinghouse Electric Fans have marked advantages. Base and motor-body are of drawn steel, not cast-iron, so that they take a distinctive, smooth, silken finish and furthermore make the fan light and easy to carry from room to room.

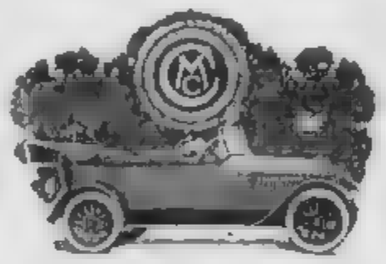
A New Westinghouse Fan for $8—It's the Westinghouse Whirlwind. Eight-inch blades. Quiet-running and sturdy. Handsomely finished. At average current rates, will run three to six hours for one cent.

The Westinghouse Whirlwind and other Westinghouse fans are sold by light and power companies, electrical dealers, department and hardware stores.

Note—The price of the Whirlwind Fan is slightly higher in the West and South and in Canada.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

There's a rugged, thrifty car whose first name is *quality* and last name is *Chalmers*, that will lure you into its ownership once you get behind the wheel. Many men have said good-bye to their "one year" cars and joined the *quality* procession with a *Chalmers*. Others have given up their heavy cars and found contentment in the sensible *Chalmers*. You can buy today, for $1350, either a 5 or 7-passenger *Chalmers* car.



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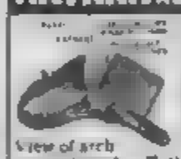

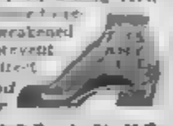

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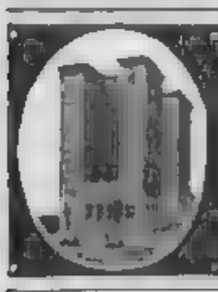

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ASSETS OVER 65 MILLION DOLLARS. CAPITAL & SURPLUS $3,000,000.00

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Tasteful confections that melt on your tongue

Also Beech Nut Chewing Gum

(Concluded from Page 47)

safety, but as a first step in a liberal investment education. Finance will cease to be a sealed book to investors in Liberty bonds; for, though there is no nation-wide system of distributing small bonds, there are numerous local, limited and safe channels for obtaining such securities if you only know about them and can overcome the initial feeling of ignorance and helplessness.

As the first interest-bearing security ever owned in many homes, the Liberty bonds will introduce the new sensation of receiving an income from one's savings and of having a definite credit standing at the bank; something tangible upon which money can be realized. One does not have to know anything about finance to buy a government bond, because everybody knows about the source of it. Bankers express the point this way: "Most people don't know a bond from a tin can. But now they have a chance to find out what it looks like."

Uncle Sam's Safe Securities

All the bonds issued by Uncle Samuel are of one grade and of one kind. There are no pitfalls; no need for extreme sophistication in learning which is which. There may be different names and rates of interest in government bonds; but, in this country at least, they all have the same rank as to security. The price may rise and fall; but it does not have to be compared with the prices of a thousand other securities, as the investor in a corporation bond may be obliged to do. And, whatever the price, it is sure in the long run to be a fair one. With a corporation bond, there is always the chance of a low price simply because people do not know about its merits, because the company is a small one or operates at a distance. A score of reasons aside from its safety may influence the price of a corporation or even a municipal bond.

If you have adopted a baby bond of the United States Government in your home, don't stop now. There are other babies almost as worthy of your consideration. They will pay a higher rate of interest, and it won't take long to acquire quite a family, even on a moderate income. Steady saving and investment are helped by compound interest, so that the man who saves a hundred and twenty dollars a year will have more than fifteen hundred dollars at the end of ten years.

Investment bankers and financial writers indulge at times rather too freely in glowing adjectives. It is a temptation, to which they readily succumb, to exaggerate the advantage of any particular form of investment. Honesty and frankness demand a statement of the disadvantages of buying small bonds. The market for these securities has never been of the best. Often they have been much easier to buy than to get rid of.

Brokers would sell them partly as an advertising measure and partly to get people into the habit of buying larger amounts. Perhaps, too, there was a certain sense of doing a public service. But there is a limit to public service in private business; and the expense of handling the baby bond has always prevented the growth of any broad dependable market, where one can sell on a close basis.

Though government bonds are the only nation-wide mediums of safe small investment, there are multitudinous opportunities of a more restricted character, yet broad enough to cover the needs of a great number of persons. Bonds are not the only safe investments; but they and mortgages on real estate form a safe middle ground for most persons.

Bonds are generally more fundamental and substantial than stocks; and in any given concern bonds are safer than stocks. Stocks are the bumpers that take up the shock, and, though bumpers are very necessary adjuncts of a machine, most of us are better off in another capacity.

We may visualize the degrees of risk in the different investments roughly as follows:

1. In business for yourself;
2. Stock;
3. Bonds and mortgages;
4. Savings banks and investment features of insurance companies.

The safety element increases and the rate of income decreases as you go down the scale. Obviously many persons should stick to number four, which is the safest because large institutions spread their investments so widely that risk of loss is reduced to a minimum. But if the facilities were better understood the third method of investment would and should be availed of by much larger numbers of people. Here are a few practical suggestions:

1. Find out whether any strong bank or trust company in your part of the state has a savings-investment club or bond-buying club. The American Bankers' Association will gladly furnish information to any bank about forming such a club. Bonds are bought by the bank for anyone who cares to become a member of the club, and can be paid for gradually, the interest on the bond offsetting that on the loan from the bank.

2. If you live in a large city, find out whether the city's own bonds can be obtained in small amounts. Chicago, Baltimore, Philadelphia and other cities have sold their own small bonds at times, either at the City Hall or through the agency of newspapers and department stores. A few years ago St. Paul sold two hundred thousand dollars in small units through a department store. The commissioners of the sinking fund have continued to sell small certificates based on city bonds, and have stood ready to repurchase them at any time. A large city in Nebraska for more than fifteen years has sold four and a half per cent bonds through a bank in amounts of twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, seventy, seventy-five and one hundred dollars.

3. Preferred stock, and sometimes bonds, can often be purchased in small amounts on monthly payments from strong and reliable concerns by their employees. In the same way gas and electric companies frequently make inducements to their consumers to purchase preferred stock, though the custom has not spread to bonds as yet.

4. Apply at any post office for bonds of the postal savings system. These are absolutely safe and can be had in very small sums. It will be possible shortly to buy twenty-five-dollar bonds of the Federal Farm Loan Banks.

5. Though reliable brokers and investment bankers selling reliable bonds cannot afford to search out the small buyer extensively, they will in almost every case give good service if appealed to by the hundred-dollar man. Any man or woman who has a bank account can always get the name of a reliable broker from one of the bank's officers.

JULIA C. LATHROP

(Concluded from Page 23)

generation has never known—the Federal Child Labor Law goes into effect. It forbids the work of any child under fourteen years of age in mill, cannery, workshop, factory or manufacturing establishment. It forbids any child under sixteen to work in mine or quarry. It will remove from industry an unknown number of children, perhaps one hundred and fifty thousand; and will forbid the future employment in industry of a greater number.

"Paradoxical as it may seem, this is a fortunate moment for the setting up of this uniform standard for children in industry—a standard, however, already in operation in twelve states. Undoubtedly it may occasion inconvenience and loss to some individuals for a time, but it serves to call public attention emphatically to the fact that the Government itself has begun to set up standards of child welfare, standards of health, development and education below which it is admitted that public interest cannot afford to let children fall.

"Never was it so necessary for this country to recognize its duty to work out and to keep up such standards as now, when we are on the brink of a war whose deadly extent no one dare attempt to measure. Our last line of defense is in the children—those sixteen and under, a third of our population. If we need any proof of the importance of so organizing our industry and education at the beginning of the war that this youngest element in our population shall not be sacrificed, we find it in the official reports of the warring countries, which agree in urging that the safeguards surrounding children shall be increased rather than lessened. The reports of the English Board of Education and the Committee on the Health of Munition Workers are candid in their admission of the injury which England has done herself by taking children out of school to put them into industry.

"In sheer self-respect America must show at the outset of this war that she can fight it without the labor of children.

"JULIA C. LATHROP."

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The higher price which the maker pays for Remy Starting-Lighting-Ignition adds just that much more to the long life and value of your car.

Remy equipment is widely used on trucks and tractors.

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The patented Thermostat-Controlled Generator keeps the battery correctly charged—both winter and summer

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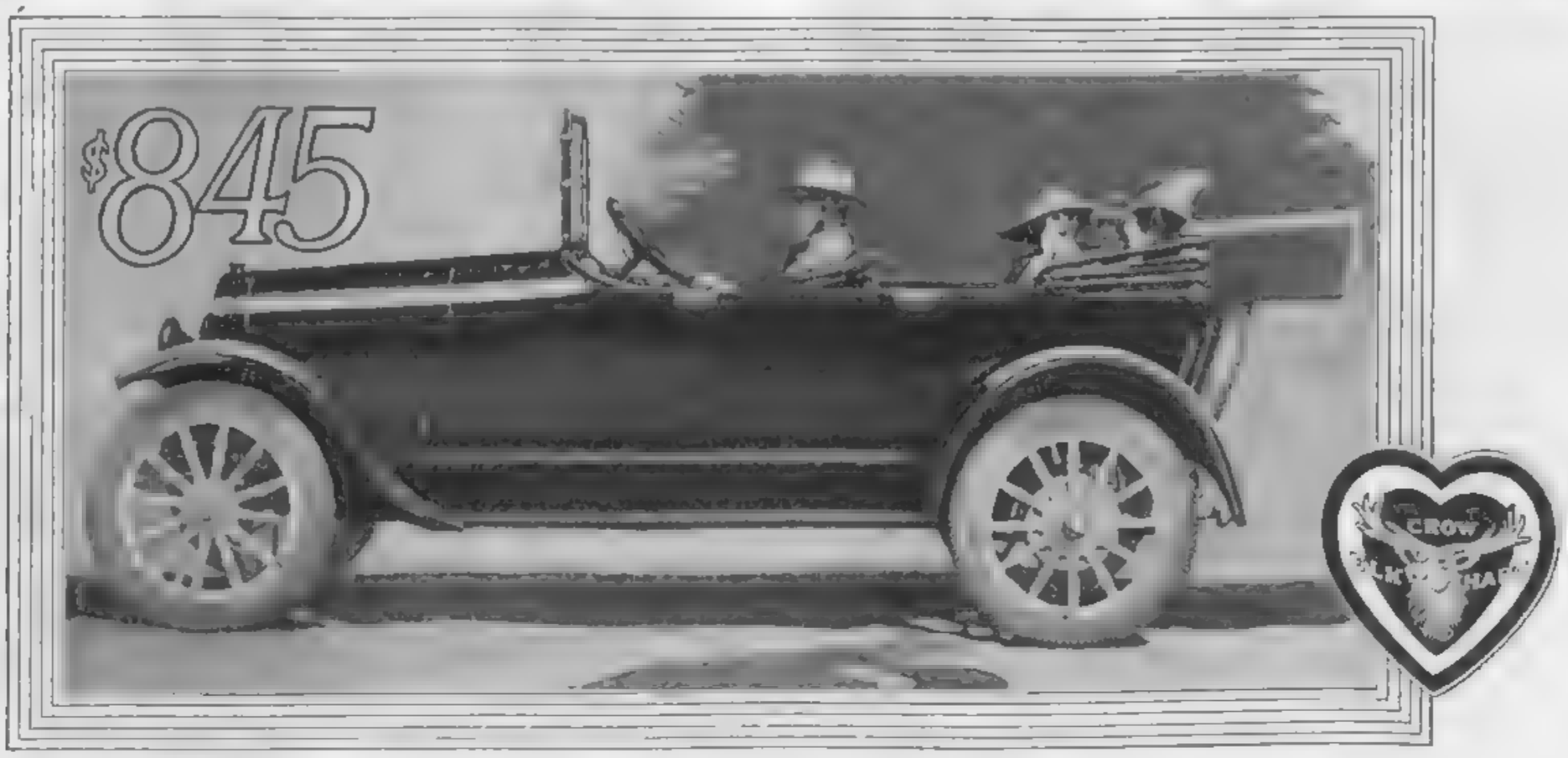
Multi-Powered Car



Motordom's New Champion
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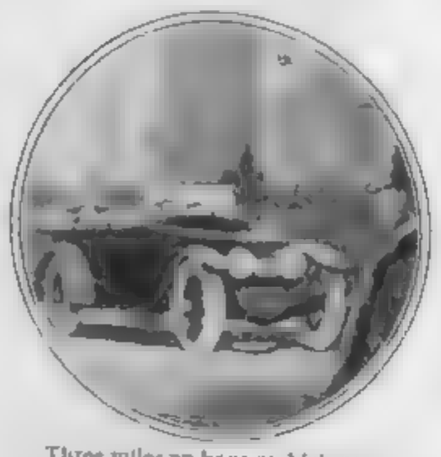
Climbs a 15% grade at "thirty"


Three miles an hour on high gear to 40 miles an hour in 20 seconds

As much speed as you wish

For 1918 we present the decade's dominant automobile development —The Crow-Elkhart Multi-Powered Car. It has proved itself America's new performance champion. The motor ills of years have been conquered by this exclusive Crow-Elkhart construction—power increased 35%—motoring transformed. Instant, country-wide popularity has greeted it. Demand has forced us to plan double the output for 1918.

The Crow-Elkhart Multi-Powered Car bridges the performance-gap between low-priced and high-priced cars—at $845.

New motoring has come—new road mastery. You feel the new thrill—of power of wonderful softness—giant, pliant power. You scarcely detect the deep tone of the motor. You relax—rest all the way, for most of the vibration and friction are gone.

One great engineering authority says: "It gives the astonishing smoothness of multiple cylinder construction with the economy inherent in the 4-cylinder motor"—runs 18 to 26 miles to the gallon of gasoline.

Engineers tell us that one full ton of unbalanced forces has existed in the average motor in motion. This devours power, causes vibration and excessive friction. In the Multi-Powered Car this has been minimized—an epoch-marking feat!

There is no substitute for Multi-Power.

See this great car—touring and 4-passenger roadster models—at your local showroom. It is built on the famous 9-Year Chassis—bodies are the fine products of Crow-Elkhart Coach Shops. Each is a rich man's car in everything but price and upkeep.

Write for the "Acquaintance Book"

Get a real insight into the wonders of the great American automobile of 1918.

CROW-ELKHART MOTOR COMPANY, Dept. 44, Elkhart, Indiana

Features

Multi-Powered Motor
9 Year Chassis
10 Color Options
2 Upholstery Options
Custom Bodies
114-Inch Wheel Base
Weight, 1,980 Pounds (Touring Car)
Full Floating Rear Axle with Chrome Nickel Steel Gears
Demountable Rims
Timken Bearings
Bodies Long Coach Job Throughout

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Are you content to WATCH this success?

Our complete 1918 Dealer's Plan and Proposal is ready to send you.

It presents this complete wonderful line of wonderful cars, a liberal proposition, and outlines a great co-operative campaign.

Write or wire for it now.

'TWIXT THE BLUFF AND THE SOUND

(Concluded from Page 8)

the natives of the soil doing odd farming jobs of sorts.

Likewise I took note of a group of tree doctors, who went about filling up orifices in the adjacent forestry with some very fancy insertion.

The lawn looked as though it were taken in every night and carried out and tacked down again in the morning. Over this vellumlike expanse, when the pastoral spirit moved them and the weather suited, the female members of the household were accustomed to saunter, culling blossoms and putting them in baskets especially designed by Biffany's, I suppose. While so engaged these fair ladies wore quaint frocklike garments of imported materials and workmanship, and combining in design suggestions of the two Mullahs—Mad and Maud. This, I take it, is what might be called leading the simper life.

Winter Sports for Plute and Peasant

As I was coming away I encountered the official beekeeper. So then I knew that on this estate even the bees were personally conducted. I think if I were a bee I should bitterly resent this.

I was sorry afterward that I missed the official milkmaid, because I figured, in order to match up with the prevalent scheme of things, she would be dressed the way a milkmaid dresses in the chorus of a Broadway musical show, and would be prepared to burst into song on the slightest of provocation.

For all of this, if one may be guided by the best advice on the subject, the poor plute who foots the bills is repaid by more than his share of vexations and worriments. He pays higher prices for whatever he gets, of whatsoever character, than ordinary folk pay; and may be quite sure, moreover, that those who, as agents, purchase his supplies for him exact of the favored tradespeople their own private commissions, which go into the bills and come out of the exchequer. Having departed in his mode of living from what is simple and natural, he is regarded by those who prey upon him as one naturally simple or naturally simple-minded—just as you choose to phrase it.

To such an establishment as the one I have here sought, without undue exaggeration, to describe, comes in the season a constant succession of guests—week-end guests, and likewise those who stay longer; but all bringing with them their own maids and their own valets, and very often their own cars and their own chauffeurs, who of course are furnished accommodations during the visits of their mistresses and their masters.

It is the commonly accepted theory that these sojourners repair to the country to rest, to breathe the country air and to bask in the country sunshine; but, if one may credit the most reliable information available, in the generality of cases the Friday-to-Monday vacation is more wearing than the Monday-to-Friday vocation, whatever the latter may be. What with bridge and highballs all night; what with lying abed late in the mornings; what with mixed drinking and high feeding at the nearest country club or on the home grounds in the afternoons; what with changing clothes at frequent intervals; what with the butler getting barkeeper's palsy in both elbows from shaking cocktails; what with what not and all the rest of the schedule—one figures the country air and the country sunshine as finishing no better than place and show.

Likewise one imagines the master of the house—if he were originally self-made and, in his youth, corn-fed—mingling with these persons who speak a different language from the one he speaks, and who live in another world than the one he would prefer to live in if only he could afford to have his own way about it, and, altogether, having almost as pleasant a time as though he were being boiled alive in crude oil.

It used to be that when the fall came the occupants would shut up the country house and go cityward or South for the winter; this rule applied pretty generally. But of late years the vogue for wintertime week-ends has necessitated the maintenance of an expensive domestic staff all the year through, in order that the family and their invited friends might find quarters furbished, warmed and provendered to their likings when they fare them forth from town for an occasional spell of winter sports.

Winter sports have become especially popular as giving opportunity, among other pleasures, for wearing becoming costumes and sportive gears, housings and trappings; also, the bridge table and the sideboard are not by any means overlooked, if one may believe what one hears.

I was told about an outburst of winter sports and pastimes taking place at one of the most imposing and ornate of our country places last February, which, by reason of the lavishness of the entertainment provided and the swagger class of folks participating, attracted more than passing comment. By all accounts it must have indeed been quite a stylish little affair.

The program of events started in the afternoon, but did not attain its real effulgence until the moon came up. On the largest of the private lakes there was skating for those who had learned to use skates so far away from a café, with great bonfires on the bank, and eke a full-rigged outdoor bar handily near by, and with serving persons suitably attired in blanket-cloth liveries, all of a pattern, standing about holding big oil flambeaux for illumination of the gay and festive scene.

Likewise coasting was provided for those who cared to disport themselves thus. All beautifully caparisoned, the coasters patronized a life-saving station set up in the snow on the top of the hill, thereby fortifying themselves for the perilous glide down the snowy incline. Upon arriving at the bottom they found a second supply booth equipped with heartening drinks ready for them. More drinks gave them the hardihood to ride back up the slope in sleighs drawn by horses. After three round trips one was able to do his own sliding without the aid of either one's toboggan or one's bobsled. One just naturally turned loose and slid.

Meantime, divers of the tenantry, native children of the vicinity, lurked in the offing contemplating the spectacle with unfeigned interest. To the members of the neighborhood peasantry it was all as good as a show. It was so vastly different from their own customary winter sports—chilblains and spitting on the stove.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

(Concluded from Page 23)

confidence, or fall into the oblivion of all unnecessary effort: they must not be explained; it is useless to attempt excuse or a justification of purpose.

The difficulty was real. I should have to be at once engaging—this was no time for a definition of style—and contrive the seriousness about which I have been so insistent, the conviction that what I do is worth a certain measure of friendship from occupied minds already annoyed out of patience by the bales of printed insults to their intelligence and emotions. And, naturally, I'd want to appear as substantial and persuasive as possible. Yes, and with a touch of the sport. It may be readily seen how involved that "two or three hundred" words had become.

In addition to so much there was always the active minority who actually know me; relatives who would see no reason why a picture, the briefest description, should be printed at all; and who, consequently, would think less of the whole business of writing. Someone would turn up to recall the fact that I was once afraid to take the high trapeze at school. Others, absolutely warranted, would complain that I had no proper education, and point out the deplorable result in my paragraphing.

Everything, as I have so tiresomely repeated, must go directly back to the stories themselves—to John Woolfold and Young Gannon and the black Pennys. They are their creator's substance and reason, his habits, appearance, disposition, faults, politics and dogma.

PALM BEACH

Suits for Vacation Days

IT IS ONLY THE OLD-FASHIONED WHO CAN AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT PALM BEACH—AND —WHO CAN AFFORD TO BE OLD-FASHIONED? YOUR PALM BEACH SUIT MAKES A COOL, WELL DRESSED MAN OF YOU. IT ADDS NO WEIGHT TO THE WEEK-END GRIP—AND TAKES BUT LITTLE ROOM . . . . THERE'S THE PLAIN TAN—THE PLAIN GREY—THERE ARE BLUES AND BLACKS—ALSO A HOST OF MIXED EFFECTS IN BEAUTIFUL SHADES THAT RESEMBLE MERCHANT-TAILORED WORSTEDS . . . . . BUT BE SURE TO ASK FOR PALM BEACH BY NAME. GO FURTHER: LOOK FOR THE TRADE-MARKED LABEL SHOWN ON THIS PAGE. IT'S SEWN IN EVERY SUIT OF THE GENUINE

SOLD BY ALL GOOD CLOTHIERS

THE PALM BEACH MILLS
GOODALL WORSTED CO. SANFORD ME
A. ROHAUT DEPT. SELLING AGENT
229 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

The cleanliness and evenness of concrete promote comfort and ease of hauling. This stretch of concrete is on one of the Massachusetts State Highways near Chelmsford. It was built by the Massachusetts State Highway Commission, Boston, Mass., of which Wm. D. Sohier is Chairman and Arthur W. Dean is Chief Engineer.

You Pay for Good Roads—Do You Get Them?

Your road tax can be spent in two ways—either in endless renewing and repairing of impermanent roads which do not give all year round service, or in building a system of

CONCRETE HIGHWAYS

whose upkeep is negligible and whose condition is always first-class.

Over a period of years the expenditures on either plan are about equal; but how different the results. Two years ago Vermilion County, Illinois, voted 20-year bonds for $1,500,000 to build a complete system of permanent roads—most of them concrete—which will require but little upkeep for the road surface.

In the ten years previous Vermilion County spent upwards of $1,600,000 in repairs and renewals of roads and bridges—an expenditure which, but for a few concrete bridges, is now almost entirely without results.

It is usually impracticable to build enough permanent roads out of annual road funds. They are insufficient. Bonds should be issued for enough money to build a whole system of highways all at once. The tax levy can then pay off the principal and interest, and in, say, twenty years, the debt is wiped out and the road system remains.

CONCRETE ROADS:
THEIR ADVANTAGES

No Mud—No Dust
No Ruts—No Holes
No Slipping
No Skidding
Easy Hauling
Smooth Riding
Long Life—Safety
Always Ready for Use
Low Maintenance
Moderate Cost

IN THIS WAY YOU GET A ROAD SYSTEM QUICKLY, WHILE YOU CAN ENJOY IT, WHICH CONNECTS ALL THE PRINCIPAL TOWNS AND SAVES A GREAT AMOUNT OF ANNUAL UPKEEP EXPENSE.

The wear and tear of heavy motor travel has made the construction of concrete roads imperative.

Be sure you know what a concrete road is. Concrete is made of portland cement, sand and pebbles or crushed stone. It is hard, rigid, unyielding and durable. Concrete for roads is the same as the material used in building concrete dams, factories, bridges and big engineering works like the Panama Canal requiring great solidity and strength.

We can give you some interesting facts to discuss with your road authorities. Write for Bulletin No. 136.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

Offices at

ATLANTA, CHICAGO, DALLAS, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, MILWAUKEE, NEW YORK, PITTSBURGH, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

NAVAL INVENTIONS

(Continued from Page 18)

Oil tankers and vessels with small compartments are not easily sunk. Fuel oil is about seven-eighths the weight of water, and if this freight is displaced there is little loss of buoyancy by the rupture of one compartment. Altering the hull of a merchantman by some side attachments to take up the shock has been favorably mentioned.

To give an approximate idea of the resistance to propulsion by the use of side shields the following example is given:

The American liner St. Louis is 536 feet long, 62.75 feet beam, and has a load draft of twenty-eight feet when loaded. The St. Louis takes about twenty-four thousand I. H. P. to make twenty knots. Assume the simplest form of shield, composed of sections of sheet steel, and take into consideration the skin-friction resistance only of a pair of shields four hundred and fifty feet long by twenty deep; if she could tow the shields at seventeen knots the power would be, for the vessel thirteen thousand and for the shields sixty-five hundred; at fifteen knots, eight thousand for the vessel and four thousand for the shields; and at thirteen and ten knots, five thousand to twenty-five hundred, and three thousand to fifteen hundred, respectively. The figures are approximate; but are not too high.

Mistakes About Magnets

A plausible form of overcoming the torpedo, and one that is very attractive to the lay mind, is the use of a magnet. Many have proposed a ship with magnets at either bow or stern, or alongside, to attract the torpedo to the magnet and hold it or deflect it from its course, making it pass harmlessly astern of the vessel. The Bureau of Standards has gone into this subject with the purpose of proving how very small power a magnet has at any considerable distance from its poles.

Imagine a torpedo weighing two thousand pounds, traveling at the speed of forty-five feet a second, being diverted from its course by any magnet within the possibilities of being carried by a ship and supplied with sufficient magnetic energy therefrom. A torpedo is a most persistent thing in resisting any tendency to divert it from its path.

Others have sought to improve the torpedo by installing a magnetic needle in its head to attract it toward the vessel attacked. In investigating the claim of one inventor the experts of the Bureau of Standards found that the inventor's estimate was about one million times too great on one point; and when he estimated the field at a certain distance it was found that he was six hundred and forty million times too high.

Anyone handling large electro-magnets for lifting iron or steel will know how close the magnet must approach the metal before it exerts any power of attraction. To anyone advising the use of magnetic force in resisting or overcoming a torpedo attack, it is recommended that the subject should be very carefully studied and sufficient experiments performed to insure its value before presenting it for consideration.

The subject of flying machines can be briefly covered by the statement, made by those who know, that during the present war the greatest service this country can perform is in furnishing machines for instruction; in the supply of battle machines our allies are very much farther advanced in anything that this country could produce in a short time. There is a National Advisory Committee for Aëronautics, with an office in Washington; and it is to this committee that all designs involving new principles or new ideas should be submitted.

The main trouble is the design and dependability of the motive power. It is futile to present designs for aëroplane engines without at the same time submitting a record of test, showing power, fuel economy, weight, space and dependability. The fighting force must content itself with adhering to well-defined lines of design, and progress in trying to attain speed, ease of handling and long flight. Dirigibles have not proved a great success.

A mine is a casing or holder containing an explosive. It differs from a torpedo in that it has no motive power contained within itself. There are floating mines and anchored mines. Mines free to float must either be designed so that they become harmless in a short time or must be under control of an observing vessel, able to notify friendly or neutral vessels of their danger, and which can remove them or anchor them at will.

There are contact mines and mines exploded by electric current from an observing station. Both the army and the navy are in possession of a large fund of information on this subject; have made many experiments; and any device of this nature presented should be carefully worked out in detail for comparison with knowledge already at hand.

Mine sweeping is not a difficult matter and is most easily done by light-draft vessels. Many devices consisting of attachments to be placed on the bow of the vessel to clear of mines the path in front have been proposed. To make any such attachment sufficiently strong and capable would be to make it so heavy and cumbersome that it would seriously interfere with the speed and steering of the vessel.

As a rule, mines are not found except close inshore, and safe channels generally exist through which vessels may be steered by official pilots. A mine is a more deadly weapon than a torpedo in that it can contain a much higher charge of explosive; but its radius of action is necessarily limited, and it is more generally used for defense than offense.

Work on the Submarine Problem

The detection and destruction of submarines is the most important subject under consideration to-day, and it is to this country that our allies are looking for the solution of the submarine problem. Propositions starting from the destruction of submarines in their base to their detection and destruction in the open sea have been made. Anyone with a knowledge of modern warfare will know that the German submarine bases are as well protected as human ingenuity can attain; and to go into and attempt to destroy such bases without the most careful preparation would be parallel to committing suicide.

Naturally the closest study by the naval authorities of all the allied countries has been given to this subject and a great many proposed solutions have their chief value in maintaining the utmost secrecy in connection with them. It is generally conceded that the destruction of a submarine is a comparatively simple matter if she can be located.

Fortunately this Government possesses the valuable and patriotic assistance of a large number of scientists, and the investigation of every device or idea is being systematically conducted. The Naval Consulting Board is bending its greatest energies on this subject, setting aside all idea of personal gain or notoriety. It is thought, then, that all who have the belief that they possess valuable ideas or devices in this connection should submit them as freely to this board and their associates for consideration along with the work under the direction of the Navy Department.

To discuss in other than the most confidential manner any detail is equivalent to giving aid to the enemy. Do not say "If it is to be done I am the man to do it"; but give it freely and let those who are closest in touch with the navy's confidential information handle the solution, having no fear that any aid you may thus give will pass without recognition. It is fully believed

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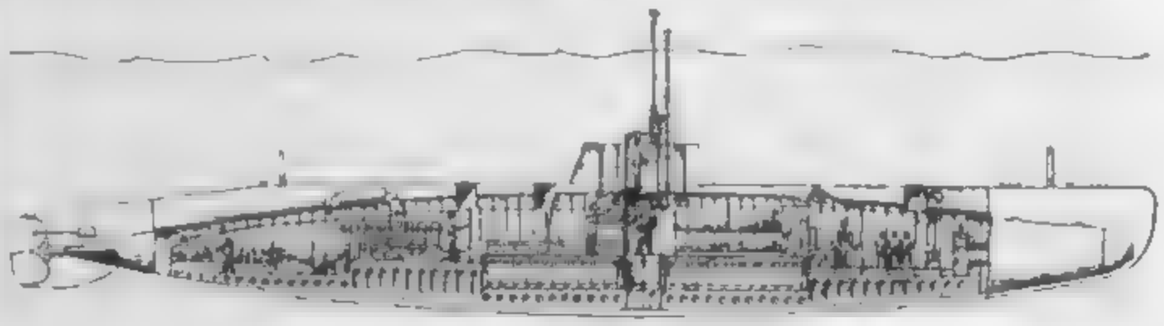
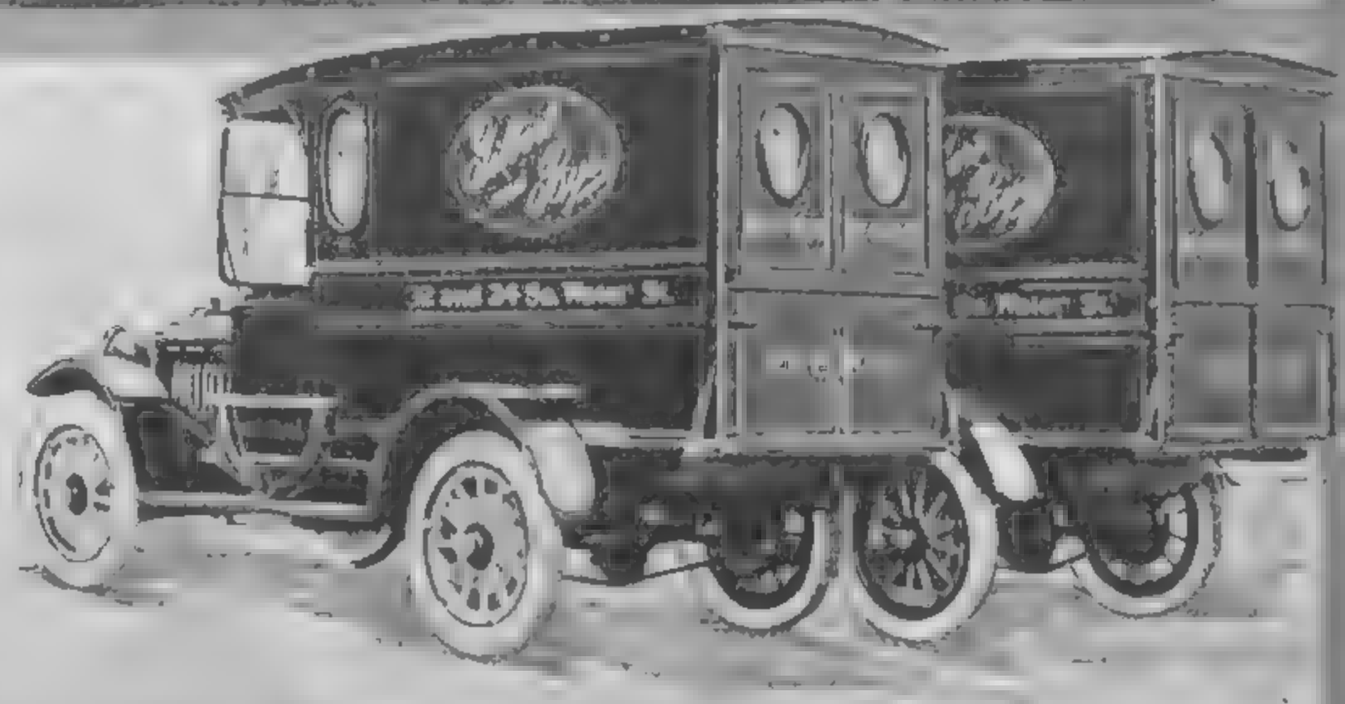


RUSH



Half-Ton Truck
Built to Endure Far Beyond the Demands of Light Delivery Service

The merchant who operates the Rush is the merchant *who looks for the facts* before he buys. The Rush combination of mechanical features is offered in no other light truck *and mechanical specifications are cold facts.*

From the marvelous power principle of the Rush counterbalanced crankshaft motor *no distortion, a minimum of friction and practically no vibration* to the last nut and bolt, the Rush is built to do double duty: to stand up and give efficient, economical delivery service under every sort of stress and strain indefinitely.

***Read the list below* and write for our booklet "Delivery Economy."**

MOTOR: 3 ¼-inch bore, 5-inch stroke; developing 28 H. P. at 1600 R. P. M. Four-cylinder monobloc L head type three-point suspension unit power plant, counterbalanced crankshaft.

STARTING AND LIGHTING: SPLITDORF two-unit system, especially designed for delivery car service. Simple—efficient -compact -weatherproof.

IGNITION: CONNECTICUT distributor—WILLARD 6-80 storage battery.

OILING: Automatic constant level pump and splash oiling system.

CARBURETOR: CARTER clear glass float chamber with Carter easy starting dash adjustment.

RADIATOR: Vertical tubular, with expansion tank. Capacity, 5 gallons. Armored, fin-type removable casing.

CLUTCH: BORG & BECK 8-inch dry plate multiple disc clutch. No "stuttering" nor "grabbing."

TRANSMISSION: COVERT, Model "LB"—selective sliding gear type—three speeds forward and one reverse center control extra long levers 40 H P, special truck design with oversize gears All gears high-grade, heat-treated alloy steel. Roller bearings.

REAR AXLE: Three-quarter floating type—six points of adjustment. BROWN LIPE differential chrome-nickel steel shafts, specially treated —taper roller bearings.

BRAKES: Internal expanding external contracting—operating on rear axle drums, 14-inch x 2-inch ASBESTOS-faced.

SPRINGS Semi-elliptic front, 34-inch x 2-inch; rear, 48-inch x 2 inch. Silico manganese steel, eliminating all distortion.

SHOCK ABSORBERS: Pneumatic air check type, designed to absorb rebound without carrying load.

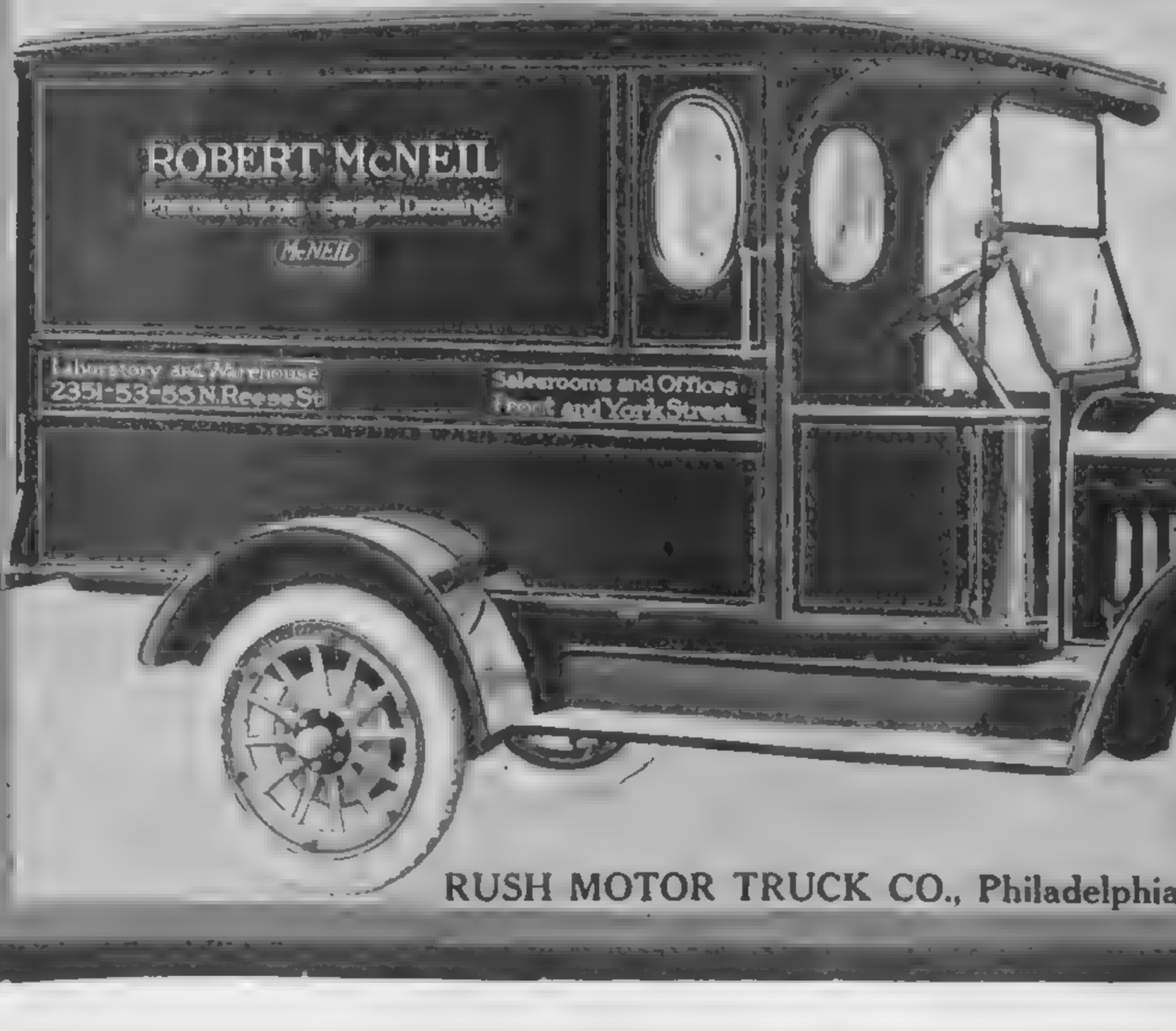
STEERING GEAR: LAVINE heavy-duty truck steering gear; irreversible split nut type.

FRAME: BRILL, pressed steel channel section flexible type, 3½ inches deep, 2¼ inches wide 5-32 inch thick All cross members pressed steel, hot riveted, with integral gussets.

LOADING SPACE: 72 inches back of driver's seat.

EQUIPMENT: GRAY & DAVIS electric, double-bulb head lights and tail light, electric horn, bumper, jack, tire pump, tool kit and extra rim.

BODIES Fore-door panel, weight, 1250 pounds fore-door, six-post express; weight, 1850 pounds —equipped with windshield, tire rack and rear fenders.



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RUSH MOTOR TRUCK CO., Philadelphia

We are Paramount's 10,000

WE are makers of the silent drama—the players, authors, directors and producers of Paramount Pictures—10,000 strong: America's foremost motion picture *organization*. The sum of our efforts is a Public Service of uplift, inspiration, entertainment. For you we weave wonderful *stories*—human, compelling, delightful. For you we *act* with the incentive that comes when making a record of great dramatic truths for all time to come. We understand the *responsibility* that goes with the name—

Paramount Stars

We of Paramount were the first to take the motion picture seriously—to realize its legitimate purpose—its right to stand in *the art of ages*.

Paramount originated the feature photoplay. Paramount, heading the list with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and James K. Hackett—initiated the idea of the *greatest of the stage for the greatest of the screen*.

The Paramount roster includes such famous names as Mme. Petrova, Sessue Hayakawa, Jack Pickford, Louise Huff, Vivian Martin, Billie Burke, Jean Eltinge, Margaret Illington, Marie Doro, Fannie Ward, Ann Pennington, George Behan, Wallace Reid, Pauline Frederick and Marguerite Clark.

Also, the famous Paramount-Arbuckle two-reel comedies, the Victor Moore and Black Diamond one-reel comedies, the Paramount-Bray Pictograph, weekly "Magazine on the Screen" and Burton Holmes Travel Pictures.

You can see *your selection* of these great Broadway favorites at your home-town theatre. Your manager can secure Paramount Stars just as he wants to book them, because of the new Paramount open booking plan. We are reminding him of this fact.

Why don't you remind him, too? Fill out and hand to him the Box Office Request coupon below, and mail the left-hand coupon to us. We will help you to see your best-liked stars. It is a little thing to do—but means a lot to your entertainment.

Paramount Pictures Corporation

Please mail to Paramount Pictures Corp'n, New York.

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My favorite theatre is

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City and State

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Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

ADOLPH ZUKOR, President
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CECIL B. DE MILLE, Dir.-Gen'l

New York

Please hand in at your favorite theatre

Box Office Request Paramount Pictures

I should enjoy seeing Paramount Pictures and Stars

Name

Address

(Concluded from Page 64)

that the problem will be solved; but how or when must remain untold.

In answer to the inquiry of a very large number of correspondents as to how they should present their ideas for consideration, the following brief rules should be observed: Send them to the Navy Department, Washington, D. C., in a plain envelope; and inclose in this a second envelope addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, and place thereon the word "Invention." This will preserve secrecy and insure the envelope's coming unsealed to a confidential officer. Or, preferably, address the Naval Consulting Board, 13 Park Row, New York City, and, if living west of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, address Naval Consulting Board, 120 West Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois, using the same device.

Write plainly and legibly on plain white paper, preferably eight by ten and a half inches; and, if practicable, use a typewriter. Avoid all preliminaries and say nothing except that which is necessary fully to explain your idea. Let it be taken for granted that you have a patriotic interest; or, if you desire remuneration, simply state so in two words: "Remuneration desired." Clearly describe your idea or invention, with such plans or sketches as you may desire to send for use in presenting them.

Advice to Inventors

It is not necessary to patent a device or invention unless you so desire, as all correspondence is handled confidentially; but remember that the Patent Office is the legal protection offered by the Government. Devices and inventions are examined for use of the navy only. If possible, and it does not involve too much time, you will eventually be given some reason why your invention cannot be adopted if such proves to be so; but in any case your correspondence will be acknowledged. Do not expect the Department to enter into any agreement until it has had an opportunity to estimate the value of your idea.

Do not send a model; it is not the best manner of presenting an idea. Naval experts are well versed in reading drawings; they build from drawings, and all records of devices and construction are kept in plans and specifications. Models are frequently broken in transportation to and from Washington and, therefore, cannot always be correct. They are misleading in that a small model will seem to show results that cannot be attained in a full-sized machine. A correct drawing tells far more than a crude model.

Do not write and ask whether the Department will consider an invention. Do not ask that an accredited representative visit you to investigate your claims, or ask that your expenses be paid to tell your secret. The mail is quite safe, the Department quite reliable. And remember that officers of sufficient experience to judge of the value of an invention cannot be spared to be sent away to investigate claims. It is as much a help and as much patriotism is displayed in showing consideration of this kind as in the presentation of an idea.

The Department is in daily receipt of letters and telegrams asking for appointments to present inventions; many come long distances only to discover that the information they have has been long known. It is not unreasonable to presume that officers with a high order of technical education, wide experience, and just as much native ingenuity as any other American possesses, have not been idle in the course of their twenty or forty years' service.

An expert can more easily handle ten times the number of cases that are written than, in the same time, those presented in an interview. If you thoroughly understand your subject it should be an easy matter to write it; and it is then a matter that can be filed and recorded.

A caller usually arrives at the Department full of his side of the question; and nearly everybody is given to saying things on which considerable more thought should be expended before the same would ordinarily be put down in black and white; and yet the record of practically every transaction in the Navy Department is, and from the very nature of things ought to be, committed to writing before it is through with.

You can often save yourself much time, some money and great disappointment, and at the same time increase the value of an official to the Government in the saving of his time and energy, if you will write; but only after you have crystallized your ideas and have a concrete proposition to advance. Therefore, write!

It is often claimed that naval officers are ultraconservative, and are inclined to turn down every idea presented. This can best be combated by the statement that every battleship is filled with patented inventions. Practically every navigating instrument, electric device, and even the boilers and pumps, are developed by outside companies from original patented inventions, and are bought by the Government from manufacturing companies.

It may be safely stated, however, that all owners of such inventions will give due credit to the valuable assistance and suggestions freely given by naval officers to the improvement thereof. There is another feature in that the Navy Department possesses a very efficient counterbalance in this respect.

The Naval Consulting Board is composed of the broadest and most liberal-minded men. If anything, they tend to lean away from conservatism. They are men eminent in their professions, many of them being inventors themselves; and all who have come into contact with them are impressed with their earnestness and desire to leave no stone unturned in doing everything they can to present every device that could possibly be of value in winning a victory for the country they serve. The services of this board have been offered to and accepted by the Council of National Defense and the War Department to act on all inventions.

Secretary Daniels, in the first sentence of his directions to the officers who coördinate all ideas, stated: "Let no idea, however simply or roughly presented, pass unnoticed; often from the most unexpected source the highest value may be obtained."

Nothing in this article is intended to discourage anyone. No one need fear that his ideas will be stolen and used.

England has already received thousands of ideas and inventions. Her office for handling them has grown from a small one to immense proportions. She has forty-eight million people to one hundred million inhabitants of this land; and it can be safely stated that American inventive capacity is equal to or exceeds that of any other country in the world.

The ridiculous proposition of to-day may be seriously considered to-morrow and, the day after, prove the safeguard of the nation.

Provocation Enough

ON A SLOW train in Arkansas sat a native, going up to Little Rock to testify in a shooting case. A deputy sheriff got aboard at a way station convoying an excited-looking person whose wrists were heavily manacled. Prisoner and warder took a seat directly in front of the countryman.

Presently, when his curiosity had mastered him, the first traveler bent forward and tapped the deputy on the shoulder.

"Whut's the trouble with the feller you got along with you?" he inquired in a whisper.

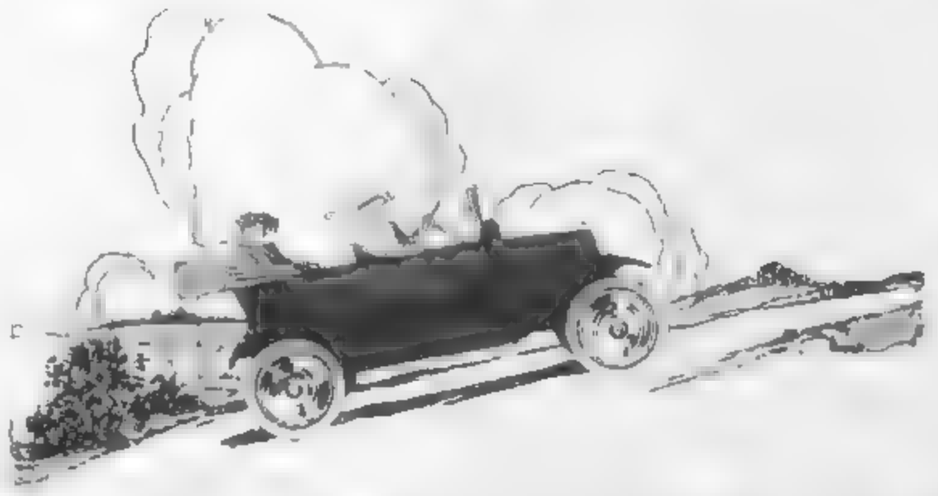
"He's got bugs," stated the deputy succinctly.

"He's got which?" inquired the yokel in a startled voice.

"He's buggy!" The deputy tapped his forehead meaningly. "He's crazy! Understand'"

"Bugs in his head, and his hands tied?" said the countryman. "Well, no wonder he's crazy!"

FORD EFFICIENCY



Four heat conditions scientifically met by Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" in Ford engines

If you have driven your Ford very long you have no doubt met with a warm-weather problem, more or less common to all cars.

That is—a tendency of the engine to overheat. This is generally most noticeable after continued running on low gear.

True, your thermo-syphon cooling system absorbs much of the excess heat in the combustion chambers.

But your water cooling system should not be called upon to absorb and radiate all the heat of friction. Most of that task belongs to the lubricating oil.

But of even greater importance is the ability of the lubricating oil to perform its function of minimizing friction and thus reducing friction heat.

Four common forms of overheating are described below. Each one traces back directly to your oil supply.

(1) **Friction Heat on Cylinder Walls.** This is caused by oil too light or too heavy in body for the Ford engine. If too light it fails to thoroughly separate friction surfaces. If too heavy, it is not distributed properly, leaving cylinder walls and bearings partly exposed. In either case excess friction follows. Heat mounts up.

The body and character of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" are such that it will feed readily, distribute thoroughly and form a protecting film between cylinder walls, pistons and piston rings.

(2) **Excessive Crank-Case Heat.** Normal crank-case heat is about 140° F. But if the oil does not tightly seal the Ford piston rings, part of the heat of each explosion shoots down past the piston to further heat the oil in the crank-case. Crank-case heat may then rise 40° to 50° higher.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" will thoroughly seal the Ford piston rings. The heat of the explosion on the power stroke is kept above the piston, where it belongs.

(3) **Hot Bearings.** Bearing surfaces when seen through the microscope show tiny hills and valleys of metal. The oil must thoroughly fill in these valleys and cushion the peaks or excess friction will result. Hot or burned-out bearings follow.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is of the correct body to cushion the Ford bearing surfaces, thus preventing them from rubbing against each other.

(4) **Heat Absorption and Radiation.** On hot summer days you will sometimes see Fords running under overheated conditions due to the use of an oil of low quality or poor heat radiating ability.

Ford owners who use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" are free from this trouble, owing to the ability of the oil to minimize friction and to absorb and radiate heat.

The following test will show you the importance of scientific lubrication in the efficient operation of your Ford engine:

An Economical Demonstration

It will cost you less than $1 to fill your reservoir with Gargoyle Mobiloil "E." The garage or dealer you trade with has it, or can promptly secure it for you.

Ask him to empty your reservoir of its present oil and fill it with Gargoyle Mobiloil "E." You can then judge for yourself, the results in cooler operation, gasoline economy and reduced oil consumption, to say nothing of reduced carbon deposit and greatest power.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

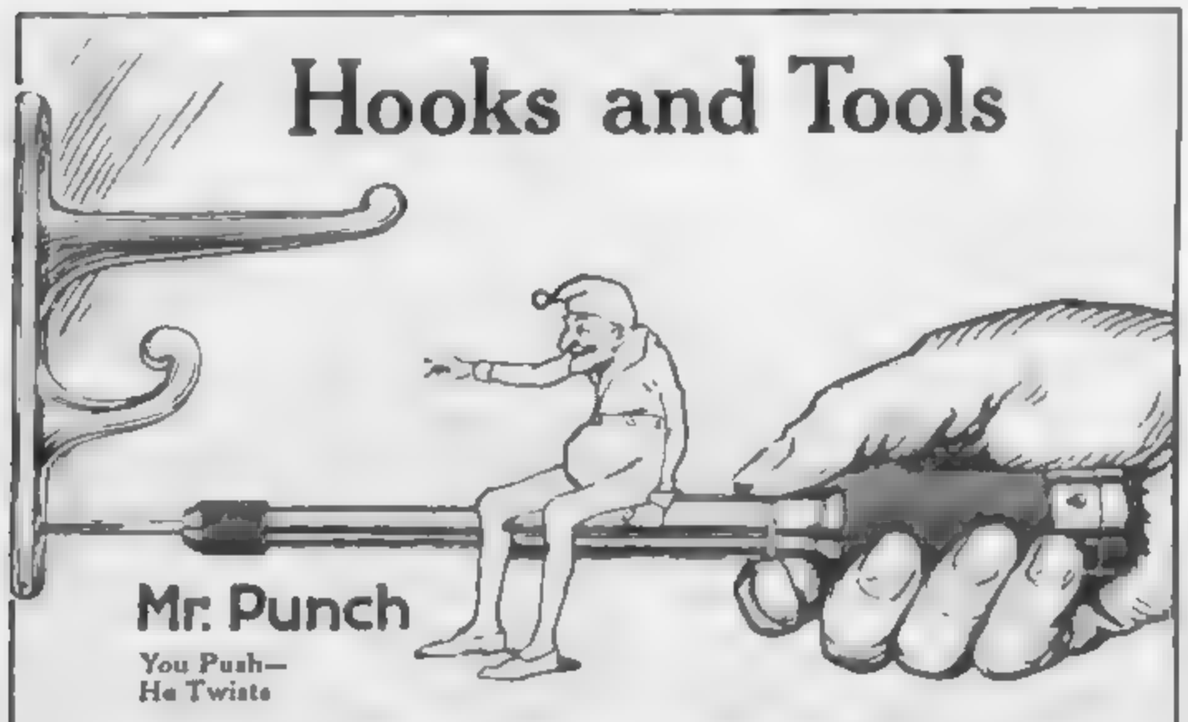
In buying Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. If the dealer has not Gargoyle Mobiloil "E," he can easily secure it for you.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

Domestic Branches: Philadelphia, Kansas City, Kan., Minneapolis, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Des Moines

Hooks and Tools



PUTTING up all the hooks, shelves and other fixtures your wife could possibly want is easy with Mr. Punch's help. Select the right one of the eight drill points in the hollow handle—you can tell its size by the hole through which you see it—place the point of the drill where the hole is to be and push. The tool does the work. Price $1.80.

When you have a straight, clean hole of the right size and in the right place it's easy to drive the screw. You don't have it sticking half way in, or break off part of the head. It goes in straight, all the way, and with head unmarred, which counts for a good deal in putting up brass or nickel-plated fixtures.

The pocket screw-driver is one of the eternally useful tools you're always wishing you had with you, and on account of its size and shape you can really carry it around in your pocket. It is only 3¼ inches long when closed. It has three different sized screw-driver blades and a square reamer for enlarging holes. It costs 65c. Carry it with you in the house and it will be easy to "do it now."

All Goodell-Pratt tools are of the highest quality—they are the kind of tools good mechanics use. Every house would be a better place to live in if equipped with a few good tools such as the two shown here, an automatic screw-driver, a small vise, a hand drill, a level.

Write for the story of "The House That Jack Fixed," a tale of what an ordinary man can do in his house with good tools.

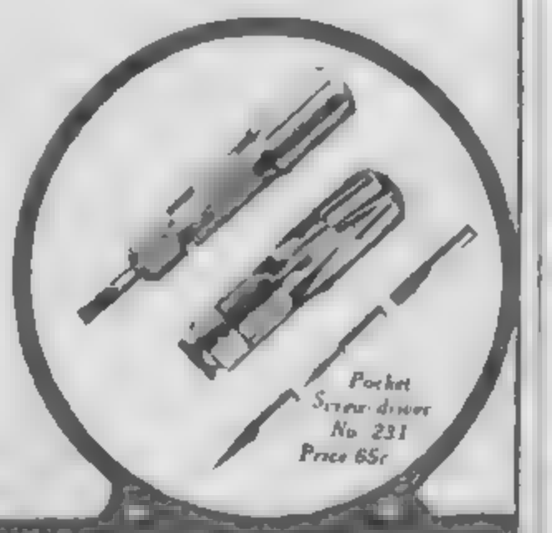
Goodell-Pratt Company
Greenfield, Mass., U. S. A.

Toolsmiths

Partial List of Goodell-Pratt Tools

Hacksaws	Drills
Gauges	Levels
Punches	Lathes
Micrometers	Calipers
Bit Braces	Squares
Vises	Grinders

Screw-drivers



GOODELL-PRATT

1500 GOOD TOOLS

LETTERS FROM THE WAR

(Continued from Page 13)

sweet-hungry. We have a rather skimpy dessert about twice a week. Two lumps apiece come with our morning coffee.

We bore all this for two weeks, and did our bit for France by avoiding the temptation to buy candy. Yesterday came a terrible moral downfall. We passed a confectioner's shop in the Latin Quarter. In the window was a large and tempting supply of *pâtisseris*, the food that we may have no more after next week. We looked into each other's eyes, ashamed to confess our thoughts. With one impulse we turned into the doorway—and immorally, treasonably and unpatriotically gorged ourselves, so that we wanted no dinner last night.

Everyone with the imagination to grasp the situation feels it a duty to revise his eating habits. Etiquette has changed with the stress of the times. It is good form to consume the last drop and crumb on your plate, to sop up the sauce with bread. To carry anything away from a table in a public place used to be considered the limit in bad manners. Now at the most fashionable tea rooms you see women with every appearance of wealth and fashion pick up the unused lumps of sugar and drop them into their shopping bags. This, however, is personal foresight, not patriotism! It is bad form to break a piece of bread without consuming the last crumb. It is good form to refuse point-blank any dish you do not wish to eat. It is bad form to have a bundle delivered from the shops when you can carry it yourself. Delivering bundles calls for labor.

The government has wabbled a little in its food regulations. The truth is, I think, that M. Violette, the food controller, is trying out several plans in order to see which will best suit both the people and the ends of economy. Of course white bread is unknown; but the French composite war bread is very good. I do not like it myself so well as the Italian bread, which is a straight mixture of wheat and Indian corn. But tastes differ; Frenchmen who have visited Italy of late say that they like their own variety better.

The meat situation seems to change every few days. At first, there were two meatless days a week; then there was one; then the government abolished this, and instituted instead the meatless dinner. Fleshmeat cannot be bought in the shops or markets after a certain hour of the afternoon, and meat may not be served at the evening meal. This, I believe, has worked very well, and will probably continue, even if one or two meatless days are added to the weekly calendar. In the first place, it discourages unnecessary eating. Dinner is the great meal for formal entertaining People hesitate to set before their guests a dinner of eggs, fish and herbs; in fact, everything about the regulations of Paris tends to discourage dining out.

To Eat or Not to Eat

The "Metro"—the Paris subway and our great transportation artery—stops at ten on six nights of the week, though on Thursday, for what reason I know not, it keeps on until eleven. Getting a taxicab after the dining and theater hour is very difficult. The Parisian taxicab driver has become the most independent person in the world. He must be pleaded with. Half the time, when you hail a taxi with its flag up, showing that it is disengaged, the driver asks you where you want to go. If your destination is in the direction whither he is speeding to luncheon or dinner, he may graciously permit you to enter. If not he shakes his head and drives on. Of course the taxicabs must economize, for they have only a certain set allowance of gasoline.

Even though meat is allowed for luncheon, that meal is restricted to two courses. However, in addition to the two courses one may have *hors-d'œuvres* at the beginning, and dessert, cheese and fruit at the end. The two courses mean simply fish and meat. That is enough, it seems to me, for anyone not a pig. Of course, it is all deliciously cooked—the French cannot help that.

The meatless dinner has caused some justified grumbling. People say that it is all right for loafers, but that a man of occupation does not want his principal meal in the middle of the day. The time to eat, the French believe, is after you finish your work. People who have their own homes can do a little juggling with this order, but not that large class of unmarried men and women of employment who live in lodgings and dine at restaurants. A restaurant lies open to police inspection, and a hot beefsteak after three o'clock in the afternoon would bring out the reserves.

However, this order has attained its object, which is the reduction of unnecessary eating in public places. If we ever accomplish as much we shall have solved part of the food problem for the civilized peoples of Europe. If we develop conscientiousness about scraping our plates, breaking no piece of bread which we do not use—in general, if we learn to economize at the table without starving ourselves—we shall solve the whole problem.

Since everyone is busy, and formal entertaining at luncheon takes time, the people of means have made five-o'clock tea the occasion for meeting socially. Here, too, government regulations step in to complicate things. There are two tealess days a week—Tuesday and Wednesday. That phrase does not mean what it seems to mean. You can get tea at regular cafés on those days; but tea only. No cakes; no buns—nothing but tea. To abolish tea entirely would be to work unutterable hardship on the British soldiers and civilians in our midst. But the tea rooms and the confectioner's shops must close on those days.

Where the Cold Cream Went

However, no law prevents serving tea, with whatever accompaniments you may have, in your home; and "Tuesday or Wednesday at five" is the form of half the invitations in the native society of Paris or that of the foreign colonies. With the abolition of *pâtisserie*, the tea rooms will probably be allowed to open every day; but you will get with your tea only war bread under various forms of disguise, or such cakes as macaroons, which require no flour.

Of course the cost of provisions has gone up. The only accurate means of judgment I have are restaurant prices. They seem to average about fifty per cent higher than last summer.

Understand, there is no hardship about all this. And, following General Grant's maxim—"Remember the other fellow is probably more scared than you are"—Paris thinks not on its own necessary regulations to prevent waste, but on the situation in Berlin. This is the summary of an American who left Germany when we broke relations:

"One little piece of meat—about half the size of an average rump steak—each week. For bread, about the equivalent of two small rolls at each meal. Three pounds of potatoes a week. All the fish you can buy—which is none, for fish has disappeared from the Berlin market. One egg a week—but when you present your card there is usually no egg in stock. No one had yet died of starvation, to my knowledge, but several in my acquaintance have died of diseases brought on by malnutrition. They are ravenously hungry for fats.

"An American woman, visiting Berlin on business, brought along a jar of facial cream. One day she found the jar empty. She reported this to the desk at her hotel. The management investigated, and the chambermaid confessed the theft. She had spread the facial cream on her bread and eaten it!"

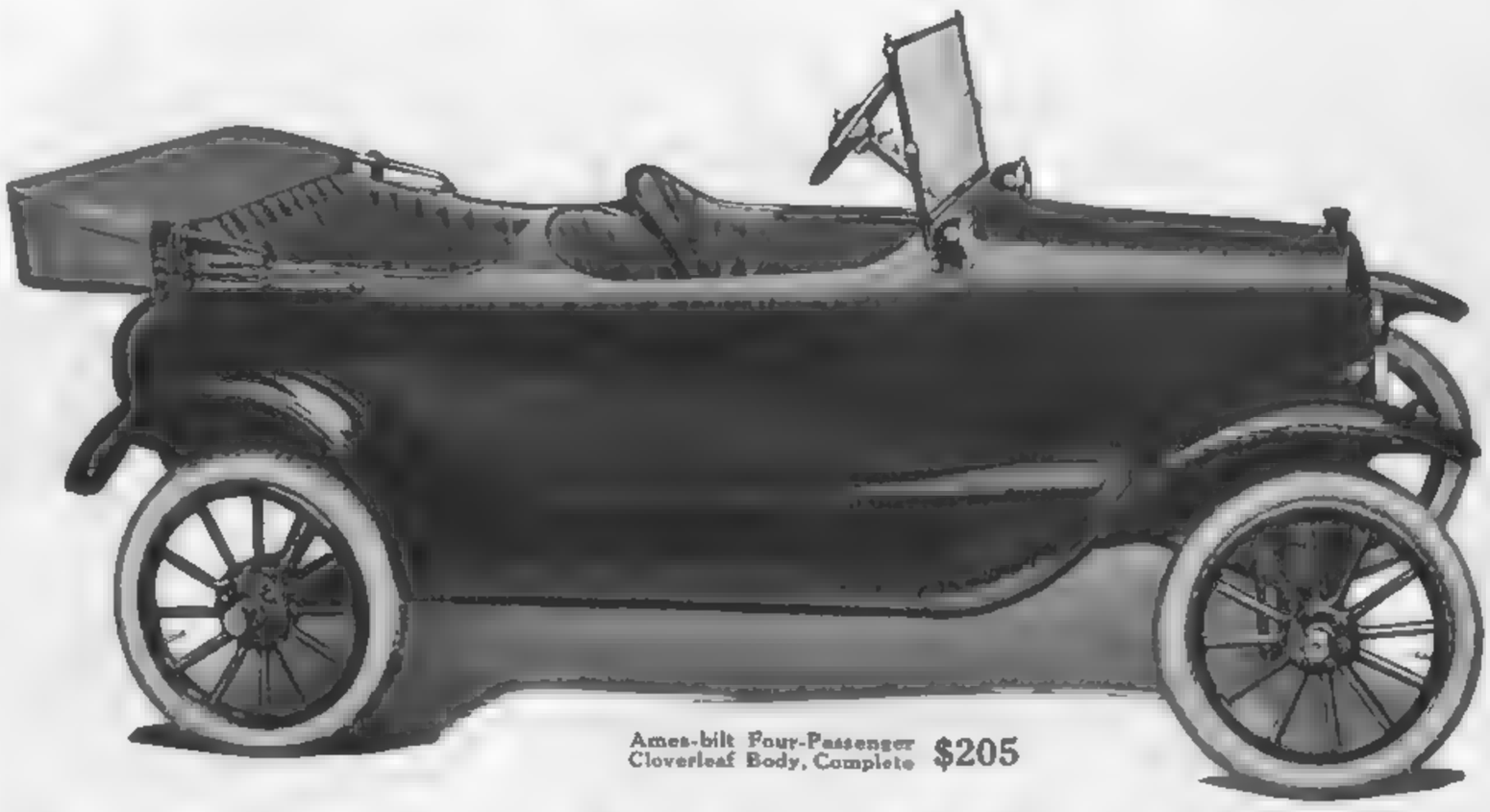
PARIS, May ninth.

If we ever have the United States of Europe—and in this day of political miracles who dares laugh at the most optimistic prophecy?—Paris will be the leading candidate for the capital. It has always been the most cosmopolitan city of the world; but in old years it was impossible to identify the nationality of pedestrians. It is easier now, when all the world has donned uniforms to fight Germany.

Yesterday I saw a detachment of officers registering at this hotel. Their uniform was new to me, but it so resembled the Italian in color and general effect that I thought it merely the costume of some corps I had not encountered at the Italian Front. They proved to be Portuguese. From the elevator came two of our own attachés, in the olive-drab khaki, which is beginning to appear on the streets of Paris. They stopped to speak with two Belgian officers. The Belgian uniform most nearly resembles our

(Continued on Page 61)

Ames-bilt Pleasure Bodies for Fords



Ames-bilt Four-Passenger Cloverleaf Body, Complete $205

Aëroplane view of Ames-bilt Four-Passenger Cloverleaf. Note the individual front seats, wide rear seat and generous leg room.

You Can Now Make Your Old FORD *New—Like This*

But You Must Hurry. Act At Once. Enjoy the Full Season.

Immediate deliveries guaranteed. But we can supply only 3280 Ames-bilt Cloverleafs. These must be divided among three million Ford owners. Order now and be the first in your neighborhood to get an Ames-bilt. Don't risk disappointment.

The most beautifully designed and elegantly finished bodies ever built for Ford cars.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Act quickly secure yours now. Shipped immediately.

Make Your Ford The Classiest Car in Your Neighborhood

Only $205 gives you practically a new Ford. Your engine and chassis are as good as new for years to come probably.

You know that the appearance of your old Ford body is not what you can be proud of. It has served its time. Probably all dilapidated.

Dress up your old Ford. An Ames-bilt Cloverleaf body or Five-Passenger touring body not only makes your Ford a car you can be proud of, but gives you a degree of comfort and genuine luxury undreamed of before in a Ford.

BRIEF SPECIFICATIONS

Frame: Selected hard wood. All joints mortised, glued and screwed. Solidly reinforced and ironed by steel

Doors: Concealed hinges. Entrance from both sides, front only. Best quality 20 gauge automobile [illegible]

Upholstering: Best quality Mule Skin leather stuffed with real curled hair, deep luxurious cushions

Body: Comes complete with one man top, clear vision windshield, hood, radiator shell and skirts ready to attach

Ames-bilt Cloverleaf Bodies Take All the Shame Out of "Flivver"

With an Ames-bilt Cloverleaf Body no one would ever consider or think of calling your car a "Flivver" again. Your car will have individuality.

The lines and appearance of the body are the making of any car. The Ames-bilt will give your car the appearance of a much higher-priced automobile.

We know how to build stylish bodies. We build thousands for makers of high-priced cars and the Ames-bilt for Fords is made of the same high-grade material throughout. It is just as carefully finished and designed as thousands of bodies we build for cars in the $1500 class.

Make your old Ford look like a 1918 model car costing many times the price of a Ford.

Or buy a Ford chassis without a body and put on an Ames-bilt Cloverleaf body. It adds snap and class of which you will always be proud.

Decide now. Don't risk disappointment. Our present stock is limited, but through the next month we can guarantee immediate delivery. No matter where you live. Write us today

Comes Complete—Ready to Install in Three Hours—Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back. $205 f. o. b. Owensboro, Ky

The F. A. AMES COMPANY, Inc.
631–A Third Street, Owensboro, Ky., U. S. A.

Manufacturers of the celebrated Ameston Worm Drive Truck Unit, Ames Commercial Unit and a full line of Commercial bodies for Ford cars

SHOW ROOMS:

New York City—Mulford Hass Co
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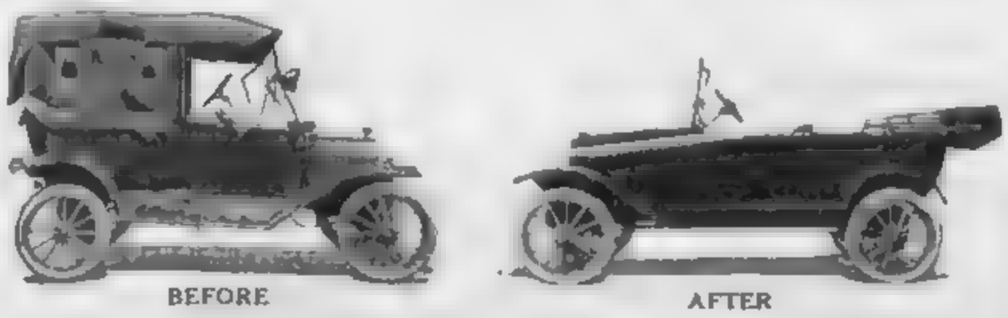

BEFORE AFTER

Be Proud of Your Old Ford Equipped With an Ames-bilt Five-Passenger Body Like This

Our Full Line of Ford Pleasure Bodies Also Includes Snappy Racer and All-Season Cloverleaf

Time is short. Don't miss July. Why delay? High-class bodies built especially for Ford cars are hard to get. We anticipated this

$238 **Complete f. o. b. Owensboro, Ky., ready to install, for this high-class Ames-bilt 5-passenger touring car body for Fords**

IMPORTANT NOTE TO DEALERS—Handsome rewards being made everywhere by leading dealers who secure representation of the Ames-bilt body line. Write at once for special proposition, or wire. Every day's delay is costing you money in profits that you ought to be making. Thousands of Ford car owners are ordering direct from the factory. Where we have dealer representatives we fill these orders through dealers. Don't miss this splendid opportunity. Write at once.

Order Here or Write at Once

NOTE: You are absolutely safe in ordering from this advertisement to secure immediate delivery. All money refunded and freight paid both ways if you are not absolutely pleased and satisfied. **Whatever you do, be sure to write and investigate.**

THE F. A. AMES COMPANY, Inc.
631–A Third Street, Owensboro, Ky., U. S. A.

Model	*Price*
Cloverleaf	$205
5-Passenger	$238

Enclosed find $25 deposit for immediate shipment of an Ames-bilt Cloverleaf Body for my Ford car. (Or if you desire an Ames-bilt Five Passenger Touring Body, just indicate the fact here by a check mark ( ).) I am making this purchase on the distinct understanding that sight draft for the balance of $180 (or $213 balance for the 5-Passenger Model) will be attached to bill of lading and that you guarantee safe delivery. Also that you guarantee satisfaction or upon notification from me by mail, you will return the $25 deposit and pay the freight both ways, taking the body back again.

CATALOG FREE

FREE CATALOG REQUEST—Please mail all literature and Ames-bilt Cloverleaf Body Catalog FREE. I want to investigate and read about these bodies whether I purchase one or not

Name

Street No.

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R. F. D. State

This 1909 Buick, owned by F. E. Sisson, Plainville, Kansas, has been driven a greater distance than any other automobile has ever been known to go. Official figures give it the astounding record of 261,800 miles—a distance equal to ten times around the world—every mile on its original set of Hyatt Bearings.

The illustration shows the "Hyatt Roller" starting from the Detroit Athletic Club, the automobile capital of the world, on the first lap of its long mileage grind

The World's Long Distance Car on Another Mileage Marathon

June 4th, this 1909 Buick—still equipped with its original Hyatt Bearings and rechristened "The Hyatt Roller"—left Detroit to make this circuit of the country.

After eight years of severe service—equal to thirty years of normal wear—its Hyatt Bearings are running as smoothly as the day they were installed. They show you the continued and unvarying satisfaction you will get from Hyatts in your car.

They are still capable of withstanding the shocks and strains of rough roads and mountain grades. They demonstrate that whatever your local conditions, you will always get the same quiet, carefree satisfaction that distinguishes Hyatt Bearings everywhere.

The very age and past record of this veteran automobile make its present performance that much more significant. That is why we are putting it to the test—sending this world's long distance car on this new mileage marathon.

In the results of this tour, coast to coast and back again, you will find the reason for making sure that your new car is equipped with Hyatt Quiet Bearings.

HYATT ROLLER BEARING COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan

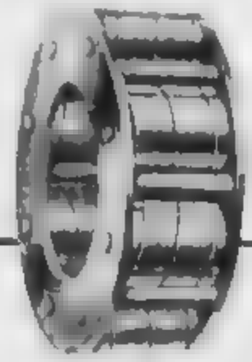
In 1917 this same car, rechristened the "Hyatt Roller," is making a 12,000 mile trip, coast to coast and return, to test still further its original set of Hyatt Bearings.

It goes by way of Detroit to

Cleveland	Indianapolis	Spokane
Buffalo	St. Louis	Butte
Albany	Denver	Omaha
Boston	Salt Lake City	Des Moines
New York	San Francisco	Minneapolis
Philadelphia	Portland	Milwaukee
Pittsburg	Seattle	Chicago

and back to Detroit.

Its coming and arrival in various cities will be announced in local papers. If you are on the route, watch for the "Hyatt Roller."



HYATT The Bearing that Proves its Quality by Performance on the Road

(Continued from Page 58)

own, as it happens. The only distinction, at first sight, is a browner shade of the khaki cloth. British officers in dull khaki, with the indefinably smart British cut, were taking tea in the lobby. Outside, a Russian officer, in a belted blouse and a cap whose peak clung close to his forehead, was trying to hail a taxicab.

That Russian uniform—a belted blouse which pulls over the head, comfortably loose breeches, knee-high cowhide boots—is said by commissary and supply uniform experts to be the most sensible in use along the line. Certainly it is the most distinctive. And since the Russians—on this front at least—are huge men, the crowd always stares at them as they swing along the boulevards.

On these fine spring afternoons the dull background of every civilian crowd is slashed with the colors of uniforms. Olive-green-gray and a plumed hat, such as Robin Hood wore—those are Italian Alpini officers, visiting Paris on some military mission. Yellowish khaki, wide trousers, red fezzes over dark, clean-cut faces—those are Arabian Turcos of the French Army. A little yellow individual trips delicately down the street; he wears loose khaki and a blue, visorless cap. He is an "imported" Chinese laborer. There come two fine, stalwart, romantic-looking men in golden-colored khaki, with caps of a curious cut. They are Serbian officers. The smart dullness of the British uniform is varied, here and there, by officers who wear epaulets of chain mail. They belong to the Indian troops.

In all this mélange the uniform of the American Ambulance is becoming conspicuous. Even before the war, ambulance volunteers were pouring into Paris. Seventeen sections are working at the Front now; and men have been arriving so fast that a squad will leave this week not to run ambulances but to transport motor cars. Their uniform greatly resembles the British; the main difference is not in cut and color, but in the chevrons and insignia. However, I can always spot them even from the rear, by their free American stride, and usually by their size.

France has maintained a greater variety of uniform than any other nation on the Western Front. Now when a wounded man gets back to hospital from the line, his clothes are usually finished. When he becomes convalescent and begins to roam the boulevards, getting air, they dress him in whatever they have on hand.

The Good-Luck Girl

Lieutenant V., a member of the most famous fighting corps in the French Army, called on me to-day. Wounded at the Somme last autumn, he spent months in bed. About on crutches since a month ago, he found that his shattered leg needed special treatment to restore its flexibility; so he is going to a special hospital at the south of France. He was wearing an infantryman's light-blue fatigue cap, an artilleryman's khaki jacket, a cavalryman's red breeches and a pair of Canadian putties. These combinations add still more color and variety to the appearance of Parisian crowds.

This color of the streets becomes a kaleidoscope in the lobbies and smoking rooms of the music halls and variety theaters, where officers on leave go for their fling. These, now that spring has come, have not only the old gayety of Paris but an additional gayety from the presence of so much youth in a state of rebound from trench life.

Just now an American vaudeville team is giving Paris its first big laugh of the war—Coleman and Alexandra, the latter being billed as The Good-Luck Girl. She is pretty; she is blond; she is a past mistress of American ragtime. In the last part of the turn she stands singing before a black curtain. The lights go out. A moment later you see her swinging through space, above the front rows of the orchestra, in a floral horseshoe.

As a matter of fact, it is an illusion act; the basket in which she sits is attached to a long crane, shaped like a great wagon tongue and rendered invisible by a lighting trick; and an operator on the stage is making it swing or dip at will. She throws out toy balloons as she swings. The audience scrambles for them; they mean good luck. But the greatest luck of all, as the announcer tells you before the act, is to get one of her little blue strapped slippers.

The front rows and the stage boxes fill up after the intermission with officers of all nations, waiting for a chance at those slippers. When I saw her a week ago their performance was unsystematic. When I saw her again, last night, they had introduced teamwork.

Alexandra, singing and twinkling her little blue feet saucily, dipped, dipped, dipped toward a row of British officers at the right of the orchestra. Suddenly three Britons rose up and a bantam among them sprang to their shoulders—a very creditable pyramid. He balanced himself, his comrades holding his ankles; he grabbed; he grazed Alexandra's toes just as she soared up to the ceiling, twinkling her feet and pretending to shoot them with her thumb and forefinger. The bantam lost his balance; the pyramid tumbled, all together, into the aisle.

Alexandra soared over toward the boxes. The French officers who occupied them stood on the parapet and clung with one hand to the curtains while they grabbed with the other; Alexandra, sparring with her feet, eluded them. The horseshoe swung away; swung back. The Frenchmen grabbed again; the box curtain gave way, and down they went into the audience, which vented its delights in shrieks. She brushed lightly across the group of British officers; they formed a pyramid again; this time the apex man got a hold with one hand; but she pulled away.

The Winners of the Slippers

She soared to the edge of the balcony and flirted with the front rows. Russians, Serbians and American Ambulance men crowded the aisles, making leaps into the air as she brushed just over their clutching hands. She trifled again with the British. This time they had a new apex man, a little fellow—a convalescent officer, I take it—in mufti. He did not content himself with standing on his comrades' shoulders as she swung past; he made a well-timed leap and grabbed the slipper with both hands.

It held for an instant; then the strap button parted—and he rose a moment later from the opera chair into which he had dropped, holding up the slipper as an outfielder, who has fallen after making a catch, holds up the ball.

The audience, standing by now, cheered madly. Alexandra, blowing a storm of kisses at the winner, continued to soar, to twinkle her other slipper over the heads below, to tease, tantalize, cajole. She made a dip; and suddenly an American Ambulance man who had been lying very low jumped three feet into the air, caught, held—and off came the other slipper. He mounted a chair, waving his trophy, and gave a wild rebel yell.

I don't know whether or not this is an old American turn; but it could never "go" at home, I suppose, as it does here in Paris with that strange audience—the soldiers of the ten nations.

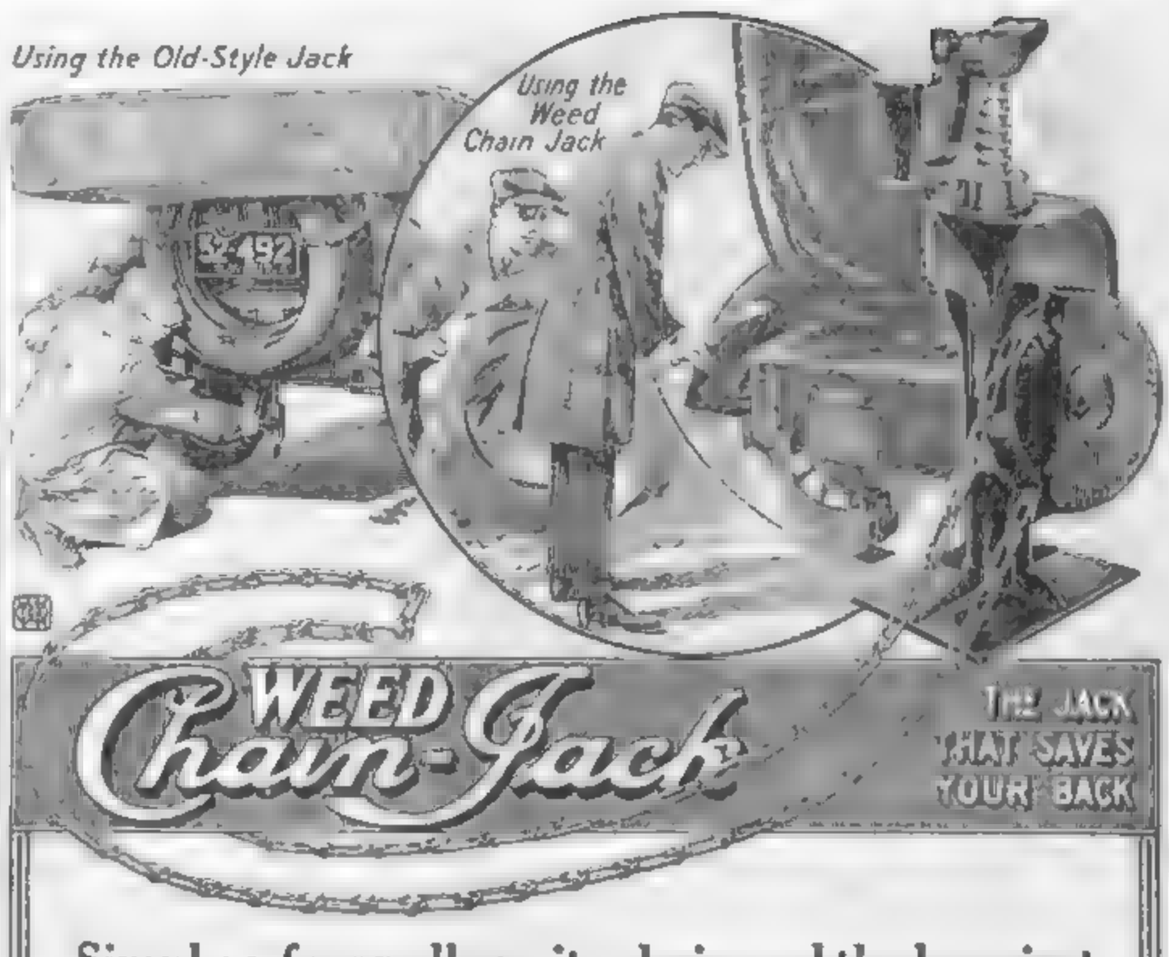
PARIS, May eleventh.

In the week before war was declared the State Department ordered our young district food agents out of Belgium. However, by special request of all parties concerned, including the Germans, five or six remained behind, in order to close up the books and turn our property over to the Spanish and Dutch.

These men, the last Americans who will pass, by permission, from the Central Powers during this war, reached Paris yesterday from Switzerland. This afternoon I found three of them sitting before a boulevard café with two others, who arrived in the first lot.

They were in a happy mood, these recent arrivals—larking like boys and giggling like schoolgirls. All had lived in the sober, repressed, tragic atmosphere of Belgium for at least a year—one of them since the third month of the war. "They told us that Paris was sad," said he. "Heavens, it's like Coney Island to me! The first thing I noticed when I crossed into Switzerland was that people were smiling!" Belgium, our food agents have been telling me ever since the war began, has the most depressing atmosphere in Europe.

However neutral the honor of these boys has made them in their acts, they have not been neutral for a long time in their thoughts. If any of them retained any doubts concerning the justice of the Allied cause, the damnable business of the Belgian deportations settled the question forever in their minds. Of this atrocity they told me tragedy after tragedy, crime after crime.



WEED Chain-Jack

THE JACK THAT SAVES YOUR BACK

Simply a few pulls on its chain and the heaviest car is raised or lowered without danger and without exertion.

Every motorist has dreaded using the ordinary jack—an unpleasant operation, to say the least, and constantly fraught with danger and much tiresome work. Now all the unpleasant, disagreeable features have been ***entirely eliminated*** by the Weed Chain-Jack. With it, whether raising or lowering the car, you are always ***out of harm's way***—No knocking of head, or soiling of clothes against springs or other projections—***No skinning of knuckles*** or flying up of a "handle"—***No chance of the car coming down,*** often resulting in serious bodily injury—Infinitely easier to operate than any jack on the market.

To operate a Weed Chain-Jack it is not necessary to get down in a cramped, strained position and grovel in mud, grease or dust under a car to work a "handle" that is apt to fly up, with unpleasant results. ***To lift a car*** with the Weed Chain-Jack, simply give a few pulls on its endless chain while you stand erect—clear from springs, tire carriers and other projections. ***To lower a car*** pull the chain in opposite direction. Up or down—there's no labor.

Once in place you never have to touch a Weed Chain-Jack. You do not have to crawl underneath to either raise or lower the car, and after the car is lowered you haul the jack out from under the car by the chain. ***Much superior*** in safety, economy, utility, simplicity and construction.

You will never be satisfied with any other if once you use a

Weed Chain-Jack

Powerful—Safe—Easily Operated

Has a strong cap, providing the kind of support from which an axle will not slip, while a ***broad base*** prevents the jack from upsetting on uneven roads. ***Every Weed Chain-Jack*** is submitted to a lifting test and will support over twice the weight it is ever required to lift. ***Never gets out of order.*** Gears and chain wheels protected by a stamped-steel housing. ***Chain heavily plated*** to prevent rusting.

MADE IN FOUR SIZES

Size	Height When Lowered	Height When Raised	Height When Raised with Auxiliary Step Up
8 inch	8 inches	12½ inches	14½ inches
10 inch	10 inches	15⅜ inches	17⅜ inches
12 inch	12 inches	18½ inches	No Aux. Step
12 inch Truck	12 inches	19¼ inches	No Aux. Step

The 8 inch and 10 inch sizes are made with an auxiliary step as illustrated above. When in operative position this step adds two inches to the height of the Jack.

10 Days' Trial

If your dealer does not have them send $5.00 for any size (or $10.00 for the truck size) and we will send you a Weed Chain-Jack all charges prepaid. If not entirely satisfactory after 10 days' trial return it to us and we will refund your money. Use the coupon

American Chain Company, Inc.

Bridgeport — Connecticut

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

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Dept. A, Bridgeport, Conn.

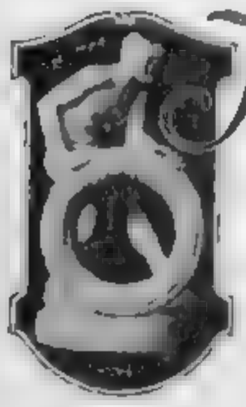
Gentlemen: Enclosed find $5.00 / 10.00. Send me a Weed Chain-Jack (size ... in.). It is understood that if ... I can return it to you ... and you will refund my money.

Name ...

AJAX TIRES

GUARANTEED IN WRITING 5000 MILES

They've Won In Test With Other Tires



AJAX TIRES are *selected* by motorists—not merely *accepted* because the automobile manufacturer originally supplied them with the car. They are 97 per cent Owners' Choice. Only 3 per cent of Ajax Tires are sold to manufacturers. Think what this means when you consider the immense output of Ajax Tires.

97% Owners' Choice

is *definite* proof. No claims or high-geared salesmanship can refute this proof—tire for tire and mile for mile—out on the road. That is how Ajax has built up its leadership, and why, when tires are talked of, motorists who know, place Ajax first.

With Ajax—*quality, uniformity* are absolutely sure. There are no better materials than Ajax uses. Ajax "know-how" is recognized by tire-men everywhere. But it's the Ajax Cure that most of all marks Ajax as something better. Electrical Science has given the Ajax Automatic Heat-Control Device—

"The Clock With a Trigger"

At just the instant the degree of heat and second of time are reached which mean perfect Cure, this more-than-human invention releases the heat volume—ends the vulcanizing process.

In Maine or Mexico—now or a year from now—one Ajax Tire is another's twin—in life and strength and service.

Guaranteed in Writing—5000 Miles—and Registered

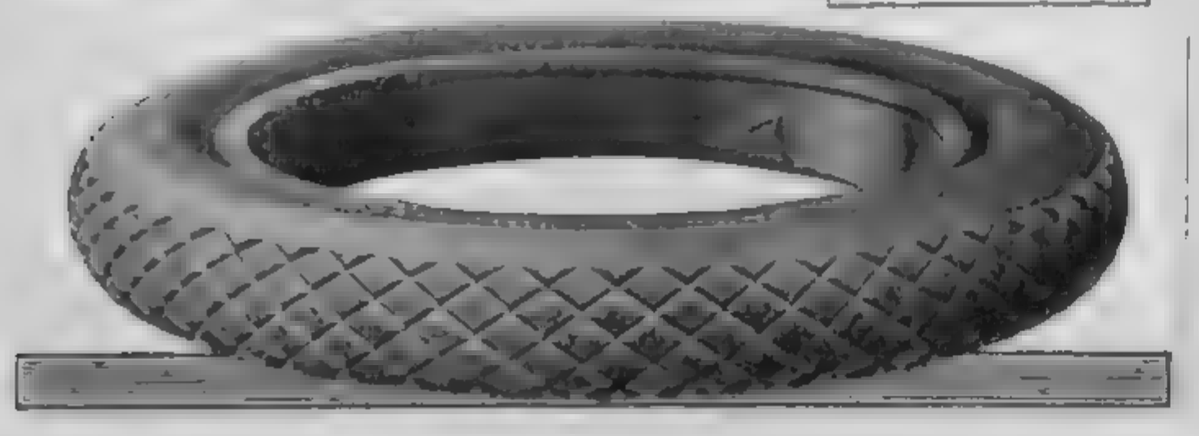
And Ajax quality upholds that guarantee. It means that this big minimum is the least you should expect. Many Ajax owners who keep mileage tab—as all tire-owners should—find that they far exceed it.

Ajax Tires are Registered, to make this guarantee doubly sure, in the tire-owner's name, at our home office. Service considered, and purchase price—Ajax Tires are the *most economical* tires you can buy. Go, let the Ajax dealer prove it.

Ask your dealer for "The Story of Ajax Tires," by Horace De Lisser, Chairman of the Board, Ajax Rubber Company, Inc.

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, Inc.
1796–1798 Broadway NEW YORK
Branches in Leading Cities Factories: Trenton, N. J.

While others are claiming Quality, we are guaranteeing it



The Belgian branch of the commission keeps in each community a list of the unemployed, so as to administer charity with intelligent justice. The first act of the Germans, upon starting the deportations, was to demand these lists. Now part of the covenant with the allied governments was that we should furnish no information to the enemy. The Americans refused to show these lists, as the Germans probably expected they would. It was only a trick to shift the blame; what they wanted was not the unemployed, but skilled workmen, most of whom had jobs. So they proceeded to community after community, rounded up all the men, tore them from their families and rushed them on trains.

The commission employs fifty-five thousand men in the vital work of food distribution. The directors in Brussels secured, or thought they secured, immunity for these people. White cards were issued to them; on presentation of these cards the Germans said they would be spared deportation. When the first set of commission employees presented their cards the Germans tore them up and herded the bearers on the trains with the rest.

Our men fought this matter out with the German central authorities and, after hundreds of commission employees had been transported, secured a new order against seizing anyone who had a white card. A few days later, news came that fifty employees, in spite of their cards, had been deported from Luxemburg. An agent from the Brussels office rushed to the spot and found a Prussian commandant by whom the commission had already been troubled. He had his family with him; and a year ago he demanded from the commission stores condensed milk for his baby.

The matter was referred to the head office, which replied that its covenant with the Allies forbade handing over an ounce of food to the Germans. The milk could be got perfectly well, by a man in his position, from German sources—only it was a little more trouble. Faced by our agent he declared flatly that he had deported these men for revenge. "I've been waiting to get at you fellows," he said. His revenge was murder, for some of them died in Germany.

Victims of German Torturers

The Germans, so far as possible, planned the work of deportation so that our men, sixty pairs of shrewd, impartial eyes, would not see it. However, one of the Americans with whom I talked this afternoon dropped unannounced into a Belgian town near Antwerp. He saw several hundred men lined up on the public square, surrounded by soldiers. Outside the line stood the women, all crying. As each man was examined he was ordered to move to right or left; those massed to the right were going to Germany. Every time a man stepped to the right a wail broke out from his woman in the crowd. When finally the procession started the women made a rush to bid their men good-by. The soldiers beat them back; our American witness saw three women knocked senseless by gun butts.

Train after train passed through Brussels, carrying the men deported from Ghent. They were in cattle cars, packed so tightly that they had to stand; they had not eaten for twenty-four hours. But they threw from the train slips of paper on which they had written *On ne signera pas*—"We will not sign." This referred to the contracts the Germans had thrust under their noses—agreements that would bind them to stay in Germany and would make it appear that they went voluntarily.

"They shall not pass!" was the motto of free France at Verdun. "We will not sign!" was the motto of enslaved Belgium. Less than ten per cent did sign. And presently the wreckage began to come back.

One of our agents had three of his employees taken away. When they left they were stout, healthy Flemish men. When they returned he went to see them at the hospital. "Indian famine victims were athletes beside them," he said. "I could span their biceps with my thumb and fingers. I could see every bone in their bodies. Their lips pulled back from their teeth as though they were already dead." One of them had smuggled out a little bowl of about the capacity of a teacup. Their ration, all this time, had been that bowlful of fish-head soup once a day—nothing more.

At the detention camp, when they refused to sign they were forced to stand at attention in the courtyard for twelve hours running. It was in the dead of a very cold winter. They had no coats, and if they tried to put their hands into their pockets the guards pricked them with bayonets. Their hands were frostbitten; one of them lost three fingers. Every day a German officer thrust a contract before them, offering them pay and good food if they would sign. "*Je ne signerai pas!*" they replied simply.

Faster and faster the wrecks of *Kultur* came back. They filled the hospitals in Liege and its vicinity. Some of their comrades had died in Germany; and some died in these hospitals. They had all been starved and tortured but tortured in such a way that marks would not remain as proofs. In the dead of winter the guards broke the ice over pools or ditches and made them stand in the water for hours. This was the punishment for the "hopeless cases"—the "extra-stubborn," of whom the Germans had no further hope. Naturally their feet were frozen—but frozen feet, you see, may be an accident, while a mutilation carries its own proof. They were strung up by the thumbs. For a day at a time their hands were tied to beams above their heads.

When their condition was such that they would never make satisfactory laborers the Germans began to ship them home—crippled, broken down with undernutrition, maimed. Many toes and feet and legs had to be amputated. One of these men, who died of frostbite, starvation and hardship, was just at his last gasp. The priest had administered extreme unction; his hands were folded on his breast. The doctor, by accident, jogged his elbow. His eyes opened. "No; I will not sign—I will not sign!" he muttered—and died.

Official Hypocrisy

So much loose talk runs about Europe that I should not fully believe such stories were I not sure of the source. But these are straight, cool-headed, reliable American men, of whom, as a member of the C. R. B., I have had knowledge ever since they entered Belgium. They have been to the hospitals and talked with the victims; and they know.

The Germans have stopped this deportation business. It did not pay in the first place. Nearly all the deported refused to sign and their experiments with torture got them nothing! Then the protest from the Vatican had its effect. Our men think there was another reason. The Belgians know the truth about many a situation on which the German populace is ridiculously misinformed. They were a "bad influence" on public morale.

Still, the first reason governed the German action, I think. If the Belgians could have been forced to manufacture machines to kill their own brothers Germany would doubtless have kept it up. It is perhaps the finest victory of passive resistance known to history. The courage of these plain Flemish artisans and peasants was more superb, I think, than the courage of battle.

When the German military authorities had to back water they framed, for the benefit of their own people, one of the most ridiculous excuses on record. The governor-general of Antwerp, where the first deportations occurred, was made the goat. He was reprimanded for being too soft-hearted with the Belgians! "Listening to their frantic pleas for employment," said the official report in effect, "and not considering that Germany, owing to her excellent internal condition, has plenty of labor, he has sent Belgian laborers into Germany faster than they can be used. He is ordered to send no more for the present."

One of our men spoke up at this point to tell another story of official hypocrisy. The Germans have been combing Belgium for brass and copper. A general order commanded every Belgian having a brass utensil or ornament in his possession to send a notice, with a full inventory, to the local commandant. The Belgians, quite naturally, were not eager to help the enemy make shells to kill their kinsmen on the Yser. Few articles were turned in; so the Germans sent searching squads from house to house. At about this time, an official item was circulated through the German press to this effect:

"Owing to the poverty of Belgium, the military command, wishing to assist these people as much as possible, has offered exceptionally high prices for brass and copper. By this means much useful metal has been added to our military stores!".

(Continued on Page 65)

SAXON "SIX"

SATISFACTION TRAVELS WITH YOU IN SAXON "SIX"

In motor car as in man there is often a wide divergence between what you expect and what you get.

But in Saxon "Six" they meet and blend. What you hoped your car would be it is. What you hoped your car would do it does.

Not in one phase, but in many —in every phase of its performance.

As your comfort in mind and muscle is catered to by the swift-acting resilience of the springs and cushioned comfort of the upholstery, so is your pride in power and speed satisfied.

And the economy of Saxon "Six" as revealed in its sparing use of gas and oil and the light toll it takes in wear from tire and part is an added confirmation of the wisdom of your selection.

With every ride, every mile, every moment you gain in good opinion of this car.

In the grip-sure steadiness with which it rides you find proof of its stability in structure and design.

In the effortless ease with which it masters hill and mud you find evidence of its ability to cope with every exigency travel may present.

In the active nimbleness with which it picks-up to greater and greater speed beneath the pressure of your foot upon the accelerator you find testimony to the liveliness of its motor.

In the silent and friction-less flexibility of its power-flow you experience a smoothness that satisfies your most critical expectations.

No matter what your standards may be the performance of Saxon "Six" forces you to admit it is a good car —an unusually good car.

All that could be given by expert effort, by advanced experience, by inflexible deference to quality, by the high impulse of the Saxon ideal in manufacture, has been given to this car.

It is a good car. Let it prove that to you.

Saxon Six $[illegible] Saxon Six Coupe Roadster $[illegible] Saxon Six Sedan $[illegible] Four Passenger $[illegible] Canadian prices Saxon Six $[illegible] Saxon Six Canadian Roadster $[illegible] Four Passenger $[illegible]

SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION · DETROIT

As a Careful Buyer You Should Investigate Saxon "Six" Before Buying a Car of Any Price

WAR DEPARTMENT OFFERS RIFLE SHOOTING MEDALS TO BOYS

JUNIOR MARKSMAN COMPETITIONS OPEN TO ALL YOUNG AMERICANS AGES 10 TO 16 YEARS

Like every other sport and test of skill, rifle shooting depends a great deal on how you go about it. There's nothing worse for your marksmanship than popping around at every old mark that happens to turn up—and nothing more dangerous.

The men who made the United States were all rifle shots. They got their skill by shooting to make every shot count. They were wonderful shots, but not a bit more wonderful than Otto Reynolds, a California High School boy, with his record of twenty bull's-eyes out of twenty shots!

Junior Marksman Medal

Now, it may be news to you that you *don't* have to belong to any military organization to win a National Medal for rifle shooting. The U. S. Government awards a Medal to *any man or boy* who shoots a certain score on standard targets under standard conditions, indoors or outdoors.

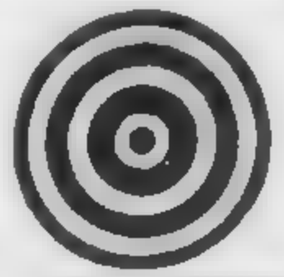
Then, too, there are the Boy Scouts, a *non-military* organization, offering the Merit Badge for Marksmanship to Scout rifle shots—a Badge known and respected all over the World.

Rifle shooting done this way is better shooting, finer shooting, careful shooting, safe shooting. When you win one of these National Medals, you have one that *means something*—a Medal that means the same thing everywhere in America.

Another thing—you don't have to shoot any special make of rifle and ammunition to compete for these National Medals. You can use *any* make of .22 caliber rifle and .22 short cartridges.

We hope, of course, that you will select Remington UMC. Certainly you will, if you ask advice from men who *know*.

School Rifle Club Medal



Boy Scout Merit Badge for Marksmanship

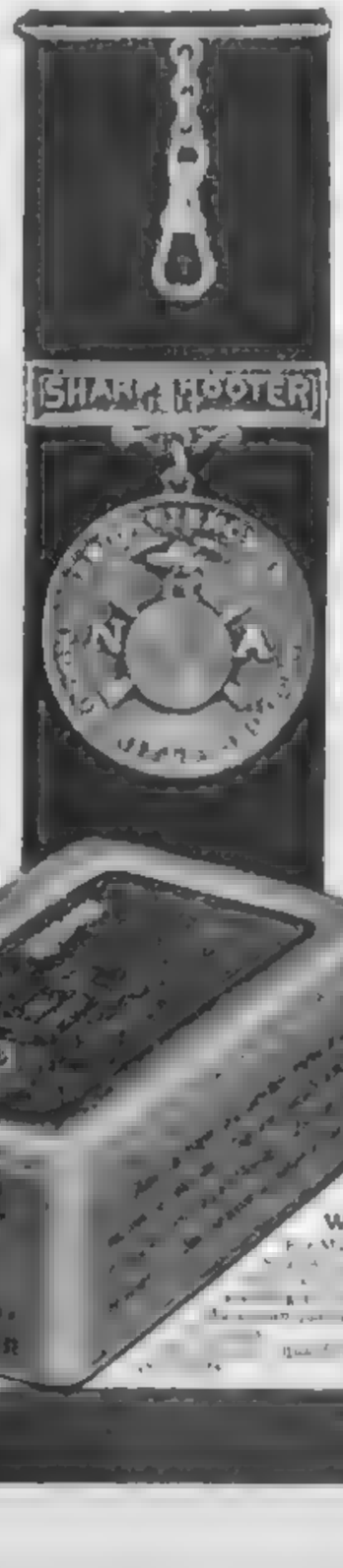
But at all events, write *The Secretary of the National Rifle Association, Woodward Building, Washington, D. C.*, and ask for information about Junior Marksman Competitions.

And if you will write to us, perhaps we can help you to *right shooting*—the right method of aiming, the correct trigger squeeze and how to keep from flinching.

We have published three helpful little books on the subject:—

"Boy Scout Marksmanship"
"Four American Boys Who are Famous Rifle Shots"
"How a Boy Made the First Remington"

Write for any or all of them. We will mail them without charge. And now, good luck to your shooting!



N R. A. Watch Fob

THE REMINGTON ARMS UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE COMPANY, Inc.
Largest Manufacturers of Firearms and Ammunition in the World
Woolworth Building, New York Remington UMC, Ltd. of Canada, Windsor, Ontario

(Continued from Page 62)

It is his sense of humor that keeps the Belgian alive in these heartbreaking times. All the mental ingenuity of a race dashed with the witty Gallic streak has been turned to the job of making the *Boche* uncomfortable. The Germans are characteristically lacking in sense of humor. For Belgian wit they have only one repartee—it is to put the jester in jail. Most of the stories, some of them unpublishable, about what the Belgian said to the German end: "And then they gave him two weeks."

For example, in a village near Antwerp, the Staff ordered all the horses brought to the artillery barracks, so that the Germans might requisition those they wanted. One old Belgian appeared with seven horses. Six were crowbait, but the seventh was a beautiful animal. The owner ran him round and round the yard, putting him through his paces. He had a superb gait. The Germans took him on the spot, paying three hundred and fifty francs in war requisition scrip. That alleged money, in case Germany pulls out without indemnity, will be of a value to make Confederate currency look like Bank of England notes.

The next morning the former owner of this horse was arrested and haled before the *Kommandant*.

"You've cheated us!" roared the German. "Your horse is no good!"

"What's the matter with him?" inquired the Belgian, with a manner of childish innocence.

"When we tried to back him out of the stable this morning he fell down. Every time we try to back him he falls down! He's paralyzed somewhere. He can't back up; and you know it!"

"Oh, that's all right!" replied the Belgian. "I thought you'd need that kind of horse when you come to try to cross the Yser!"

German repartee, in this case, was exceptionally ready and witty. He got a month!

No sooner is a solemn proclamation of the German Government posted on the walls of Brussels than a burlesque of it, even to a forgery of the official seal, appears on the streets. Who prints these proclamations, and where they are printed, the Germans would like to know. La Libre Belgique, that mysterious perambulating newspaper, continues to publish its biting satire on the Germans and its news of allied victories. Now it seems to issue from one town and now from another; but the Germans, though they have made many arrests, cannot find its types or its press.

Brussels Had its Joke

A general joke on the Germans—something subtle enough to lie within the rules and still obvious enough to annoy them—seems to spring up in a night and pass through the kingdom by mental telegraphy. The Germans forbade the Belgians to wear their national colors. Next morning all Belgium wore green—the color of hope.

When the German peace proposals were announced the Belgians took to strolling by twos and threes past all the German officers they saw, and remarking in a clear yet natural tone of voice: "I see the Germans are suing for peace!"

By night apoplectic German officers were breaking into these groups and roaring:

"That's a lie! Germany is proposing peace!"

Three times Brussels has been "closed" as a punishment for offending the might and majesty of the Kaiser. Under this form of punishment no public assemblies and amusements are allowed, and everyone must stay indoors after seven o'clock in the evening. The first time the sentence was for one day only; it followed a little cheering on the National Fête Day. The next time Brussels offended was when the famous Belgian aëroplane flew over the city, dropping proclamations of hope and cheer.

That occasion was very dramatic. It happened on a clear, black night when the streets ran full. Suddenly the crowd caught the sound of aërial engines. That unmistakable whir-r-r, coming at night over a city in the war zone, always gives people pause—it may mean bombs. The engines sounded nearer and nearer. The plane, from the sound, seemed to be making a landing.

Suddenly a searchlight flashed from the aëroplane, revealing the aviator, who immediately broke out the Belgian flag. Then white leaves began to flutter downward. Along the Avenue Louise it sped, so low that it seemed scarcely to skim the lamp-posts. Suddenly the light went out; but the noise of the engines showed that it was escaping unscathed. All Brussels broke into wild cheers.

The German repartee was announced next morning from the Hotel de Ville: Five days.

Brussels was a strange city that night. Except for sentinels, the streets were deserted. But every window was wide open and blazing with light. Every talking machine was booming its loudest record. Every piano was tinkling, every fiddle scraping, every cornet tooting. People leaned out from their casements and held long, interesting and animated conversations with friends across the street. Amateur male quartets rendered selections of American ragtime. Dogs barked their heads off. However, it was all within the rules.

Next morning the Germans amended the order so as to prohibit open windows, playing musical instruments, conversations above an ordinary tone of voice, songs and barking. But Brussels had its joke.

An Official Excursion

Such incidents both enrage and puzzle the Germans.

"See all we've done for this people!" they say. "Look at our forbearance! In place of their own rotten government we've given them the German Government—the best the world ever knew—and they behave like this! They are blind, stubborn, ungrateful!"

This seems incredible; but it is the general attitude of the German official, our men declare.

No; the Belgians certainly have not responded! The University of Ghent was founded last year by the conquerors, "to restore the language and culture of the Flemish people, a Germanic tribe too long under debasing French influence." It has forty professors and thirty students; most of the students are of German parentage.

Last year, the Germans spawned a great idea—an exhibition of German *Kultur*, showing how the benevolent conqueror ran his cities and ordered his industries. They commandeered the largest hall in Brussels and filled it with exhibits. Through the Commission they prepared to feed immense numbers of tourists. They ran excursions from Antwerp and other points at half rates.

The arrangement was this: You bought your ticket, one way, from Antwerp. It carried a coupon, which you retained. Upon leaving the exhibition hall in Brussels, you exchanged the coupon at the turnstile for a free return ticket. This was by way of making sure that the tourist would attend.

Great crowds took advantage of the rates; they presented themselves at the exhibition, entered the vestibule of the hall, and immediately walked out through the exit, collecting the return tickets. Not one of them entered the hall; the great exposition of *Kultur* was witnessed by Germans alone. I must explain that civilian travel is forbidden in Belgium except by special permission of the Germans. One must stay in his own town. Antwerp was full of people who had long wanted to visit relatives and friends in Brussels. This was their chance—and at half rates!

The Germans, of course, were furious. "Blind, stupid ingrates!" they called the Belgians, as they packed up the exhibits and sent them home.

Our men tried to introduce some of our own *kultur* last summer, with but little better success. The Department of Northern France organized a baseball team and challenged the head office at Brussels to a series of games. The matches, which resulted in a complete victory for the Central Office, were played at Brussels.

Belgian society attended, partly out of compliment to America and partly out of curiosity. In advance our men boosted the game, telling the Belgians how especially clear, safe and civilized a sport it was. And in the very first inning Gray, sliding to second, broke his arm, and had to be patched up before the grand stand by Doctor Leech, pitcher for the North of France team.

The Belgians never did seem to discover what it was all about. Someone had explained that the object of the batsman was to hit the ball. So grounders brought mild handclapping and outfield flies cheers; but when a batsman sent up a high pop fly, which dropped straight into the catcher's

—for the baby
—for the children
—for every milk use
in your home

Carnation Milk insures purity—quality—safety

This is the season when you must know beyond doubt that the milk supply of your home is *safe*. And with its safety you should be sure of purity and high quality.

Carnation Milk is positively, wholly, unqualifiedly *safe*. It is clean, sweet, pure milk, evaporated to the consistency of cream, sealed air-tight and sterilized.

It is thus *doubly protected* against contamination in shipping or handling.

Simply add pure water to it to reduce its richness to the degree desired for drinking or for cooking purposes. (If you use skimmed milk for cooking, add *more* pure water.) You add its quality to everything you cook with it.

Let the children drink Carnation Milk diluted. Use it undiluted in coffee, on fruits and cereals. *Try it.* Realize its *convenience, economy* and *safety*. Order at least three cans from your grocer for a fair test.

Free Recipe Book

"The Story of Carnation Milk" booklet gives details about our Sanitary methods—and contains 100 choice, tested recipes for everyday and special uses of Carnation Milk such as infant feeding, etc. Carnation Milk Products Company, 732 Stuart Bldg., Seattle, U. S. A. Sold in Canada, condensaries in Ontario.

Try This Recipe

CARNATION ICE CREAM

4 cups Carnation Milk 1 cups sugar, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoonfuls vanilla. Carnation Milk is always ideal for making ice creams of any sort, because of its purity and richness. Eggs are not needed For a plain vanilla ice cream, as illustrated, mix the sugar and a cup of Carnation Milk together and let come to a simmering point, cook for five minutes in this manner, remove from fire when cool add remainder of the milk and water, and the vanilla. Freeze. This will make about a quart and a half. Serve with strawberries or other fruit

Remember—Your Grocer Has It!

Carnation Milk

The answer to the Pure Milk Question

Oxy-Acetylene Welding and Cutting

Conservation's Worst Enemy —the Nation's Scrap Pile

In ordinary times scrap pile waste costs American business millions of dollars annually.

Today, conservation is a matter of national necessity. It is imperative that you help to stop this waste.

Analyze your scrap pile

You'll probably find conditions such as our research men are finding in many industries—months' supplies of valuable materials easily available for use by oxy-acetylene welding.

In scrap piles, such as the above photographed in a typical Colorado mine, were found a year's supply of costly tram buckets, months' supplies of tungsten steel tools, stamp stems and other materials—easily welded good as new at trifling cost.

One railway shop saved the tie-up of a hundred locomotives by welding boiler tubes taken from the scrap pile. A paper manufacturer reclaimed a year's supply of metal cores by welding scrap parts.

There are thousands of other instances where oxy-acetylene welding has made wonderful savings from discarded parts and materials.

Prest-O-Lite engineers have been among the pioneers in welding research. For years they have studied and investigated the uses of the oxy-acetylene process in American industry. All the fruits of this work are yours for the asking. Let us help you analyze *your* scrap pile.

Solving problems in production

Oxy-acetylene welding as a production process is manufacturing war munitions, railway supplies, boilers, ships, agricultural implements, delicate surgical instruments—

In fact, wherever two pieces of metal are to be joined, this simple portable process is saving time and materials—giving increased strength, simplicity and neatness to the product. It is rapidly displacing the bolt, rivet and threaded joint.

Prest-O-Lite PROCESS

High-grade welding apparatus costs but $75 (Canada $100); acetylene service at additional cost. Adaptable for oxy-acetylene cutting by the addition of special cutting blow pipe. Thorough instructions furnished free to every user of Prest-O-Lite—any average workman who understands metals can learn the Prest-O-Lite process quickly and easily.

Stop this waste in your business

Get a list of the broken and worn parts in your scrap pile today. Let us tell you where welding by the Prest-O-Lite Process will enable you to take certain discarded parts out of scrap and reclaim them at trifling cost.

Help stop the extravagant waste of the material resources of the country by practicing rigid economy *now and all the time.*

The conservation of time and materials—so necessary to the country's business and your business—is our business.

Our illustrated literature describes hundreds of possible savings—many of them directly applicable to your own problems. Write for it.

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World's Largest Makers of Dissolved Acetylene

glove, the grand stand rose and gave him an ovation.

Though opinions varied a little, most of our men thought the Germans were still pretty confident. "Yet," said one, "it used to be 'When we beat the English'; now it is 'If we beat the English.'"

The Germans, soldier and civilian alike, are all deathly sick of the war. When the German peace proposals were announced last December the officers in Belgium got drunk and stayed drunk for two days. At Mons, at Ghent and at other points they held public demonstrations, with bonfires. When the proposals flattened out you could have cut the gloom with a knife.

Though each remembered some German whom he liked or admired, our men came out with a nauseating sickness of the whole German game. However, only one of them expressed his feelings in Belgium. On the night when the first squad left, their Belgian friends entertained them. One of the departing Americans dined too well. At the eleventh hour he was dragged to the train, clutching his golf clubs, which he refused to let the porter carry.

"Important use for those implements," he said darkly.

The platform was full of German soldiers and officers. As the train started he leaned from the window of his compartment, wearing a smile of long-delayed satisfaction, and brandished his driver, with which he neatly knocked off every German helmet he passed!

THE VENDETTA OF BOGUE GRENOUILLE

(Continued from Page 16)

"Bah!" cried Pauline, and stamped her little foot upon the planking of the dock. "What is such blood? You are not a poltroon; you—you, for whom I ——"

She stopped, with a moan, as Etienne bent and cast the painter loose. Then she turned and fled like some wild thing, and the gloom of the underwood swallowed her.

Etienne drifted into midstream, shipped the mast and hoisted the sail. The fair night wind caught and swelled the canvas, and with a quick ripple of water under the bow the little craft glided down the river toward Pontchartrain and New Orleans.

So Etienne Deschamps left the house of his fathers.

When Hector Lafleiche had read the letter that Etienne had left for him he at once set about a search which, however, soon came to an end. The missing boat was found without any trouble in the Bayou St. John, at New Orleans. Following that clew, Hector discovered that William Jones, of Chicago, who answered to Etienne's description, had registered in Etienne's handwriting at a comparatively obscure hotel on the morning of his disappearance. Mr. Jones had left on the following morning, but the clerk had no idea of his destination. Not one of Etienne's old friends or associates in the city had seen him.

Having in mind his declaration that he would go North, Hector wrote to certain French colonists in the Yankee town of St. Louis; but that proceeding was fruitless. No William Jones had been among the passengers in the lists of the northbound Mississippi steamboats, and inquiry at the railroad stations had been without success. Hector gave it up and resigned himself to waiting.

Nearly a year later George Sebree, one of Toplady's deputies, returned from a man hunt in Texas and told Lafleiche that he had seen Etienne in Griggsville, a small town some thirty miles from the railroad. Yes; he was sure that it was Etienne. His hair was cut close and he had let his beard grow, but he, Sebree, would be willing to swear that it was the same man.

"I took particular notice of him at that Dubois inquest," said the deputy.

"He was in the post office," George continued. "I was going to speak to him; but the moment he seen me he looked scared to death and turned round and walked out. I went to the door and saw him jump on a horse and ride off like the devil was after him. Well, I thinks, if you feel that way about it you can make a bee line for blazes, for all of me. I ain't got no warrant for you; so I ain't going to follow you up."

"I wish you had made some inquiries about him, George," said Hector.

"I did that much, naturally," George replied. "He's sort of bookkeeping and choring round at the Brent-Ackerly Ranch, and calls himself William Smith. Outside of that nobody round town knew much about him—sort of kept himself to himself. I reckon you'll find him there if you want him, though."

"William Smith!" Hector repeated musingly. "Decidedly, that boy shows little originality in his choice of names. Well, George, I am obliged to you. You will favor me by not mentioning this matter to anybody else—unless you have already done so."

Sebree assured him that he had not even told Toplady and would certainly tell nobody else. Thereupon Hector wrote to William Smith, in care of the Brent-Ackerly Ranch; and in due course his letter was returned to him, with official indorsement to the effect that William Smith had left for parts unknown. The Brent-Ackerly Company later confirmed this statement.

Another year passed. The Didier School District became incorporated with that of Saintonge; and after an examination, which she passed with great credit, Pauline Sanson was appointed to teach the enlarged Saintonge School. That took her away from Les Hirondelles during the term; and Paul, who continued to farm the place, was obliged to content himself with the ministrations of Celeste, an elderly negress who, widowed for the sixth time, and finding her remarkable bulk a handicap to the activity required to support a husband decently, counted her limited servitude with Monsieur Sanson a comparatively restful experience. The old man grumbled, as was natural; but it was evident that he felt an immense pride in his daughter's acquirements.

"Dat gal—by gar!—she is r-rip-snorter-r!" said Paul. "All tahm she is r-read, r-read, r-read, r-read in books—onlee when she wr-rite. I get up in ze morning, an' dat Pauline she is up biffore me, wiz ze book an' ze paper an' pen. I go to bed; but Pauline she have not yet finish. She will stay a leetle while longer. Eh? By gar! She know more dan Père Michelet. She mek Père Michelet scratch hees head, I tell you! She can marry—by *'blue!* Dat gal she have affaire plentee; but no, she will not marry ever, she say. As to dat"—Paul winked—"*nous verrons*, eh?"

Certainly Pauline had become amazingly studious—far beyond the requirements of district-school examinations, it seemed; and one accepted Paul's boast as to the suitors without question, for her early promise of beauty was abundantly fulfilling itself in spite of her burning of midnight oil. There was, moreover, a distinction in her manner, in the way she dressed, that attracted swains of relatively high degree—and eventually discouraged and kept them at arm's length. Withal she taught her school successfully; but, once out of the schoolroom, she held herself aloof from her pupils.

Indeed, she had little intimacy with any of the young people who might naturally have been considered her fit associates; and that rift—breach or whatever it may be called—widened as time went on, though without resentment on the part of these former companions.

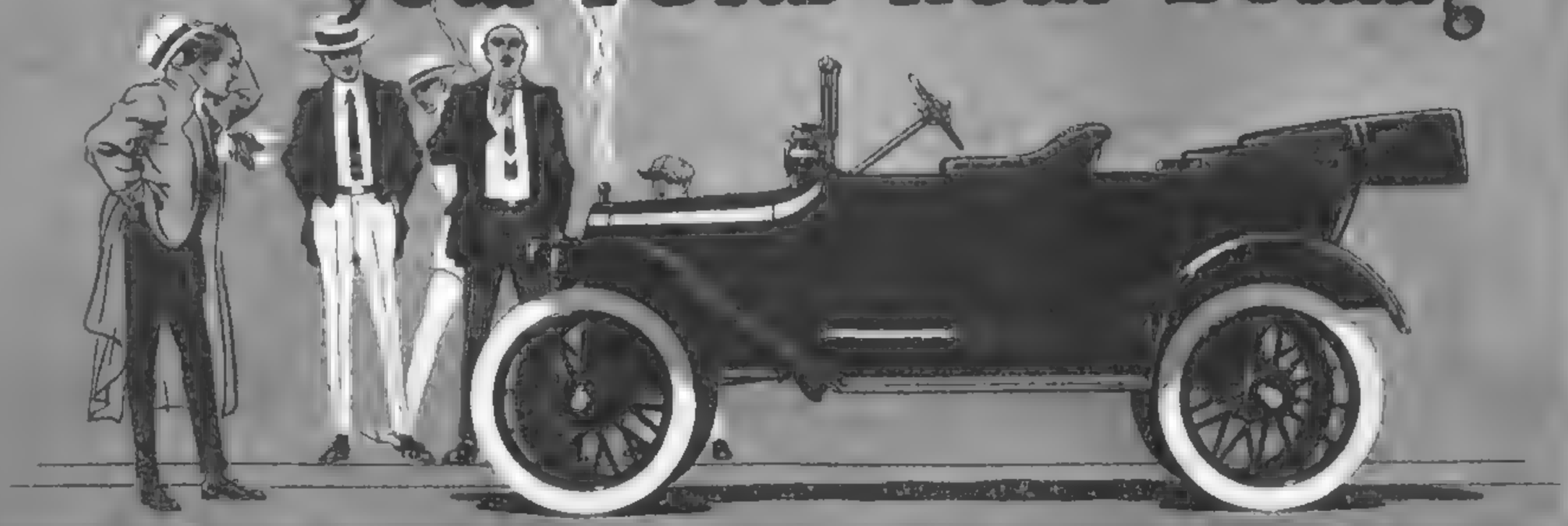
As to the outcome, old Paul was not to see; at the end of the third term of school he died.

There was a great funeral. From far and near the old neighbors came to attend it, and among them were many of the élite of the town. More than one offered the orphan a home; but Pauline had decided, she said, to stay on at Les Hirondelles with Celeste. It was the home she had always known and she would be happier to remain. Hector Lafleiche, with madame, were not the least urgent of those who offered; but they forbore to press the matter then, in the face of the girl's grief. A few weeks later, however, Hector drove over to renew the invitation.

Pauline received him in Etienne's old room. There were few changes in its arrangement; only a new bookcase, well

(Continued on Page 69)

We positively Guarantee to stop your FORD from "boiling"



A motor that overheats—

—means great loss of power due to low induction.
—motor burns out.
—pistons "freeze."
—burns out lubrication.
—finally, a ruined motor.

A motor that is over-cooled—

—means excessive waste of gas.
—motor always working 'way under efficiency.
—excessive carbon in cylinders.
—great loss of power due to heat loss to water.
—ruinous to oiling system because gasoline gets down into crank case.

$337,000 worth sold in last 60 days

You can put your car through the hardest kind of work—mud, sand, steep hills, continued running on low gear—and still the water in the radiator **will not boil.** Form-a-Tractor and Form-a-Truck owners have solved all their heating troubles by equipping with this system. Now ready for FORDS, and soon for all thermo-syphon cooled cars.

A 3-Time Guarantee

We absolutely guarantee that when properly installed, you cannot MAKE your Ford car boil under running conditions. Even with fan removed it won't overheat. We further absolutely guarantee a saving of gasoline. No test has ever shown less than 9%, and from that up to 45%. We further absolutely guarantee a saving of from ⅓ to ½ lubricating oil.

A Remarkable Test

A Ford car, equipped with a Perfection Water Circulator, and a thermometer, was tested in a closed garage. The thermometer showed a temperature of the water in the water jackets of 190 degrees. The spark was then FULLY RETARDED and the motor run at 1200 r.p.m. for 30 MINUTES. At this point the exhaust manifold got RED HOT, which means around 1500 degrees, and no better evidence could there be that there was excessive heat being generated in the motor. But during this time, and in spite of the tremendous heat being generated, the temperature of the water **dropped from 190 to 160 degrees.** This was because of the increased flow of water which the Perfection Circulator produced, and which takes place just as soon as a heavy "load" is put on the motor. It wasn't a question of the Ford radiator not being large enough, but only a matter of carrying or forcing the heated water to the cooling surface **fast enough.**

Installed in Fifteen Minutes

It takes fifteen minutes to install the Perfection Water Circulator. Simply replace the ordinary connection from the radiator to the motor with a similar connection in which is located the Perfection Nozzle; tap the exhaust manifold and connect this to the replaced connecting tube. There are no moving parts—nothing to get out of order or wear out—the Perfection Water Circulator will last as long as the car itself.

Already standard equipment on Staude Mak-a-Tractor, Knickerbocker Form-a-Tractor, and Western Canada Auto-Tractor

Perfection Water Circulator

$1000.00 in CASH for merely writing a letter—706 other Cash Prizes

We want to know how many car users realize the serious damage that is done to their motor, such as burned-out cylinders, distorted pistons, etc., which practically means a ruined engine—if the car is run when the cooling system is not operating properly. Garage men, automobile and accessory dealers all know these things, but we want to find out how many motor car **OWNERS** realize how much gas they are wasting, producing excessive carbon with all of its bad effects, together with entirely upsetting their lubrication, when their pump-circulated motor is **over-cooled.**

Dealers wanted We want the livest concern in every territory to handle this proposition, as also the other accessories marketed by us. Tremendous sales possibilities, backed by an extensive advertising campaign.

Side Line: Salesmen traveling in Ford cars will find this a most profitable side line.

30 days' Trial If it does not give the most efficient cooling you ever had, send it back; and we will refund entire purchase price. Sent anywhere in U. S. prepaid.

$7.50

Complete Literature SENT FREE

Send for particulars of Prize Contest, Entry Blank, and Booklet on what happens to ANY motor when the Cooling System fails to work, together with suggestions to contestants that will help them to write their letter and compete for these Cash Prizes.

Send Coupon Today

Motor Cooling Systems Co.
1317 Conway Bldg.
Chicago, Illinois

Please send me entry blank in your Prize Contest also copy of your booklet. Motor Cooling Systems

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

$3300 in Cash Prizes

HOW do you know your neighbor took your advice?

"Your Nose Knows"

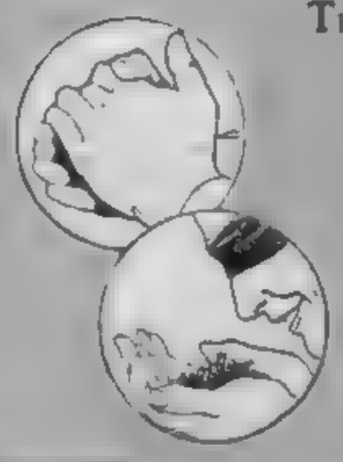
by the *fragrance* that comes to you over the garden wall. You suggested it to him, but, unquestionably, it was the *pure fragrance* of Tuxedo itself that made the personal appeal and won him. He just had to obey that truest and most human of all maxims—"Your Nose Knows."

And it's *your* nose, too, that will prove to *you*

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco

The reason is that Tuxedo is made of the most *fragrant* leaves of the tobacco plant, the tender Burley leaves—ripened in the "blue grass" sunshine of Old Kentucky, mellowed and carefully blended. No tobacco has so *pure a fragrance* and—"Your Nose Knows."



Try this Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

"Your Nose Knows"

The American Tobacco Co.

(Continued from Page 66)

filled, had been installed, and on the desk, amid an orderly litter of papers, was a typewriter of recent pattern. Hector seated himself in the big armchair and said what he had to say with much kindness.

Pauline shook her head.

"Thank madame for me," she said. "It is so good of you both; but it is as I have told you. While it is possible, I should like to stay at Les Hirondelles."

"But, my child, it is not possible," said Hector. "To be alone ——"

"I have Celeste," said Pauline; "and there is Sam, who will stay also, and the boy, Annibal. They will do all the necessary work; and if you will accept me for the tenant ——"

Hector interrupted, in his turn.

"Absurd, my dear!" he objected. "You will have wages to pay; and even then there must be supervision. You cannot go every day to Saintonge, to your school. That says itself. And you must live."

"I have already resigned from the school," said Pauline. She smiled. "Have you by chance read—in L'Abeille, perhaps—a little poet—Hobereau? I have here a tiny collection ——"

She took from a shelf a small volume bound in purple-tinted cardboard, with a tasteful decoration of moss-grown oak boughs, and inscribed Sous les Arbres.

"Ah, yes," said Hector. "Hobereau. Not such a little poet, in my opinion. I have read some things of his with pleasure. But what of him?"

Pauline was rosy red.

"Only—I—I—am Hobereau," she stammered.

"You?" cried Hector, stupefied. "You—Hobereau?"

"It is my pen name," Pauline explained. "A secret! These little things L'Abeille is kind enough to pay for; enough so that at least I shall be able to live and to pay the rent of Les Hirondelles. The book, too, brought something. Oh, I assure you, I am a person of affluence!"

"But I am stunned!" exclaimed Hector. He rose and made her a profound bow. "My respectful homage to genius," he said. "And since genius wishes to grow cane and cabbages, I have nothing to say. I shall, then, make out a lease to you on the part of Etienne Deschamps."

"You have heard nothing of M. Deschamps, monsieur?"

Hector shook his head.

"Nothing."

There were changes along Lower Bogue Grenouille. A Yankee contractor, named McCarthy, began them when he built his country house on its picturesque banks below Les Hirondelles—a most appropriate proceeding, for he had acquired much of his wealth by dredging the clean white sand from the stream and floating it in barges across the lake to New Orleans. It was a handsome house, the Casa McCarthy, and had attracted the attention of other rich contractors, brewers and dry-goods magnates of the Crescent City, who had forthwith bought land and built fine houses for themselves.

Now the Lower Bogue was lively with their motor craft; tennis courts, across which active figures in white duck and flannels darted continually through the evening hours, abounded in the shade of the oaks; pianos tinkled; phonographs furnished dance music; and gay voices were lifted in song and laughter, breaking the age-old stillness of Bogue nights. There was a boom in land values. If Les Hirondelles had been in the market ——

It was not in the market, however, and Pauline was still its tenant. One afternoon she sat out on the ragged lawn, tête-à-tête with a white-flanneled, dark-visaged man who wore an abundant crop of black hair and a pince-nez of pronounced intellectuality. He was one of the McCarthy's house guests, as he had explained, and Pauline was pouring tea for him. Further, this gentleman—Mr. Benét, of the staff of L'Abeille—explained that it was not impertinent curiosity that had induced him to call, but a deep and growing interest in Pauline's work, which, in his opinion, had the delicacy of Verlaine, the humanity of Beranger, the color of Mistral, and the sentiment and feeling of De Musset. Sheer nonsense, of course, and Pauline had too much sense to believe it. Still, her little poems had a quality and a vogue that promised to grow.

Mr. Benét also wished the young woman to abandon her anonymity—or, rather, her pen name of Hobereau. This Pauline firmly declined to do. Mr. Benét was urging the point when he suddenly stopped and stared past her at a man who had approached with a brisk step and now stood staring almost rudely at them a few feet away.

Pauline turned her head; and at this the newcomer advanced and removed his hat, with a polite inclination to the lady—a thin-faced man who might have been in his thirties, with yellow hair closely cut, a silky yellow beard, and features of Grecian purity of outline, tanned to an almost brick red by sun and wind. His blue eyes looked directly and frankly into hers.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Will you allow me to inquire ——" He paused and a puzzled look came into his eyes. "Will you allow —— Will ——" His voice trailed off. "Great Scott! This can't —— Is this Pauline?"

It must have seemed wholly unlikely. This lovely creature, so dignified, so assured, so charmingly gowned, so daintily shod, with her pretty tea equipage and her dandified companion! But, as her hand went quickly to her bosom in a well-remembered gesture, his doubt fled. And she had recognized him instantly.

"But it is certainly Pauline, Mr. Deschamps," she answered, immediately regaining her self-possession. "I welcome you back to Les Hirondelles. Mr. Benét, this is Mr. Etienne Deschamps, my landlord. Mr. Benét is of the staff of L'Abeille, Mr. Deschamps."

"A pilgrim to the shrine ——" Mr. Benét began, but checked himself at a slight but expressive movement of Pauline's eyebrows.

"Your father?" asked Etienne.

"He is dead," replied Pauline sadly.

"That is a grief to me," said Etienne, and it was evident that he was deeply moved by the intelligence; so that Mr. Benét, who was a man of some perception, announced that he must rejoin his friends, and so made his farewells, concealing his reluctance most creditably.

When he had gone there was a silence, during which the two looked at each other. Then Pauline's eyes fell.

"You aren't glad to see me," said Etienne. "The poltroon is unwelcome. You see, I recall our parting—mademoiselle. Perhaps I should say madame?"

"No," answered Pauline gravely—"not madame. As to the parting—has the poltroon returned?"

"I think not," Etienne answered. "I left him behind. He wouldn't have come back, as a matter of fact. He couldn't."

"Then I am glad to see you," said Pauline, and offered him her hand.

He gave it a quick, firm pressure and released it.

"Yes; he's gone," said Etienne. "And there was a little girl here—a pretty, impulsive and simple child—who, I believe, cared for him. She fought for him once, even if she despised him in the end. I have thought of that little girl often and dreamed of meeting her again; but she is gone too. I shall miss her."

"Her successor is a disappointment, then?"

"You could not be a disappointment," he said. "But"—he made a gesture of bewilderment—"I don't understand. All this—you—and this man —— I suppose I must be patient and not too curious; but ——"

"Of course one alters," said Pauline. "You are altered. Your step is different; your voice is different. You do not hold your head in the old way. I remember a young man, very romantic, with eyes that looked into distance, whose head was bent, who walked slowly and spoke gently. You say that you dreamed. Well, I think you do not dream now, Mr. Deschamps."

"Will you please say 'm'sieu' in the old way?"

"M'sieu," she acquiesced, in the old way. "And what brings you back, m'sieu?"

"To lay the old ghost," he answered; "to look mine enemy in the face. That, and ——" This is a world of strange coincidences. "Your friend, Mr. Benét, of L'Abeille, didn't you say? I found an old copy of L'Abeille in a Dallas hotel."

He took a letter case from his pocket, opened it and extracted a newspaper clipping, from which he read a poem in the Cajun patois, of which the following is a lame translation.

"Listen!" said he:

"If I return—Time there hath wrought its changes.
The folk that I so loved are now no more;

A 25-Barrel American Marvel Mill installed in a 24x36 foot building, with engine room on one end. Plans of this building FREE.

You Can Own a Marvel Flour Mill and Make Money

IN every community where wheat is grown, this economical, self-contained, roller flour mill will make big profits, supplying most of the flour used in the community. It offers a sure, steady, clean, profitable business which you can start with small capital and no milling experience. Nearly one thousand of these money-making mills are now in operation.

Bear in mind that 75% of the men who have gone into this business knew absolutely nothing about flour milling when they started, but with the aid of our [illegible] SERVICE DEPARTMENT, which works with you as long as you own the mill and shows you how to run the mill and sell the flour successfully, they have been among our most successful owners.

The American Marvel

Self-Contained Flour Mill

is the most modern development in flour milling equipment. By its patented, short, simple process of milling it gives the largest yield of flour from a bushel of wheat at the lowest cost and enables the small community miller to make just as high-grade, fine, white flour as any of the big mills—and make it cheaper.

As soon as you own an AMERICAN MARVEL mill you can, without further cost, become a member of the COMMUNITY MARVEL MILLERS ASSOCIATION and sell your flour under our nationally advertised brand

FLavo FLour

Nature-Flavored

Members of this Association with their AMERICAN MARVEL mills now have a total capacity of *30,000 barrels a day* of this widely known brand of flour. *Think* of it—you can take an independent part in this enormous flour business and right from the start sell under a brand that is established from coast to coast.

Read What These Owners Say

A Kansas American Marvel [illegible] Mar. 12, 19[illegible] Have [illegible] \$[illegible]." (Name of owner given on request.)

Bell Grain Company, Crowell, Tex., are making \$554.00 each month with a 50-barrel American Marvel.

Meisenhelder Bros., Palestine, Ill., say: "In test run yesterday we got more than 44 pounds extra good flour to the bushel of clean wheat."

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W. T. Dunwody, Huntland, Tenn., says: "I can grind 100 bushels of wheat in a day's run [illegible] barrel American Marvel [illegible] clear net profit of \$43.50 per day. Mr. Dunwody, starting with one, now has three separate American Marvel Mills.

E. K. Denlinger, Intercourse, Pa., writes: "My 25-barrel American Marvel makes me \$10 [illegible] per day. I run it Any[illegible] buys an American Marvel certainly will make [illegible]."

H. H. Snarr, Wheatfield, Va., says: "I never worked a day in a flour mill until I started my American Marvel. Have run it a year. Millers of 40 years' experience surrounding me can make no better flour."

M. S. Williams, Williston, N. D., writes about flour made on his American Marvel: "My flour has simply sold itself." Mr. Williams started with one and now owns three American Marvel Mills.

This is the Flour you can sell when you own one of these mills

Cash or On Time

Write us immediately and make your plans to get started in this profitable business in time for the coming harvest. You can begin right now with our 15-barrel mill, the house, machinery and power, all erected and ready to start if you have as much as \$2,000.00 to invest. Six sizes of mills: 15, 25, 40, 50, 75 and 100 barrels per day. Terms: Cash or on easy payments.

Thirty Days' Trial

Every sale is absolutely on 30 days' trial. Read owners' letters printed here and then write immediately for "THE STORY OF A WONDERFUL FLOUR MILL." Don't put it off. Get our full proposition and then decide.

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390-396 Trust Building
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Please [illegible] "THE STORY OF A WONDERFUL FLOUR MILL," and full particulars on proposition.

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Use this for convenience or a postal or letter—Today

Outdoors In Your Heart,
B. V. D. On Your Back
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In our own modernly equipped cotton mills at Lexington, N. C., the fabric from which these Loose-Fitting B V D undergarments are made, is produced in a scientific manner from selected cotton to insure durability in wash and wear.
In our own B. V. D. Factories the garments are skilfully cut, strongly stitched, accurately finished—to fit and to be cool and comfortable all day long.
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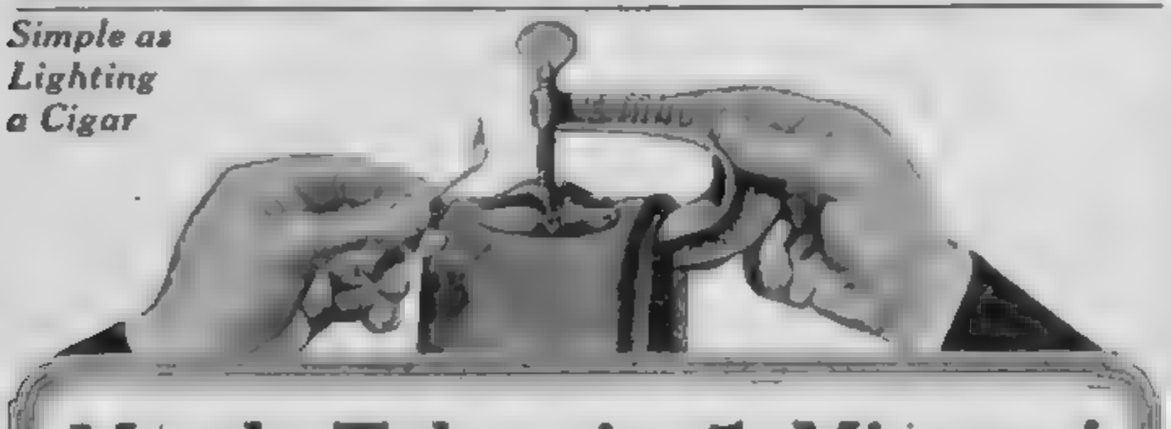
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A clamp, 12 patches and 12 heat units, all neatly boxed—that's all there is to the outfit. Carry it right in your tool box. Price, complete, only $1.50. You can buy additional units as you need them, at 75c per dozen
Order a Shaler 5-Minute Vulcanizer from your dealer today. If he's not supplied send direct to us.
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C. A. SHALER COMPANY
1403 Fourth Street, Waupun, Wis.
World's Oldest and Largest Makers of Vulcanizers

Past scenes o'er which my errant fancy ranges
The Present to my sight will not restore.
The child is grown a man, and age hath broken
The man I knew. I could not now discern
Of all, familiar once, more than the token,
Should I return.

"Should I return to find myself forgotten
Among these strangers of a later day?
The lass is dead; the trysting tree is rotten;
The home—my home—is fallen in decay.
Yet in the sunshine Grenouille's waters lighten,
Gay flowers spring amid the moss and fern,
And still one face at sight of mine may brighten
If I return.

"'One face'!" Etienne repeated as if to himself. "And that one face I have failed to find. Tough luck!"

He looked up at her half sadly, half humorously, and to his amazement saw that her face was suffused with color and that her eyes were bright with tears. She tried to meet his look with unconcern, but failed lamentably; and in that instant something emboldened Etienne to lean forward and take her hand again. But this time he continued to hold it.

"Pauline," he said, "you don't think that I dream now? Perhaps I don't; but I was telling the truth when I said that I had dreamed of you in my absence. There wasn't any hope in those dreams. When I thought of you it was with sharp regret and belated love, but never with hope until the coward in me died; and then it was only a spark. I reckon I'm foolish to say this to you now, but I can't help it. Pauline, I have loved you from the night when I left you; but, as I look at you now, it seems to me that I love you more than ever."

"M'sieu," said Pauline, "I think I have loved you always, but, as I look at you now, it seems to me that you are more than ever the man I wished you to be. That was my message to you—those silly lines that you have read. Is my face brightened for you, beloved?"

It was a very radiant face when at last Celeste came waddling out to see to the table and satisfy her curiosity. Much had been said by that time, and much more remained to be said; but that was for the morrow. As Etienne was leaving her, Pauline clung to his hand.

"Promise me, at least, that you will avoid Baptiste Dubois—until I see you again," she implored—"until to-morrow, at least."

"Dearest," replied Etienne, "I am going to see Hector Lafleiche. I promise you that I will not go out of my way to see Baptiste, but I shall not go out of my way to avoid him—not even for you."

So with that Pauline had to be content. And Etienne saw Hector that night and was embraced with tears of joy, and made much of, and examined and wondered at so affectionately that he, in turn, wondered what there could have been in him to inspire such kindness. Presently, over the best that Hector's small but select cellar afforded, the wanderer related, in part, his adventures.

"'The coward dies a hundred deaths; the brave man dies but once,' he quoted. "I have died at least ninety-nine times in these years. Think what it has been to live always in fear; to allow no man to approach unobserved; to start at sounds in the night and feel the cold sweat on your forehead as you listen; to believe everybody suspects you; to go always armed and train yourself unceasingly in the use of arms; to move from place to place, driven by the shadow of terror! Imagine it!"

"I imagine it," said Hector pityingly. "I warned you of that. Yes; it has left its mark on you. Still, it is evident that you have overcome your terror."

"Yes," laughed Etienne grimly. "The cord snapped at last and left me free. One night Baptiste Dubois got into my shack. No; it wasn't Baptiste, but I thought it was. I had been careless enough to leave the door unlocked, and my lamp was burning. He had Baptiste's long drooping black mustache and his bad eye; and his gun was in his hand. He had the drop on me, all right, but—I got him, right through the shoulder; and if he hadn't dropped I'd have finished him at the next shot. Well, I found first, that I hadn't killed him; and next—that was after the sheriff arrived—that it was a gentleman the sheriff wanted right ardently. I might have collected a few hundred dollars for that little business; but I had reward enough. The cord had snapped as the poor devil tumbled, and I have never felt it since."

Later Hector mentioned the price that he had been offered for Les Hirondelles. Etienne waved that aside.

"I have all the money I shall ever need," he said. "Cattle first, and then oil. I am a good Yankee, as you kindly remarked, and I have filled my pockets well. Les Hirondelles is to be restored, and my wife and I will live there."

He had already told Hector of his engagement to Pauline.

The next morning Jules attached the Lafleiche family horse to the ancient calèche and drove Hector northward over devious roads to the cabin on the edge of Fichette Bayou. It was a small cabin for the accommodation of the very large family of children who were rolling and scampering, tattered and half naked, in its dusty, sun-baked precincts. Many skins of various beasts of wood and swamp were tacked to its walls, rusty traps dangling beside them and cane fishing poles leaning against the eaves. In the shade of a magnolia a clay charcoal furnace supported a steaming boiler, over which a thin, slatternly woman bent and prodded with a short stick. On the gallery a bulky man half reclined in a broken chair, smoking a long-stemmed pipe and drowsily watching the activities of the woman and children—a charming domestic scene.

As the calèche drove up, the woman scurried into the house; and when it stopped the man slowly heaved himself out of the chair, padded down the steps in his bare feet, and saluted Hector with great respect. He was a very bulky man, and much of his bulk was fat. Fat puffed the flesh under his jet-black eyes and lay in flabby rolls along his neck; it made his legs look dropsical.

"I bring you a message, Baptiste Dubois," said Hector—"a message, which is from M. Etienne Deschamps; and a warning, which is from me."

The man was visibly perturbed. He pulled his drooping black mustache with his clumsy fat fingers and regarded Hector anxiously.

"M'sieu Deschamps is returned, then?" he asked in a deep bass voice that rather faltered.

"He has returned," assented Hector. "I give you his message: If you wish to drink his blood all you have to do is to get your gun, put a tin cup in your pocket and go to town, where you will find him. I use M. Deschamps' own words. Of my little self, I add: You will take particular care to do nothing of the kind. M. Toplady joins with me in this warning. *Voyez vous?*"

"Heaven!" ejaculated Baptiste. His fingers, still engaged with his mustache, trembled. "But, m'sieu, I have no wish to drink blood. I have no animosity toward M'sieu Deschamps. Why, then, should he send me this message?"

"Perhaps he has in recollection an oath of revenge that you swore seven years ago, on the occasion of the inquest at the Didier Schoolhouse," said Hector dryly.

"But—name of a pipe!" cried Baptiste, dropping his own on the ground as he threw his hands out in his excitement—"he is unreasonable. Figure to yourself, M'sieu Lafleiche, when a man's own brother is killed—killed and his own brother! *Mon Dieu!* A man is got to say something!"

"That is as I have always thought," said Hector. "Well, my friend, you may be tranquil. If you behave yourself nothing will happen. Good day!"

"Tranquil!" cried Baptiste. "Tranquil! And with that Deschamps —— Oh, I know them—those Deschamps! The Bogue has known them for ——"

Jules shook the reins and the calèche rolled away. Baptiste stared after it with despair in his eyes. He tossed his arms aloft.

"A man has got to say something!" he shrieked.

Etienne is still living at Les Hirondelles, now a place of great splendor. He is a candidate for Congress, and his beautiful wife will no doubt be of great assistance to him in his political career. He seems to be a perfectly peaceable citizen; he has killed nobody since his return from Texas, but—the cabin on Fichette Bayou is deserted and Baptiste Dubois is at the ends of the earth, in the next parish, where he can feel measurably secure.

He knows that breed, Deschamps—does Baptiste.

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Barrett's Everlastic Multi-Shingles are manufactured in strips 32¼ inches long by 10 inches wide, with self-spacing cut-outs 4 inches deep by ½ inch wide.

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Free Booklet

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And, in addition, such a roof will give *real fire-protection!* All at a cost *less* than a roof of ordinary non-fire-resisting shingles!

We have been the pioneer in many important roofing improvements for fifty years. *In Barrett's Everlastic Multi-Shingles* we offer you our latest product.

Made of high-grade felt and bituminous waterproofing. Into the surface we have embedded small particles of red or green crushed slate, which makes a roof far more beautiful than solid slate at a fraction of the cost.

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Go to your dealer today and ask to see this new roofing material. See for yourself how beautiful it is. Throw a lighted match on it to test its fireproof quality. It is certainly the "right roof" for your house. It's a beauty, and a bargain.

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Here is another form of the Everlastic idea: individual shingles 8 inches by 12¾ inches, of the same material as Multi-Shingles.

Tylike-Shingles are laid exactly like ordinary shingles, but can be laid much more easily and quickly because they fit snugly and are all the same size. They make a tighter and more waterproof roof, offering less wind-resistance and hence not easily ripped off by storms and gusts. Neither rain nor snow have any effect upon them because Tylike-Shingles give *triple thickness* over the entire roof.

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The Navy Publicity Bureau acknowledges, with grateful thanks, its indebtedness to The Washburn-Crosby Milling Company (Gold Medal Flour) for this space, and to Joseph C. Leyendecker, Esq., for the original painting.